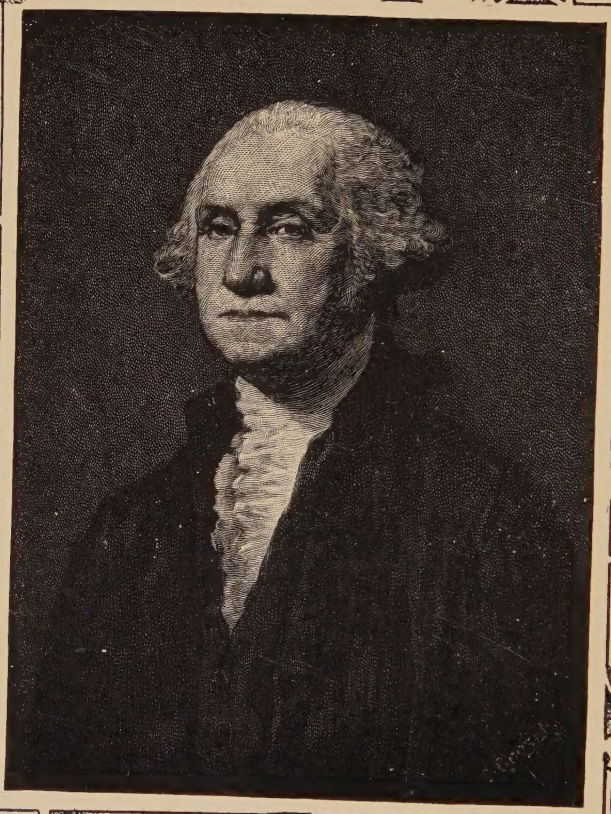

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Painting by Gilbert Stuart, Fine Arts Museum, Boston

Six Thousand Years of History

BY

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AND
A CORPS OF EMINENT WRITERS

REVISED

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American Statesmen

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INTRODUCTION

The illustrious company of American Statesmen to be named in this book was headed by Benjamin Franklin in point of time, he being some twenty-six years older than General Washington, and he remains, besides, the delight of mankind to this hour. The immortal patriot Samuel Adams also saw the light of day before Washington. But, after careful consideration, we have felt unwilling to put the name of any man whomsoever before George Washington's, and therefore, plucking that biography from its chronological niche between the notices of Samuel Adams and John Adams, we have begun the book with George Washington, and have thereafter adhered to the order of the great men's entry on the stage of the world which they liberated, elevated, redeemed, or saved, as the case may be. It can, however, do no harm to read the notices of Benjamin Franklin and Samuel Adams before considering the career which made Washington one of the commanding figures of this world. In that way a proper understanding of the progress of the Revolution before it came seriously to the active attention of General Washington will be acquired or maintained.

It is hard to believe any other nation ever produced a line of men so noble, generous and patriotic as that here catalogued. Of Washington we shall write with awe and admiration; of Samuel Adams and Patrick Henry with exultation that two specimen freemen came from two representative sections; of Franklin, Jefferson and Jackson with profound gratitude that men so nearly ideal have lived; of Lincoln, with the love of son to kind father, for

he made us all who saw him feel that way, if we thought politically as he did.

Government of the people, by the people, for the people, however ideal and impracticable it may be, we hold to be the only honorable aim of statesmanship; and furthermore, the deeds of the men named in this book will prove that it was not the child of luxury, stationed in a library, dowered with hereditary advantages, who was most useful to his country, or most faithful to his trust. In the body of the people lies the safety of the State.

We shall deal with men like Charles Sumner, whose experience and eager desire for true liberty led them to hate whole commonwealths. We shall not so excite ourselves as to forget that the good, the true, the benignant, the peaceful, live everywhere at all times. The angry discussions of men go forward, always to the disordering of the best, the gentlest and the most deserving. On every battle-field lie the dead bodies of the brave who thought war was not a necessity; while, riding safe in public station, are those who rose by thinking war was impossible of avoidance.

The recent war with Spain called forth from Southern patriots a series of acts evoking the admiration of the world, and from the North a delightful sense of our national unity, that closed the red book of fratricidal battle. The Nation of Washington, like a ship-of-war, is but safely launched upon the sea of time. Her sailing chart extends to parts of the world undreamed of until recently as lying in her course. These men within this book were all architects in her construction. We shall attempt to show their works and their influence.

AMERICAN STATESMEN

GEORGE WASHINGTON

1732—1799

FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY

Until the Father of His Country had finished his life, it was not known that human nature could produce political careers so unselfish. Poets and dramatists had not even planned them, so truly is the human imagination harnessed to the low-rolling car of Reality. It was thought that sane and powerful men, when they could, would grasp and hold power and found dynasties. When Robespierre watered the tree of liberty with the blood of tyrants; when Danton threw at the feet of his enemies the head of a King;—they had but risen from learning the lesson taught by the living Washington. They might have read hints of that lesson in the books of Rousseau, but they had seen it in full with their own eyes in the life of Washington.

Why is General Washington greater than Samuel Adams and Benjamin Franklin? Because men recognize but one law—force. They all reason, argue, convince, submit, after they must, after they feel compulsion. He, therefore, who uses the ultima ratio—he who relies wholly upon force—will ever be first. It is the law of gravity. We do not complain that the heaviest weight sinks to the bottom. A man may be a genius in bringing on the fight; he may be without peer in harvesting the rewards of a

victory; if he cannot, did not, lead the battle and win, he must righteously give way to the captain who did.

Granting that General Washington could have been King, and chose rather the glory of being father of a democracy, thus leaping to the front place in human interest, why, then, was he not merely fortunate in receiving the nomination of Commander-in-Chief from John Adams, rather than to see that nomination go to John Hancock, or Gates, or Greene, or Knox, or Ethan Allen, or Joseph Warren? To this, the testimony is direct from all surrounding points that any other commander would have failed. General Washington was the one calm man who could understand the situation, keep his temper, keep the British from splitting the Union in twain and hold the hills till the French came.

General Washington, as a captain, resembled Marshal Daun, Maria Theresa's beloved leader. He took few risks. The Duke of Wellington in Spain seems to have copied General Washington's methods. General Grant certified to General Washington's skill when General Lee's army was held to be in itself the Great Rebellion, and all other matters—cities, railroads, ports, crops—were forgotten. General Washington gave up New York and Philadelphia willingly rather than to attempt to defend them. The British took the cities and waited for General Washington to sue for mercy. When the French arrived, the British themselves surrendered. This, barring Burgoyne's capitulation to General Washington's subordinate at Saratoga, is the main part of the story. The fact that over seven years elapsed between Bunker Hill and Yorktown, and over eight years between Bunker Hill and peace, may be taken as a measure of the poverty and lack of public spirit manifested by the colonies and exemplified in their Congress. But it also measures General Wash-

ington's patience. Little attention was paid to the repeated requests of either General Washington or Dr. Franklin. Only one of the colonies was originally in an insurrectionary mood. When the British came up the Virginia rivers, no one opposed them, and the only feeling of the fleeing natives was that Washington ought to be on hand to protect them. If the Revolution had come later, the people would have been by that time hungrier for liberty.

The geographical history of Washington is not difficult to understand. His earlier life was on the Upper Rappahannock and Lower Potomac rivers, with trips to Williamsburg, southeast of Richmond, and a journey to the West Indies. His military life was spent in the environs of Pittsburg, Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, with a dash far down to Yorktown at the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, near Williamsburg.

Augustine Washington married Jane Butler, who died, leaving him three sons and a daughter. He then married Mary Ball, who bore him four sons and two daughters. Mary was the mother of George Washington, and he was her first child. He was born February 22, 1732, at Bridges Creek, Virginia. The old-style-date of those days was February 11. The birthplace was afterward burned. The family then went to live in a large house, with two great chimneys, overlooking the Rappahannock River, near Fredericksburg, which lay across the stream. The hereditary and early influences controlling the nature of the Father of His Country have been described in another volume of this series.* In 1743 Augustine Washington died, leaving his widow with ten children. George was sent to Fredericksburg to learn his alphabet and arithmetic from one Hobby, sexton of

*See "Famous Women of the World."

the parish; next he went to live with his half-brother, Augustine, at Bridges Creek, where Mr. Williams kept a school which George attended. He was a tall, muscular boy, and a leader of his playmates. His moral education had been rigid, and accorded well with a highly practical and severe turn in his own nature. He took nearly everything in earnest, and early set out to coin money and good repute from the wisdom of his stern mother's maxims. Tales of his moral sentimentalism are as incredible as they appear to be unsound in history and tradition.

Mr. Williams taught his pupil arithmetic, perhaps geometry, and certainly trigonometry, with the practical addition of surveying. We must consider Virginia as largely a wooded country watered by many rivers. English lords had acquired this country by gift or purchase, and had settled the river regions with friends, retainers, or purchasers of land; vast areas remained for sale; much was still unsurveyed. The profession of surveying was the best one a young man could follow, and this pupil was fitted by nature for the hardships of the task. It is thought he owned a little book called "The Young Man's Companion." Out of this, when he was only a lad, he copied or digested over one hundred rules of etiquette and moral conduct. He considered them so good that he would do well to adopt them. "Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience." These rules—how and when to take the hat off, how to act at table, how to keep the conscience keenly alive—were to be carefully studied, along with the surveying. He was very confident that all depended on him, and that nothing could be more just. Such are the traces which the early papers of the Father of His Country have left, showing the sane, sensible, docile tendencies of this muscular son of the silent imperious woman who bore him.

The half-brother of George Washington, Lawrence, fourteen years older, was no inconsiderable figure. Lawrence went abroad as a sailor, entered the British navy, fought with Admiral Vernon at Carthagena, and, returning to Virginia, built a house on the Potomac River, which he gratefully named Mt. Vernon—in honor of his commander—a mansion sometime to be the Mecca of democratic faith. At fifteen George Washington was a visitor at Mt. Vernon. Lawrence meanwhile had married the daughter of William Fairfax, who was agent for the Fairfax estate, one of the vast grants of which we have spoken. Lord Fairfax, himself chief of the house, inheritor of the grant, then sixty years old, was in America inspecting the property, and desirous to learn how much of it there might be. Lord Fairfax took a deep and generous interest in George Washington on seeing him. The twain went fox-hunting together, and after the young man had mastered the art of surveying, Lord Fairfax commissioned him to go with George Fairfax, William's son, over the Blue Ridge Mountains and come back with a survey of the ultra-montane acres of the Fairfax estate that lay in the wilderness. In March, 1748, George Fairfax and George Washington set forth, through Ashly's Gap into the valley of the Shenandoah River, went on their way up to the Potomac River, in spring floods, surveyed the region in the South Branch of the Potomac; met a party of Indians, who celebrated their acquaintance with a war dance; met a train of German emigrants; slept out-doors all the time, and got back to Mt. Vernon somewhat speedily, April 12th. Careful entries were made in a diary. Lord Fairfax was well pleased to hear he had so many acres in such a garden-spot, and procured the appointment of public surveyor for George, so his surveys would have authority. This gave to the young man some

three years more of the same kind of work. "Since last October," he writes, "I have not slept above three or four nights in a bed, but, after walking a good deal all the day, I have lain down before the fire upon a little hay, straw, fodder, or a bear-skin, whichever was to be had, with man, wife, and children, like dogs and cats; and happy is he who gets the berth nearest the fire. Nothing would make it pass off tolerably but a good reward. A doubloon is my constant gain every day that the weather will permit of my going out." When he was not off at work, he amused himself by fox-hunting with Lord Fairfax, or reading or studying at the Fairfax mansion near Mt. Vernon.

In 1751 Lawrence Washington was so ill with consumption that it was thought best for George to go with him to Barbadoes, in the West Indies, where George caught the small-pox, recovered, and was back at Mt. Vernon in February, 1752. In July Lawrence died, leaving George guardian of a daughter, and heir to the estate if that daughter should die without issue. Lawrence, with the advice of Lord Fairfax, had become a great land-speculator on the Ohio River, and had long seen that he must fight to preserve the rights or arrogations of his land company against those of the French. With good military sense he had sheltered at Mt. Vernon two brave soldiers of Carthagena, Adjutant Muse, a Virginian, and Jacob Van Braam, a Dutch soldier. These two men formed the college of war by which America learned to be free. Adjutant Muse taught to George Washington the manual of arms, tactics, and the art of war. Jacob Van Braam instructed his pupil in the exercise of the sword. The learner was then appointed Adjutant-General for Northern Virginia, with the rank of Major. The Governor at Williamsburg, Dinwiddie, desired to deliver a message to the advancing Frenchmen that they were

encroaching on Virginia Plantation. He therefore commissioned Major Washington, with Von Braam, servants, and horses (October, 1753), to go to the Ohio River, under guidance of the frontiersman Christopher Gist and make known the views of the English. His desire was to conciliate the Indians and ally them against the French. Major Washington was received politely at French Creek on the Ohio River, and brought back a vague answer from the French commandant. He returned to Williamsburg already a hero, as he had attended many a perilous war-dance of the Indians, and had succeeded where other Virginians had previously turned back in fear. His personal report was that war could not be avoided.

The settlers were not in harmony with a declaration of war. The British Governor was not seconded by his peace-loving Assembly, and the colonies or provinces to the North were even less bellicose. Colonel Fry was put in command, with Washington Lieutenant-Colonel, and the latter recruited two companies at Alexandria and hurried forward in advance of Fry to protect the frontier. He had not gone far, before he was convinced that there was a state of war already. He reached the Monongahela River, and there made a protest to the Governor because of the inadequacy of supplies and men. Coming up with a small body of French soldiery, he surprised, surrounded, and fired on their camp. Ten French were killed, twenty-one captured, and one escaped. Colonel Fry died, but the rest of the regiment advanced and met Colonel Washington. This "massacre," as it was called, had roused the French and they came on, four to one. They surrounded Colonel Washington and made him agree to march off and not come back for a year. The Indians, his allies, and critics, said he showed little military skill, and ordered them around very harshly, but the French they denounced

as cowards. He had written a boastful letter about loving to hear the bullets whistle, and now with the "massacre" and surrender on his hands, he did not figure heroically at Paris when the news got there. The fact, however, that Colonel Washington had offered battle in the open field before he agreed to march away, was gratifying to the Virginia Assembly, and they voted him thanks, with a Colonel's pay. At this critical juncture, the English Government issued an order that any officer bearing the King's commission should outrank any officer not bearing such paper. When General Sharpe asked Colonel Washington to join him, the Colonel indignantly refused, as any sub-lieutenant from England might out-rank him. General Braddock arrived with two regiments of regulars, and hearing of Colonel Washington, at once offered him a staff-position as Colonel, where nobody could give him orders but his General. Colonel Washington gladly accepted, early in 1755. In Pennsylvania Benjamin Franklin began bargaining for Braddock's Quaker wagons, on his own bond. Who could believe that these Frenchmen, now swooping in on all sides, were to help free America, losing it first themselves?

Braddock was hot and fiery. The dignity of the provincial "Estates" nettled him. He rebuked Colonel Washington when he spoke of the savages as warriors, and, after many delays, reached Fort Duquesne (Pittsburg). Before that French stronghold, July 8, 1755, "Braddock's defeat" took place, with Colonel Washington pushing to the front, though ill. Six hundred Indians and 200 French killed or wounded 700 English. Sixty-two out of eighty-six English officers were killed or wounded. Colonel Washington had two horses killed under him, and four bullets went through his clothes. General Braddock himself was mortally wounded, and Colonel Washington

buried him four days afterward, reading the funeral service at the grave. He led back his little band of defeated soldiers, and solemnly pondered on the reasons of their disaster and retreat. He was appointed to command the Virginia frontier, and passed twenty months in that region, with the episode of the trip to Boston, which we will describe. A Captain Dagworthy appeared on the scene with a King's commission, and thought to take Washington's command. On this Colonel Washington, in buff and blue uniform, with a white and scarlet cloak over his shoulders, and a sword knot of red and gold, with an aide on each side and servants following in the rear, set out for Boston to protest to Governor Shirley, the Commander-in-Chief. The Colonel's horse was a good one, caparisoned in the finest London housings, with "livery lace" and the Washington coat-of-arms. His cavalcade made a stir wherever it went. The Colonel's journey was a complete success. Captain Dagworthy and his thirty men were put to the rearward by Governor Shirley, and Colonel Washington attended several balls, and looked well over Puritan Boston. Again Colonel Washington returned to the frontier, leading a dull life, till the spring of 1758, when, on a journey to Williamsburg, he stopped to dine with his friend Major Chamberlayne at William's Ferry. There he met Martha Dandridge, the young, rich, and handsome widow of Daniel Parke Custis, who lived at the White House, near by. On his return he called there and made an offer of marriage, which was duly accepted. The French Fort Duquesne fell, and he at once resigned his commission and hurried home to prepare for a brilliant wedding. Colonel Washington was now an important personage in Virginia. He owned many acres of Western lands that were secure. He had the military dignity of a Colonel; he had traveled

to the West Indies and to Boston; he had been in battle; he had a family connection with Lord Fairfax; he secured his position as a tobacco-planter by wedding a lady with a fortune of her own. His fellow-officers came on in generous number, and the Governor of Virginia headed them. The bride was attired in silk and satin brocades, laces, and ropes of pearls; the Colonel in blue and silver, trimmed with scarlet, and with gold buckles on his knees and on his shoes. The bride went home in a coach drawn by six horses, her husband and the great gentlemen on horseback. He had been elected a member of the House of Burgesses (Legislature) and now removed to Williamsburg. When he took his seat, the Speaker paid him a high compliment, in the Virginian fashion. The Colonel rose to reply, but stood stammering and blushing. "Sit down, Colonel Washington," said the Speaker, "your modesty equals your valor, and that surpasses the power of any language I possess."

At thirty he was owner, by inheritance, of Mt. Vernon, where he lived. He was a successful tobacco-raiser. He set up a fine stable, with a pack of hounds—Vulcan, Music, Sweetlips, etc., all registered and daily inspected. It would be well to note how a fashionable sport had made him its devotee. He says* (1767):

"Went a-hunting with Jacky Custis, and catched a fox after three hours' chase; found it in the creek." "Mr. Bryan Fairfax, Mr. Grayson, and Phil Alexander came home by sunrise. Hunted and catched a fox with these, Lord Fairfax, his brother, and Colonel Fairfax, all of whom, with Mr. Fairfax and Mr. Wilson, of England, dined here." "November 26, 29. Hunted again, with the same party." "1768, January 8th. Hunting again with the same party. Started a fox and ran him four

* MS. Diaries in the State Department.

hours. Took the hounds off at night." "January 15. Shooting." "16. At home all day with cards; it snowing." "23. Rid to Muddy Hole and directed paths to be cut for fox-hunting." "February 12. Catched two foxes." "February 13. Catched two more foxes." "March 2. Catched fox with bob'd tail and cut ears after seven hours' chase, in which most of the dogs were worsted." "December 5. Fox hunting with Lord Fairfax and his brother and Colonel Fairfax. Started a fox and lost it. Dined at Belvoir and returned in the evening."

He was hot-tempered—a soldier's mettle. He wrote to a Major in answer to an impertinent letter: "I would not have taken the same language from you personally without letting you feel some marks of my resentment." He discovered a poacher, in a boat, shooting his canvas-back ducks. Colonel Washington was on horseback ashore. He dashed his horse into the water, dragged the canoe ashore, pulled out the poacher and beat him to a finish. People were a little afraid of him, and he thought they ought to be—providing they were "rascals."

At this date the lord of the manor notes that he has so much company that though he owns a hundred cows he must buy butter. It was probable that he considered it his duty to serve a term as Governor of Virginia whenever it should please his Majesty to gratify Lord Fairfax in the appointment.

By this time political excitement had reached a high stage at Boston. The Stamp Act had been passed by Parliament, and Patrick Henry, a new and almost unknown member of the Virginia House of Burgesses, had offered resolutions that were considered very radical. Colonel Washington had voted for these resolutions, but did not foresee war. Some years later, when the colony had determined to refuse to import the taxed articles, he

had strictly upheld this course, using none of the articles under the taboo. Two new British Governors came, and he admired them both and frequented their houses. He traveled down the Ohio to inspect his lands. When next Colonel Washington sat in the Legislature, the port of Boston had been sealed by England. June 1, 1774, was appointed a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer in Virginia out of sympathy with Boston. Lord Dunmore, the Governor of Virginia, at once prorogued the Legislature because it had so voted. Colonel Washington dined with Lord Dunmore, but nevertheless fasted on the day appointed. A town meeting at Boston was directing the policy of the colonies; the tobacco nobility of the Virginia rivers was going along leisurely toward rebellion.

Now the Fairfaxes would be ruined if there were a rebellion; they therefore called for grateful recollections on Colonel Washington's part, and asked him to oppose war. But he was far above considerations of gratitude when his liberties were in danger. He made plain to the Fairfaxes that the King must not take Samuel Adams away to England, or abolish the town-meetings of Boston, or the charter of Massachusetts Bay. "Has not Gage (Governor at Boston) acted like a Bashaw?" "Shall we supinely sit and see one province after another fall a sacrifice to despotism?" Thus the Colonel at Mt. Vernon wrote to the supplicating Fairfaxes.

The Fairfax County meeting sent Colonel Washington to Williamsburg August 1, 1774. He rose in the Virginia Convention and said: "I will raise a thousand men, subsist them at my own expense, and march them to the relief of Boston." He had carefully considered the case, and he was at once as clear as Samuel Adams. There was not a moment of indecision, for it was his profession as a

soldier and his desire as a brave man, to lead the fight, if there were to be any.

Virginia sent six delegates to the first Continental Congress. Colonel Washington, Patrick Henry, and Edmund Pendleton traveled together. Congress sat in Carpenters' Hall, Philadelphia. Here Samuel Adams met Colonel Washington. Both men had little to say on the floor during the fifty-one days of the session. Patrick Henry said: "If you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington is unquestionably the greatest man on the floor." This Congress did little, following the Quaker policy at Philadelphia. Colonel Washington returned to Mt. Vernon and drilled troops, a company at a time. Soldiers began to arrive. May 10, 1775, when he next appeared at the Second Continental Congress, he was in his buff and blue uniform. Thus two men—Franklin and Washington—made their attire reveal their sentiments, as the Indians put on their war-paint and head-dresses. Colonel Washington was chairman of the military committee. At Boston Samuel Adams had left Joseph Warren in charge, and his army (outside Boston) was now surrounding Gage in Boston. June 15, John Adams at Philadelphia, forcing Congress to act, nominated Colonel Washington to be Commander-in-Chief. Nothing seemed more reasonable to Colonel Washington or to the Southerners than that he should be chosen. He accepted, and at once went out to review the troops. The Quakers had long heard he was a mighty man of war. They looked upon him, noted his muscular frame, and his high demeanor, and liberally subscribed money.

Again Colonel Washington—now General Washington—rode forth, but this time at the head of a brilliant troop of officers, bound for Boston. The news of Bunker

Hill came to him only twenty miles out. "Did the militia fight?" he asked. He was overjoyed to hear they had done nobly. He left General Schuyler in charge at New York, and took General Lee on to Cambridge. He was with his army of Bostoneers July 2. The next day, under the Cambridge elm, he drew his sword against King George. The patriots easily marked him by his size and demeanor, and called him "his Excellency." We shall note that the New Englanders now become General Washington's best friends; that they abide by him till his death; that he, in turn, leans hard on their courage and patience; that, in the end, if they found Samuel Adams in doubt, they thought, between two idols, Samuel Adams, the incorruptible, the unerring, must be mistaken.

With headquarters at the Wadsworth House, he counted 14,000 raw recruits. Entrenchments were thrown up, and rules separating officers from men, after the Old-World military fashion, were enforced. General Washington was now in a position similar to that of the Tory Governor. He had a hundred town-meetings on hand—each troop was a town-meeting, electing its own officers. After he had brought order to his military republics, he advised with thirteen Governors and Assemblies and Congress. He sought for powder. He sent expeditions into Canada. He addressed Gage in Boston, and Gage, in the King's name, talked to him about "rebels," "criminals," "cords." Some of General Washington's pet Virginia riflemen, with "Wild West" fringes flying, came to the camp and engaged in a serious quarrel with fishermen. Into the brawl strode the tall General; he took one combatant in each hand; he shook all internecine strife out of them, leaving only the original rebellion which he approved. He, like Benjamin Frank-

lin, was constituted a prize or admiralty judge, and was harassed with petty marine details.

March 4, 1776, at night, however, he took possession of Dorchester Heights, and made Boston untenable. Lord Howe had assumed command in Boston, and on the 17th he evacuated with 12,000 troops, leaving cannon, but pillaging the city. General Washington made a glowing report of what he had done without powder. He was now forced, as he saw the English going from Boston harbor to New York harbor and southward, to consider the devastation of his own home. He wrote letters hoping the patriots would bear up, and he became bitter against Tories. They were "execrable parricides." No mercy should be shown to them. If they were to prevail, himself and Dr. Franklin must perish, therefore, we find both these fathers remorseless against their worst enemies. The Quarterly Review has recently published an able article to show that the Tories were noble people, and that they suffered sharply for their King when they started Northward. We who owe so little to them, and so much to General Washington and his colleagues, will do well to tear down statues to Major Andre, to burn books that apologize for Benedict Arnold, and to repeat that the Father of His Country, from the evacuation of Boston, hated Tories as he hated serpents—"abominable pests of society," he called them. They were busy with a plot to assassinate him. They forged letters making him out a Tory, so as to weaken his influence. He had to go to Philadelphia to stir the Quakers to further action, or they would treat with Howe. One of the Howes tried to treat with "Mr. Washington;" then with "George Washington, Esq.," etc., etc., the orderly explaining that the "etc., etc.," was a term that covered all sorts of offices; then Howe asked for authority "to give the man his title."

But King George refused. Howe had 30,000 men. General Washington, as a military necessity, ought to burn New York and retire. The provincial tax-payers demanded a battle, at any odds, in front of New York, and no evacuation by the Federals. He stayed on Long Island —in Brooklyn. His General Sullivan was surrounded, and his own main works were reached. The loss was 2,000 men. Nine thousand Continentals were left in a critical position. Out of this dilemma General Washington escaped on the night of August 29, 1776, and retreated up Manhattan Island. The militia began to fade away, and to talk about Braddock's defeat, listening to industrious Tory recollections, all of which tended to discourage the spirit of independence alike in soldier and civilian. The English next made a dash in on the Americans at Kip's Landing, where Washington, with his own eyes, saw the cowardice of his men at the mere sight of redcoats. This rendered him furious. In his anger he struck the fleeing men with his sword. He retreated swiftly to King's Bridge, with 12,000 men, 25,000 British coming up slowly after him. The British lost six days in advancing and General Washington got up the Hudson River to White Plains on strong ground. General Howe came up and drove General Washington's forces into a still stronger place. Howe now prepared to winter at Dobbs' Ferry. General Washington, against his own wishes, had left two forts down the river occupied with his troops. Both fell to the British. Fort Washington, the second, was carried by storm and 2,600 Continentals with munitions were captured. With this deplorable loss, General Washington began to fall back into New Jersey, and Lee was defeated through neglect of orders. December 2, 1776, General Washington, with 3,000 ragged men, was at Princeton, New Jersey. There was a growing

feeling of discouragement in his army. The New Jersey militia would not turn out. Howe's amnesty was circulated everywhere. As the troops neared Philadelphia, the signers of the Declaration voted to die at their posts, and then adjourned to Baltimore.

General Howe did not press on; he went back for Christmas-tide at New York City. Now, if General Washington could have received some aid from Congress, it would have been well. He wrote them how his life was at stake, his character was to be lost, his estate was to be confiscated; could they not then, see that his advice must be for the best? But they considered that they must debate it. At Christmas, as Howe and his red-coats were under the mistletoe, General Washington prepared to strike the British with his six little groups, or detachments. He would fall upon the English at Trenton, across the Delaware River. Gates, Ewing, Putnam, Griffin, Cadwallader, all should cross the Delaware in midwinter with him, and surprise Trenton. Orders were given. Gates simply would not do it. Griffin met the enemy and retreated. Putnam and Ewing believed they could not do it. Cadwalader started to do it, and the broken ice deterred him. General Washington arrived at the river, to do his part, with 2,400 men. It was not too bad for him. He went over in boats, on a terrible night. From the landing it was a nine-mile march in a sleet-storm to Trenton. "Our arms are wet," Sullivan sent word. "Then tell your General to use the bayonet, for the town must be taken." The town *was* taken. The Hessians threw down their arms and fled, at seeing an invading army come in out of the storm. A thousand of them were captured. General Washington returned to his old position. If all had obeyed him, New Jersey would have been taken. Congress at once gave him

almost dictatorial powers. From that moment, George Washington has been statuesque, incomparable, in American minds.

Cornwallis now came out of New York to recapture Trenton. He marched past Princeton, leaving three regiments. He came up with General Washington across a river, as night was falling. Leaving his camp-fires burning on the river, General Washington fell on Princeton, and, himself between the lines, came off unscathed and put the three regiments to flight. The British thought fit to retire to New York and wait for campaigning weather. The American soldiers had left the bloody tracks of their bare feet in the snow. At this price, and on this slight thread of Washington's high resolve, did Liberty depend this winter. The patriotic spirit revived on sight of such personal valor, and men said one to another that they must be led by a prophet.

The exact personal appearance of General Washington at this time has been described. Ackerson commanded a company of patriots. It is three days before crossing the Delaware. Ackerson writes to his son, in 1811: "In military costume, Washington was a heroic figure, such as would impress the memory ever afterward. He had a large, thick nose, and it was very red that day, giving me the impression that he was not so moderate in the use of liquors as he was supposed to be. I found afterward that this was a peculiarity. His nose was apt to turn scarlet in a cold wind. He was standing near a small camp-fire, evidently lost in thought, and making no effort to keep warm. He *seemed* six feet and a half in height, was as erect as an Indian, and did not for a moment relax from a military attitude. His *exact* height was six feet two inches in his boots. He was then a little lame from striking his knee against a tree. His eye was so gray that it

looked almost white, and he had a troubled look on his colorless face. He had a piece of woolen tied around his throat, and was quite hoarse. Perhaps the throat-trouble from which he finally died had its origin about then. Washington's boots were enormous. They were number thirteen. His ordinary walking-shoes were number eleven. His hands were large in proportion, and he could not buy a glove to fit him, and had to have his gloves made to order. His mouth was his strong feature, the lips being always tightly compressed. That day they were compressed so tightly as to be painful to look at. At that time he weighed 200 pounds, and there was no surplus flesh about him. He was tremendously muscled, and the fame of his great strength was everywhere. His large tent, when wrapped up with the poles, was so heavy that it required two men to place it in the camp-wagon. Washington would lift it with one hand and throw it in the wagon as easily as if it were a pair of saddle-bags. He could hold a musket with one hand and shoot with precision as easily as other men did with a horse-pistol. His lungs were his weak point, and his voice was never strong. He was at that time in the prime of life. His hair was a chestnut brown, his cheeks were prominent, and his head was not large in contrast to every other part of his body, which seemed large and bony at all points. His finger-joints and wrists were so large as to be genuine curiosities. As to his habits at that period, he was an enormous eater, but was content with bread and meat, if he had plenty of it. But hunger seemed to put him in a rage. It was his custom to take a drink of rum or whisky on awakening in the morning."

Nor had he lost his hot temper, though it was nearly always well under control. He told an officer to cross the river and bring back some information. He was pac-

ing his tent with the flannel on his sore neck when the officer returned. "What did you learn?" The officer related that he had found the night dark and stormy and the river full of ice. Therefore he could not cross; therefore he had learned nothing that General Washington did not know already. The fire flew from Washington's eyes now, and the Chief, uttering an oath, hurled a leaden inkstand at the officer's head. "Be off! and send me a *man.*" The officer found the river very easy to cross, and the storm less furious than the one he had called up. He returned with valuable news.

The New Jersey Building at the World's Fair of 1893 was a replica of the house in Morristown at which General Washington made his headquarters in the early months of 1777. Here the Chief was again compelled to act as a recruiting-officer, a drill-sergeant, so loath were Americans to make war. There were few re-enlistments, and the terms of service were ridiculously short. It was at this house that a horde of foreign officers began to come in on the Commander-in-Chief. In Paris, in 1871, a regiment was made up of officers, but the scheme was unknown in earlier days. Lafayette and Steuben visited him here. General Washington hoped that Howe would go south against Philadelphia; he feared the British commander might go north and join with the forces of General Burgoyne. The enemy did not move till very late in the season, and then came south with 18,000 men, landing from ships in Chesapeake Bay, near Philadelphia. Washington marched his army of 11,000 men through the Quaker City to meet Sir William Howe, late in August. The two armies met at the Brandywine, and Howe won the battle, Sullivan again being outflanked and driven in, as at Brooklyn. General Wayne led 1,500 men to harass the British rear, and was worsted a day or so later. Howe

now took peaceable possession of Philadelphia, and chose ground at Germantown, a suburb. Here General Washington attempted a surprise with about 11,000 men at daybreak, October 4, 1777, and was again defeated, and forced to withdraw; but the enemy did not pursue him. General Washington lost about 1,200 men.

At this sad moment came the cheering news that Burgoyne had surrendered to Gates at Saratoga, with 5,752 soldiers, 39 cannon, and 5,000 stand of arms. Burgoyne had previously lost 3,000 men in various ways. With this, Vergennes, Minister of Foreign Affairs at Paris, let Franklin know that France was ready to make a treaty of alliance with the United States of America against England. Meanwhile, Howe tried to lure General Washington out to fight him again, but the American Commander could not be drawn out of the hills which he held, and Howe went back into Philadelphia. "Philadelphia has taken Howe," said Dr. Franklin, at Paris.

John Adams, who had urged Gates for a command, seems to have receded from his support of General Washington as soon as Gates succeeded. A cabal, headed by an Irish soldier named Conway, was formed to get Gates in chief command. General Washington would not resign, as the plotters had hoped, although they were able to sting his pride. He wrote to Patrick Henry that the brave New Englanders were prompt to fly against Burgoyne, while there was no such stuff in the hearts of the Friends along the Delaware.

While General Washington was building huts at his winter cantonment of Valley Forge, and his men, barefoot, were standing about the fires for lack of blankets to lie down in, the Pennsylvania Legislature, evidently in retaliation, passed a resolution asking him to go on fighting in the winter. At this moment he was compelled to forage

on the nearest Quakers for food, so little had they done for his army. He wrote indignantly to Congress, calling its attention to the resolution, and remarking that his army was "occupying a cold bleak hill, and sleeping under frost and snow, without clothes or blankets."

It was not long, however, ere the conduct of the Legislatures became more obedient and helpful to General Washington; the Conway cabal was exposed to the attention of the fighting classes, who at once showed their indignation, and the Commander-in-Chief, with all his misfortunes, was clearly seen to be the hope of the colonies. He set Baron Steuben in charge of drill and discipline; he put Greene in as Quartermaster; he had a better army in the spring than in the autumn before, and Howe gave way to Clinton in Philadelphia as commander of the British army, which was to be taken as an indorsement of Washington's campaign. Howe had regarded the patriot army as so many fugitives in the hills, who could not be caught, and Clinton did not reverse his policy. The country must be tranquillized in other ways, the English thought. Therefore the spring was lost, talking of peace; then Clinton sent 5,000 men to the West Indies and 3,000 to Florida. He actually reduced himself to 10,000, while General Washington had kept 13,000 together. The effect of the French alliance led the Ministry at London to believe that it would be wise to concentrate nearly all their troops at New York City. Clinton accordingly prepared to evacuate Philadelphia, and General Washington set out to strike him on the rear guard of his army. Lee did not approve the move, because he thought the Continentals ought to build a golden bridge for their enemy to fly by. General Washington put Lafayette in charge; therefore Lee grew jealous and demanded the command, so he was sent out, May 27, 1778, with Generals Wayne

and Lafayette under him. He was ordered to strike the rear guard at once; the next day he was sure the British soldiers would defeat his new recruits. He lost so much time that Clinton got his baggage to the front and was able to march Cornwallis with a large force back where they could make a good defense; thus the British advanced on a General (Lee) who had feared all along he was going to be defeated. The subordinate Generals had sent for General Washington in hot haste. But as General Washington came forward he met returning stragglers and then regiments, and then Lee, all in pell-mell retreat. General Washington was in a towering rage, and frightened Lee. He sent Lee to court-martial and dismissal. He rallied Lee's troops, joined the main body to them as it came up, advanced in battle to the field held by Lee in the morning, lay down in possession, and in the morning Clinton was on the march to New York. This was the battle of Monmouth, where the British lost 500 men in killed and wounded. It increased the belief of the people that Washington was a fighting General, if he had troops that would not flee, and it ruined Lee, who, because he had fought in Europe, had carried many a council-of-war the wrong way.

The rest of 1778 was spent in attending upon the French. General Washington was still plagued with foreign officers. "I do most devoutly wish," he wrote, "that we had not a single foreigner among us except the Marquis de Lafayette." In another letter to the same purpose, General Washington hopes he is somewhat a "citizen of the world." Yet he had near him, on his staff, Alexander Hamilton, still more of an anti-Gallican. The Chief was of that proud spirit that accepted aid with sorrow, and could not pledge himself to be grateful. Congress had moved back to Philadelphia. As 1779 grew old, General

Washington was in attendance on that body, obtaining pay for mutinous troops, giving advice, deploring the stock-jobbing, gambling, and other concomitants of war. He wishes he "could bring those murderers of our cause, the monopolizers, forestallers, and engrossers, to condign punishment. I would to God that some of the most atrocious in each State was hung in gibbets upon a gallows five times as high as the one prepared by Haman." "Idleness, dissipation, and extravagance seem to have laid fast hold of" the people, and "speculation, peculation and an insatiable thirst for riches seem to have got the better of every other consideration, and almost of every order of men; party disputes and personal quarrels are the great business of the day." He did much letter-writing that autumn and winter, while the French fleet was in New England waters, and the American General Gates, in command of Boston-region, was afraid Clinton might strike at him. Savannah had fallen to the English. General Washington, with headquarters at Newburg, set to work to hold the Hudson River and hem in Clinton, believing that the Hudson was the line that would, if taken by the British, divide the colonies, and no other. He wished to send Greene south, but Congress chose Gates, who later was badly defeated, with the French as auxiliaries. The English raided both New England and Virginia, and the Virginian Governor was unable to gather the militia or make a defense.

The spring of 1780 was coming on badly enough, with General Washington bound to hold the Hudson, at least, when the French came to Newport with 5,000 men, and Gates set out to mend things in South Carolina. But General Rochambeau and General Washington did not agree. The Frenchman thought he must wait till more ships came. The summer went on and Gates was fear-

fully defeated at Camden. The South was lost. Next came the treason of Benedict Arnold, who, to loosen General Washington's grip on the Hudson, had sold West Point, and was about to deliver the stronghold to Major André. General Washington had gone to meet Rochambeau at Hartford. The people had hailed him as FATHER, and their feelings were so affectionate toward him, after coming out of the atmosphere of Valley Forge and the Hudson, that he was in high spirits. Arnold made his hair-breadth escape from the very grasp of General Washington, and, a few minutes later, was on a British man-of-war. "Whom can we trust now?" cried the Chief, and then was silent. He hanged the spy André* who had come to get West Point.

The winter of 1780-81 was another Valley Forge of difficulties. Even the American troops rebelled. Pennsylvania made terms with its regiments, but when the New Jersey men followed, General Washington hanged two mutineers. How many more winters the great man could have endured at Newburg cannot be conjectured. His own State was still being ravaged. But Greene in the South turned the day, as Gates had once turned it in the North. By a series of brilliant operations Cornwallis was obliged to march toward the Chesapeake, and all the marauding British parties were massed with him. He was ordered, from London, to establish a base on the Chesapeake, and Clinton, at New York, began to grow jealous of him. General Washington alarmed Clinton into the belief that he was surely to be attacked, so Clinton was not willing to go southward. The French fleet blocked the Chesapeake, and landed 3,000 men under Lafayette. General Washington prepared to strike at Cornwallis, leaving

* Cyrus Field a few years ago tried, with poor success, to keep a monument to André standing at Tarrytown.

Heath at New York with enough force to keep Clinton on the defensive. Congress took little heart in General Washington's plans, and debated cutting down his army at the moment he was trying to show the French he had an opportunity to win. He could get no money, for the French were just now spending their own appropriations, and seeing that Dutch contractors did not get all the money. While the army of General Washington went by water to Yorktown the General, with Rochambeau, visited Mt. Vernon and Williamsburg. He had been gone six years. Cornwallis was now within strong lines at Yorktown, with a French fleet outside and a larger American army surrounding him. The siege began September 28th. Cornwallis surrendered, October 19, 1781, his ships and seamen to De Grasse, the French Admiral; his army and impedimenta to General Washington. There were 7,073 of the red-coats whom General Washington took. General Alexander Hamilton distinguished himself in the final assault. As the troops scaled the works General Washington said: "The work is done, and well done. Bring me my horse."

Nothing happened at Newburg while he was away, and Congress grew more compliant. Yet when Vergennes, at Paris, demanded that the man who needed the money (Washington) should disburse the last French subsidy that Franklin had induced him to bestow, Congress objected, and Franklin had to audit the bills, as of yore.

There was one late episode of the war that should be noted. A troop of armed Tories in the British service under one Lippencott had captured an American captain, and hanged him as a traitor to their King. General Washington demanded the surrender of the lynchers. Sir Guy Carleton, in command at New York, refused, but tried Lippencott by court martial, who escaped on a

technicality. General Washington chose a British captive officer by lot, Captain Asgill, who had high family connections. The pressure was sufficient to secure Asgill's escape from a sad death by reprisal. Washington let Vergennes at Paris and Congress at Philadelphia save Asgill. This melancholy affair tended toward peace, for the British aristocrats began to feel the penalties of their tyranny, and were glad to get Asgill away from the American Chief.

In May, 1782, the fears of the democratic-republicans took shape in a letter by Colonel Nicola, representing a large party in the army, reciting the weaknesses, follies, and jealousies of Congress, and begging General Washington to assume the dictatorship by force. General Washington's answer was noble and straightforward. He "viewed the letter with abhorrence," "reprehended it with severity." He said, beautifully and truly: "If I am not deceived in the knowledge of myself, you could not have found a person to whom your schemes are more disagreeable."

Nations do not spring full-armed into existence. The land of George Washington was a weakling in its infancy. Long after Yorktown, a newly-recruited regiment, had the audacity to again frighten the Quakers, and drive Congress out of Philadelphia to Princeton. General Washington put down this mutiny, and was angry, because the upstarts had never seen battle, and he thought —considering how much he had endured from raw troops—that they were imposing even on themselves. The Newburg addresses by the military were of the same order with Nicola's letter, and caused General Washington as much chagrin. Peace came none too soon, for such was the inchoate condition of things that another year of Valley-Forging might have resulted in anarchy.

General Washington's last months with the army were spent in various trips through New York, in advising Congress at Princeton, and in preparing addresses to Governors and the army. As preparations for the evacuation of New York City progressed, he moved to Harlem, and on November 25, 1783, two long years after Yorktown, accompanied by Governor Clinton, made his entry into the chief city. There had been a conflagration that had destroyed 300 houses while he was gone. He was ready to resign his commission. At Fraunces' Tavern, December 4th, he assembled his officers. Lifting a glass of wine, he said: "With a heart full of love and gratitude, I now take leave of you, most devoutly wishing that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable." "I shall be obliged," he said, "if each of you will come and take me by the hand." Tears were in his eyes. He said no more, but embraced them one by one, in the fashion of partings in those days. They went with him to the wharf. They felt very lonesome and fatherless when he had disappeared.

He adjusted his accounts at Philadelphia, but charged no salary for all those years. He had disbursed about $75,000 in all sorts of ways, and much of this he had advanced. He appeared at noon of December 23d before Congress. The members were seated, with hats on, to represent the sovereign power. The spectators stood, uncovered. The President of the Congress stated that the United States, in Congress assembled, were prepared to receive the communication of General Washington. He then rose and read his farewell, the noblest document recording the deeds of men. He drew his spectacles, saying, "You see I have grown old in your service." He submitted his resignation and asked to be retired to private life, his country being no longer harassed by considerable

foes. His resignation was accepted, he walked out of the hall, and the group of law-makers once more looked about them and found everybody small but him; there was even no elder brother to guide them.

What a strange chapter it has been, looking back at it! A tobacco-planter of heroic build, with a noble self-assurance never seen before nor since, has stopped fox-hunting to make war. He has tried one thing after another. A man of imperious authority over those near to him, he has exerted but little at a distance, because of his distaste for the distant exercise of power. He has had fits of retreat and starts of formidable advancing; he has fought in mid-winter and laid still in mid-summer. Some years he has scarcely fought at all. Yet he has made several forays, quick movements, worthy of either Frederick or Napoleon. He has struck at Trenton, Monmouth, and Yorktown with the genius of the first of captains.

What kind of a General would Washington have made if he had gotten a big army together? He did not have Frederick's opportunity. He had, at heart, more fire than Wellington. He was, at times, as cautious as Daun. He was a Founder of a new public thing—*res publica*—and ranks with Ahmes in Egypt, Moses in Israel, and Peter the Great in Russia. But he was in himself more like the heroes of the Dark and Middle Ages, for his armor and his lance were too heavy for his colleagues.

His trustful leaving of the service of the new Nation at the time it had shaken off Great Britain was typical of his grand and simple nature. But nothing was less likely than that he could be spared. The people had heard he was extremely desirous to see a Union of States well established, and they now set out to do as he had advised them. They thought the Chief must be left a time in peace. How did he pass his time meanwhile? Lafayette sent him a pack

of French wolf-hounds, but there was no hunting. Still he was in the saddle a good deal, thinking. Every painter and historian visited Mt. Vernon. The great man found he must have a secretary. He went to see his mother and she blessed him. Then he rode away to the Ohio. He came back and wrote letters, showing his extreme solicitude. "My sentiments and opinions have been neglected," he says, "though given as a last legacy, in a most solemn manner." Thereat the people, after he had once more advised, hastened to attempt the institution of some central offices and powers. A Constitutional Convention was called. General Washington pleaded illness, but went as a delegate for Virginia to Philadelphia. The bells rang when he arrived. The Convention met. He was installed as President of the body. After four months of labor, on September 17, 1787, he affixed his signature to the present Constitution of the United States, saying: "Should the States reject this excellent Constitution, the probability is that opportunity will never be offered to cancel another in peace; the next will be drawn in blood."

General Washington went back to Mt. Vernon urging the adoption of the Constitution; urging the election of Federalists, or Constitution men, and therefore the Constitution was adopted and the Federalists were elected. There was to be a President, and that office had been fitted to his stature. The Chief had not asked the people to make anybody else President, so there was no vote for anybody else. Unhappy the Elector who would have so humiliated his people as to put a slight on that sanctified and anointed hero, patient as the sphinx, unpretentious as the solid monuments of the furthest ages.

General Washington made a splendid progress to take

the Presidency of the United States. His barge to New York City was rowed by thirteen white uniformed pilots. The great harbor gave him no mean or unbeautiful welcome. The crowds not only uncovered, but bowed as their hero went by, in the beloved buff and blue uniform.

On the 30th of April, 1789, in citizens' clothes, he appeared before the Congress, took the oath, and kissed the Bible. The Chancellor who had sworn him cried, "Long Live George Washington, President of the United States!" The new President said: "In our progress toward political happiness, my station is new;" therefore the people might have seen he did not intend to be King. Yet his own peculiar personality demanded some arrangements that it would have tasked Jefferson to concede. As President he shook hands with nobody. He returned no calls. He would have felt easier as "His Highness" by salutation, because he thought he held a sublime office. The French Ambassador expected to be intimate, but the President compelled him to wait on Jefferson, the Secretary of State. Washington could be no more a friend now of France than of King George. Yet the Chief was glad to appoint Jefferson, pupil of Rousseau and Samuel Adams. How did Washington come to appoint an opponent of Hamilton? Jefferson supported the Constitution—that was the reason; those patriots who did not (before it was adopted) were left out of the Cabinet. All the Supreme Court was to be named—all Constitution men, Federalists, John Jay at the head. The President traveled to Boston, to dine with John Hancock, Governor. The Governor did not call, as he should have done. The President prepared to leave Boston. Then Hancock, in flannel sheets, gouty to the death, had to be carried up a pair of stairs—had to beg for a half-hour to make his call.

This precedent soon became doctrine—namely, that in the United States the President, representing all the people, outranks everybody else.

When Congress came together January 4, 1790, in New York City, the President approached the hall in the following state: A Colonel and a Major on two white horses; the President, alone, in his own coach, drawn by four horses; his chariot with his private secretaries; a man on horseback; in three coaches, the Chief Justice, the Secretary of War, the Secretary of the Treasury (Jefferson absent, not approving this panoply). In the Senate Chamber the President, with his retinue, passed between all the Congressmen and Senators, who stood. He was seated beside the Vice-President (John Adams). He rose and spoke. This was the way the President's Message was first delivered. He departed at once, as he had come. It will be seen that this was exactly as he went to Boston—in such state as befitted his personal station. The people, too, saw no harm in it, so lovingly do they trust great leaders, so fortunately did they confide in George Washington.

President Washington put down the Whisky Rebellion and had Indian wars out in (what is now) Indiana. It would be the logical act of the new Nation to ally itself with France against the oppressor, but Washington was by connection with Lord Fairfax, an English gentleman. When England and France again went to war, it therefore came to pass that the President fell slightly out of harmony with the American people, and for the first time (that is, when George Washington could be seen) they looked affectionately toward Thomas Jefferson, who had written the Declaration of Independence. Now the Chief seemed clearly wrong. There could be no mistake, they thought. He was catering to the British, and ill-treating

Citizen Genet, Ambassador from France (not from Vergennes' France, not even from Lafayette's France, but from Robespierre's France!—for there had been an awful set of changes there). How much sympathy had the Chief for the man who slew Vergniaud, Brissot, not to speak of the bad sense of slaying the King and Queen of France? Citizen Genet came on like Fouché at Lyons or Carrier at Nantes. "Make way for Liberty, Equality, Fraternity!" he cried. "Organize Jacobin Clubs, wear red caps, above all attend our admiralty court, set up here at Charleston, where we bestow prizes and fit privateers!" Behold Citizen Genet, carrying Equality or Death to George Washington! This was perhaps one of the most grotesque things in history. At first, of course, Jefferson was close in touch with the Ambassador from France; then frantic with disgust. George Washington, too, was wise in asking Jefferson to himself send away Genet. Especially, when Citizen Genet announced that he would call an election of the people to vote on President Washington. By the time Citizen Genet had been recalled at Jefferson's demand, he did not dare to go back to France. He thereupon became a quiet and inoffensive inhabitant of America. He was weary. He did General Washington a monstrous wrong with his red flag and red night-cap. Jay was burned in effigy, Hamilton was stoned, there was a town-meeting in Faneuil Hall against the President's signature to the English treaty made by Jay, and much excitement in the Nation. George Washington dated a letter, "United States, July 28, 1795." He said he was doing his duty. He said, at last, that he was preparing his "mind for the obloquy that disappointment and malice" were collecting to heap on him. Again, he could not support James Monroe at Paris, and once more went against the people's ideas of liberty. They could not understand

that he was a truer friend of forceful Liberty than had ever lived, or perhaps ever would live again, nor could Monroe, so when Washington recalled him from France there remained one more triumph in store for those (not Jefferson and Monroe) who envied George Washington because nature had made him grand and simple. At last it is possible that Jacobin editors thought they would do well to write scurrilous articles about "the tyrant Washington," and they took up Jefferson and Genet's cry of "Monarchists," "Aristocrats," and "corrupt squadrons," the latter being Jefferson's way of attacking Hamilton's financial legislation. One editor said Washington "maintained the seclusion of a monk and the supercilious distance of a tyrant." At last the House of Congress refused to adjourn on his birthday for half an hour, in order that members might call on him and pay their respects. But the Nation was now made. It had been founded. It had elected him twice trustingly, it would elect him again, but it allowed editors to ungenerously assail him. He clearly saw his work was done. He prepared his Farewell Address once more, but this time without tears. Yet, out of the wealth of his love of America, he offered the people another legacy from the treasury of a freeman's advice. "Let there be no sectionalism, no North, South, East, or West. Beware of attacks, open or covert, upon the Constitution. Do not encourage party spirit. Promote education, avoid debt. As a Nation, have neither passionate hatreds [of England] nor passionate attachments [to France]."

March 3, 1797, he gave a farewell dinner to President John Adams, Vice-President Jefferson, and other high officers. Compared with the leave-taking from his Generals at New York, where he had been obeyed, his manner now to the statesmen who had underestimated him was

joyous. He was glad to leave one and all. But they were not merry. They, again, were lonesome. The next day, this phenomenon was to be recorded, namely: The people took back their own into the great body of private life, and yet there were eyes for nobody else. The hall was nearly emptied when General Washington went out; a multitude followed him to his lodgings. And when he saw this once more, he turned and bowed very low, and tears were in his eyes, for the personal trust and love of the people rewarded him and exalted him in spirit.

Beside the fact that President Adams made him Commander-in-Chief of the provincial army again, there were episodes in his life at Mt. Vernon, but the casual reader need not be wearied with their recital. Yet it cannot perhaps be amiss to look in on him once with the eyes of the actor Bernard.

Bernard, on horseback, riding near Alexandria, came on an overturned chaise which had carried a man and woman; she was unconscious; the man was unhurt; at the same time another horseman rode up. "The horse was now on his legs, but the vehicle still prostrate, heavy in its frame, and laden with at least half a ton of luggage. My fellow-helper set me an example of activity in relieving it of the internal weight; and when all was clear we grasped the wheel between us, and to the peril of our spinal columns, righted the conveyance. The horse was then put in and we lent a hand to help up the luggage. All this helping, hauling, and lifting occupied at least half an hour, under a meridian sun, in the middle of July, which fairly boiled the perspiration out of our foreheads." The chaise went on, after the usual Virginian proffer of civilities. "Then my companion offered very courteously to dust my coat, a favor the return of which enabled me to take deliberate survey of his person. He was a tall, erect, well-

made man, evidently advanced in years, but who appeared to have retained all the vigor and elasticity resulting from a life of temperance and exercise. His dress was a blue coat buttoned to his chin, and buckskin breeches. Though the instant he took off his hat I could not avoid the recognition of familiar lineaments, which, indeed, I was in the habit of seeing on every sign-post and over every fireplace, still I failed to identify him, and to my surprise I found that I was an object of equal speculation in his eyes. 'Mr. Bernard, I believe,'" and asked Bernard to go on to his house, now in sight. "'Mt. Vernon!' I exclaimed; and then drawing back with a stare of wonder, 'Have I the honor of addressing General Washington?' With a smile whose expression of benevolence I have rarely seen equaled, he offered his hand and replied: 'An odd sort of introduction, Mr. Bernard; but I am pleased to find you can play so active a part in private, and without a prompter.'"

General Washington had seen Bernard act. This charming host was the same person who, when President, as President, would not shake hands with anybody. They went on, and had a pleasant chat. "His eyes burned with a steady fire"—they looked "glorious" to Bernard, who seems to have been a man not easily dazzled.

When the Bastile was taken, Lafayette sent its great key to General Washington. It hangs at Mt. Vernon. When Lafayette went to an Austrian dungeon, General Washington shed tears. He educated young Lafayette.

December 13, 1799, General Washington had a sore throat, as of old on the Delaware. The next day he was choking to death, and died where such cases are to-day successfully treated by the surgeons. His death was without pompous utterance. He said it was the debt we must all pay, was anxious to leave his affairs in good

shape, and kept his mind on the estate of Mt. Vernon to the last. He died childless. They said, who had escaped slavery by his sword, that he was the father only of his country. His home, where he died, Mt. Vernon, has been visited by every lover of liberty and admirer of greatness who has journeyed toward the Chesapeake. For over forty years it has been a museum of national character. The State of Virginia, to familiarize its form to the entire Nation, copied it for headquarters at the World's Fair of 1893, and the building was always over-crowded.

One critical question may be asked: What did the Father and the Chief think of Benjamin Franklin? He said to Bernard, that day, after extolling the New Englanders, as if to settle it all, "Dr. Franklin is a New Englander." He looked on Dr. Franklin with the veneration that he paid to science, and to all things good. He thought Dr. Franklin was one of the few helpful civilians in the war, and loved him for his aid. When he went to the Constitutional Convention, his first act was to call on Dr. Franklin to pay his respects.

Reader, we can translate ourselves on the swift car of thought to the rivers of Siberia, the valleys of the Indies, the monuments of an early world, the capitals of Europe. Wherever we shall rest, we may turn our eyes toward that Continent which sits far northward on the western globe, and there rides a Nation, like Charles Wain on the midnight sky. By the doctrine of a man's equality in birth; by the privilege then given to the babe that it may put forth its limbs, to the man that he may reach out with his intellect, this United States of America has offered a sanctuary to the foes of Kings, and has made the general story of mankind more happy. The migratory millions have not gone back. What heart-string in the whole harp of human existence that has not snapped

through the partings from Europe, yet never with a discord in the hymn of Freedom! And not you alone need gaze!—the old and wrinkled world is peering!—the fond mistress of tyrants!—her face has turned from scorn to fear! She hears the voices of her victims saluting something toward the West. It is not the new and splendid Nation. It is a shade, that once was the hope of Europe's poets before they had won their pensions. 'Twould deck a chapter in a pretty book like William Tell. So said their lenient Kings. It was the Father of His Country, truly, but his country was a plantation! Now, it is the Father of His Country, and his country the envy of the world. Stand there, George Washington—grown misty, immovable—grown somewhat like a god!

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Painting by Baron Desnoyers, Fine Arts Museum, Boston

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

1706—1790

GRANDSIRE OF THE REVOLUTION

"Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis." "He wrested the lightning from heaven, and scepters from tyrants." This panegyric was composed in Latin by Turgot, the French Minister, to the honor of Dr. Franklin. It was adapted from a slightly-similar line in a Latin poem by the Duke of Polignac, whose wife was the confidential friend of Marie Antoinette. The felicity of the phrase, and the fact that it could be applied to the deeds of a human being, contributed widely to the European fame of Dr. Franklin, and made him the first colonist who had won world-wide reputation.

"There appeared to me," said Thomas Jefferson, "more respect and veneration attached to the character of Dr. Franklin in France, than to that of any other person in the same country, foreign or native. I had opportunity of knowing particularly how far these sentiments were felt by the foreign Ambassadors and Ministers at the Court of Versailles."

The printers and editors of America for more than a century have beatified Benjamin Franklin and accepted him as their patron. In this way, on a whole continent, he displaced both Güttenburg and Richard Steele.

Through the publication of an Almanac, or home companion, for a quarter of a century, in which book were embalmed a wealth of short English maxims for the moral and physical guidance of the inexperienced, Benjamin

Franklin became renowned as a great teacher, and no other Nation can boast a son so nearly like Confucius in his mental balance. All other men save Confucius or Franklin, possessing their charm and wisdom, have revealed themselves to their disciples either as prophet or King.

While Benjamin Franklin demonstrated to mankind that the electric spark issuing from a magnetized wire was produced by the same thing that made the lightnings in the sky, and while he thus evoked the astonishment of every philosopher on earth, it still remains that Franklin's Pane (of Glass), whereby the "storage" principle of manipulating electricity was further advanced, was a step forward toward Planté's batteries, by which marvels have been already accomplished. Benjamin Franklin was a truth-seeker. None save imposters who battened on the innocent, had reason to fear this innocent-appearing man, whose deep wisdom rarely appeared in his manner.

We shall treat this incomparable diplomatist, philosopher, journalist, and seer as the Grandsire of the Revolution. He infuriated the Penns, and angered the King. In a financial sense, he took the cause of the American Revolution to Paris, and, by a sublime record of diplomacy, secured aid until the Nation could establish a treasury of its own.

It is perhaps the chief boast of the proud City of Boston that Benjamin Franklin was born there, on Milk street, near the corner of Washington. His statue has the place of honor before the City Hall. The date of birth was January 17, 1706. The father had seventeen children by two wives, and Benjamin was the eighth of ten children by the second wife. His mother was a Folger, and he took his characteristics from her and her father. He desired to be a sailor; his father wished him to be a

preacher. They could not agree, and the father, as a medium course, set the son at work in a tallow chandler's factory. To escape from this fate, Benjamin suffered himself to be bound to his brother James as a printer's apprentice for a term of nine years. James was an editor, and angered the press censor. To evade the censor, the newspaper was published under the name of Benjamin Franklin, the old indenture of apprenticeship was annulled, and a secret one was substituted. Thereupon the apprentice felt safe in running away—perhaps safer, for he says in his celebrated autobiography that although a lad of only seventeen years, he was already "a little obnoxious to the governing party," as his "indiscreet disputations about religion" had caused him to be "pointed at with horror by good people as an infidel and atheist." He found no situation at New York, and passed on to Philadelphia. A good printer who had escaped five years of bondage need not feel uneasy, and, buying three rolls of bread, he walked up Market street as far as Fourth, with a roll under each arm and munching a third. A passage in his autobiography tends to show that little Boston did not practice the gentility of the great City of Philadelphia, for he says: "I passed by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father; when she, standing by the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance."

He soon got work and became acquainted with Sir William Keith, who was Governor of the Province of Pennsylvania for the two sons of William Penn, who owned the charter. Keith persuaded Franklin to go back to Boston and try to get his father to invest the capital necessary for a newspaper at Philadelphia. But the son's luxurious appearance on his return to Boston did not move the father of seventeen children, who would not invest, and

thought Keith must be a foolish man. Keith then advised Benjamin to go to London, England, choose a "dress" and outfit, and Keith would himself furnish the funds. Keith would seem to have had a secret desire to get Franklin out of Philadelphia, and therein he was certainly a good servant of the Penns, as events proved. Franklin got on board a vessel, still waiting for his bill of exchange, and went to sea before he really knew he had been deceived. Even then he did not lament his fate, but set out to see the world at London, and was a wild young man for some time. Finally he reformed, became a teetotaller for life, and was again able to interest rich gentlemen in his welfare. A Philadelphia merchant offered to take him back as confidential clerk, and the twain sailed home, reaching Philadelphia October 11, 1726. But the merchant and the young printer were both seized with illness, and the benefactor died. Benjamin Franklin, at twenty, was so sick that he thought he would die, and prepared his epitaph, now so famous:

THE BODY OF
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
(LIKE THE COVER OF AN OLD BOOK,
ITS CONTENTS TORN OUT,
AND STRIPT OF ITS LETTERING AND GILDING),
LIES HERE, FOOD FOR WORMS,
YET THE WORK ITSELF SHALL NOT BE LOST,
FOR IT WILL APPEAR ONCE MORE, AS HE BELIEVED,
IN A NEW AND MORE BEAUTIFUL EDITION,
CORRECTED AND AMENDED
BY
THE AUTHOR

Bradford and Keimer were the rival printers in the city. It was Keimer whom Franklin had worked for. Bradford was Postmaster, and naturally hated Franklin as Keimer's man. When Franklin started in business for himself with a partner, he had both the old men bitterly

against him; but Keimer soon sold out. Then Bradford would not let his postmen carry Franklin's paper, which was eventually called the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin was a consummate editor. Richard Steele, the earliest of editors, knew nothing about advertisements and a job-office, but Franklin regarded these adjuncts as mainsail and rudder to his ship. He was an advocate of paper money, and worked so hard for the cause that he secured the job of printing the currency. It was a Quaker town, and Franklin soon put on sober garments (which he wore all his life afterward), and let the wise Philadelphians know that he was saving money. He now offered to marry a young woman if her parents could dower her with $500, and "civilly suggested a mortgage" on the paternal mansion for the purpose. This negotiation failed. But in these recitals at the expense of Franklin, made in his Autobiography at the height of his fame, we must somewhat consider the tendency to humor, for which the writer would sacrifice many attending circumstances. He says he made other ineffectual advances on a commercial basis before he thought of the young woman he saw when he first arrived in Philadelphia. By this time she was divorced from a husband. She would marry Franklin, but he, instead of receiving a dower, might be compelled to pay the runaway husband's debts. It seems that by this time Franklin's marital self-importance had dwindled, and he was contented to run all risks, if, in his turn, he could bring home his natural son William. The daughter of Mr. Read and Benjamin Franklin were thereupon married September 1, 1730. The wife took the child William and nursed it as her own (William turning out in the end a Tory, who hated his father as the arch-rebel). Beside this good nature, the wife clothed her husband, head to foot, in linen of her own hetcheling, spin-

ning, weaving, and sewing. These affairs have been told in the autobiography with a *naivete* that has long amused old and young alike, revealing the perfect knowledge which Franklin, as author, possessed touching the likes and dislikes of humanity.

But here was a Gil Blas who did not need to go through the entire book of life, always appearing ridiculous at the end of the chapter. He now began to practice some of the metropolitan arts of diplomacy that had operated so effectually upon himself in Boston, Philadelphia, and London. He learned, he says, that he could do almost anything he thought to be feasible if he would go about saying "a number of his acquaintances had asked him to forward the project." In precisely this way, he says, a number of his acquaintances were desirous that he should start a subscription library, and the first American enterprise of this kind had its origin. But it soon followed that a considerable body of the best people would gladly indorse almost any public act of Franklin, for he was a valuable and enterprising citizen.

The rôle of frugality was kept up in the issue of "Poor Richard's Almanac," which was printed for twenty-five years, and ran in circulation as high as 10,000 copies. It was a literature fitted to oak and hickory openings, log-houses, log-piles, charcoal kilns, worm-fences, and the battle with rugged nature. "Keep thy shop and thy shop will keep thee." "Plough deep while sluggards sleep." "Three removes are as bad as a fire." "There never was a good war or a bad peace." "He has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle." "Do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of." No man's shaving-cup was in fashion without a maxim of Franklin illustrated upon its outside. No book presented to a child was wisely given until it carried an inscription on a fly-leaf of one of Poor

Richard's sayings. The name first adopted was "Richard Saunders." This Almanac was one of the great things accomplished by Franklin. He fitted a literature to the ax, the saw, the splint, the log-house. He was one of the greatest moral law-givers of the ages, and succeeded among a people who daily held the Bible in their hands. Many of his sayings are supposed to be Bible doctrine by the devout. He has but one exemplar in modern times—Jean Jacques Rousseau. He finally adopted Rousseau's religion of a Supreme Being, first, however, coming out of a state of atheism.

The young husband, editor, librarian, etc., was about six years making his way into politics. He studied French, Italian, and Spanish, he formed debating circles, and, as his newspaper was powerful, he was given the office of Clerk of the General Assembly in 1736, and added to it the Postmastership in 1737. One might now suppose that such a young man, so well supplied with office, would lose all notion of reform and become the most pliant subject the Penns could have in the colony. Yet we shall eventually see a long memory in Benjamin Franklin, and it is not impossible that, in all this time, he was only waiting to pay off the score of the London wild-goose chase on which Keith had once sent him. He took no small revenges. He could have boycotted Bradford's newspaper, but he let it go out with the rest of the mail.

He invented a stove, which he called "the Pennsylvania fireplace." This was the first of the easily-portable fireplaces, which have mitigated the terrors of the North American winter ever since. He did not patent it. A London manufacturer took out a patent, and made money. Franklin studied nitrates and phosphates. His theory that plaster of paris was a fertilizer was doubted. He therefore wrote, in a field with plaster, "This has been

plastered." The brilliant green and superior height of the growing crop were seen to be an ingenious demonstration of the truth of his argument.

He had by this time thrown off or outworn all the ill effects of his early foibles. He had succeeded in getting the University of Pennsylvania under weigh, but was not a director. The Board was composed of one representative of each sect that had contributed funds. The Moravian director died, and his colleagues agreed to have no more Moravians. "On this," says Franklin, "I was mentioned as being merely an honest man, and of no sect at all." This betrays his favorite form of humor—not without sting, too. He organized the first fire brigade in America. On a panic resulting from a belief that the French and the Indians would attack the colony, Franklin went to New York to borrow money, and prepared for a lottery, all of which found him friends, even among the Quakers. It seems true that the people like a man who takes an interest in their affairs with a collateral view of not making himself any the poorer; that man is disliked who attends strictly to his own business; while the man is pitied and finally denounced who impoverishes himself in behalf of the public. Franklin had been eighteen years a married man, twelve years a public functionary with several salaries, twenty-two years an editor and job-printer, when he concluded the time had come to cease acquiring money, as a main ambition. In this resolution and in his subsequent career, he has ever since commanded the enthusiastic applause of the world. He therefore took for partner David Hall, a journeyman printer, and hoped to give all his time to philosophy. But the community which he had so ingeniously cultivated for a quarter century, now in its turn, showed him a little of the wisdom of the world itself. If he were a man of leisure, there could be

no injustice in making him a commissioner of the peace; also an alderman; likewise a Burgess in the Assembly. And here, too, the really good man found it a greater pleasure to be himself wrought on, than to work others to his advantage. A passage in his Autobiography at this stage in his career purrs with so much satisfaction that the world has long enjoyed it. Dr. Bond wanted to found his hospital: "At length," says the venerable Doctor Franklin, "he came to me, with the compliment that he found there was no such thing as carrying a public-spirited project through without my being concerned in it. 'For,' says he, 'I am often asked by those to whom I propose subscribing, Have you consulted Franklin upon this business? And what does he think of it? And when I tell them that I have not (supposing it rather out of your line), they do not subscribe, but say they will consider it.'" "It is surprising," comments Morse, with charming wit, "that this artful and sugar-tongued doctor, who evidently could read his man, had not been more successful with his subscription list. With Franklin, at least, he was eminently successful, touching him with a consummate skill, which brought prompt response and co-operation."* He was a busy man in the Council, with new pavements, street lamps, and street-sweepings. He next, with William Hunter, farmed the post-offices, and made so much money that the Crown at home thought the place worth giving out to some Englishman, whereupon it ceased to pay expenses, which did not displease the complacent Benjamin Franklin. This matter of the post-office of the colonies, and the visits to New York, and above all, the Pennsylvania Gazette, had spread his fame, and Yale and Harvard Universities both found it prudent to make him a Master of Arts. "Thus, without studying in any college, I came

* John T. Morse, jr.: "Life of Franklin."

to partake of their honors. They were conferred in consideration of my improvements and discoveries in the electric branch of natural philosophy."

Let us behold this busy Quaker about this time, or a year or so earlier. He was pouring, as editorials, into the backwoods, articles which read well to-day—masterpieces of convincing, legible English; he was beginning hospitals, libraries, university, lottery, armory, fire department, night watch, street lights, pavements; he was reforming the post-office, studying the peace, the Indians, making laws for the Assembly—bringing London's customs over to the colony—and, as a recreation, he began to debate the phenomena of electrified bodies—two kinds of electricity, or two exhibitions of its influence. He set the world talking of positive and negative currents, and Franklin's Pane. The people, even in the backwoods, read his scientific articles, and they affected the professors as Dr. Röentgen's discoveries did in 1896. He noted the potentiality of points—how the point of anything was more electric than its body. He, with other philosophers, believed the thunder-clouds were sometimes giving down electricity, at other times sucking it up—as the photograph has since shown. He waited a long time for a projected church-spire to be built, and it is a wonder he did not, in true Franklinian method, go around with subscription paper to get the temple in order to use the steeple. Presently he bethought himself of the kite. He made a kite of a cross of cedar sticks and a thin silk handkerchief. A tail and string were attached, and, out of the top of the cross, a sharp-pointed wire was made to project a foot or more from the wood. The string ended at the earth in the ring or handle of a door-key, and to this ring a silk ribbon was also tied, so that the electricity would not come down beyond the key without meeting great resistance. Now,

he had to wait for the first thunder-storm, as he had waited for the steeple, but it came in June of 1750. His son helped him to get the kite to fly. As it was raining, he must stand inside a door to keep the silk dry, so it would resist—he did not know and could not then guess how much electricity might come down, and he might get killed. The clouds rolled by, but his key was not emitting lightning, as he had expected. Finally, however, when the string became wet, the electric spark came. He set alcohol aflame, charged a storage-battery, and made all the demonstrations which had formerly been performed only with natural or carefully-electrified bodies. At his next thunder-storm, he demonstrated the positive and negative action of clouds, and perfected the theory of the lightning-rod. Three years later, Professor Richman, of St. Petersburg, was killed on top of his house, while pursuing similar experiments. His friend Sokolow saw him stoop to examine an electrometer at the moment of a terrific thunder-clap—he desired to note the effect on the instrument. While he was looking, being a foot away from an iron rod, Sokolow saw a globe of bluish fire some three inches in diameter, shoot from the iron rod to the professor's head. Death was instantaneous. These matters took the general name of "The Philadelphia experiments." Kant called Franklin "the Prometheus of modern times." The action of the colonial universities was perhaps their first opportunity to honor a colonist who had won world-wide attention. The mother country was last to recognize the value of the demonstrations, and the English scientists were compelled, several years after everybody else, to correct their proceedings by reprinting old matter and getting a record at any expense to their pride.

In 1754 the Lords of Trade at London ordered an Assembly of the Colonies at Albany to confer with the

Six Indian Nations, in order to prepare for war with France. At Albany Franklin, who was a delegate, prepared a scheme for the union of the colonies. "Its fate was singular," says Franklin reflectively; "in the colonial assemblies it was condemned because there was too much prerogative [King's power] in it. The Board of Trade in England scouted it because it had too much of the democratic." Here we see Benjamin Franklin penning the first formal document looking to the United States of America. This was June 24, 1754, a little over twenty-two years before the Declaration of Independence. Already the Home Government, doubtless inspired by the Penn brothers at London, looked upon the colonists as people who were too outspoken. Accordingly, instead of calling into service an army of natives, who might become dangerous enemies, General Braddock, with his regular army, was sent to fight the Indians and French. When this high-spirited commander came near to the Quakers' country, they were alarmed, and sent their ablest man, Benjamin Franklin, to eat and chat with him. Here the philosopher first met Colonel Washington. The result of Franklin's mission was highly peaceful. The Pennsylvanian farmers were to hire out wagons, horses, and drivers to Braddock, receiving seven days' pay in advance. The people, however, made Franklin sign a bond. Braddock's defeat swallowed up $100,000 worth of this kind of impedimenta. Franklin was on the bond, and got off, only with some loss and a thorough alarm. He now became Colonel Franklin, and went on west to build three forts. The region of Pittsburg had then seen two Colonels—George Washington and Benjamin Franklin—on whom the independence of the United States entirely depended, although in two entirely different ways. It is to

be said to the testy Braddock's credit, that he admired both his aides.

This war made additional expense. The two Penns owned a landed corporation in which there were now 200,000 white inhabitants to whom land had been sold in fee simple. The Penns appointed the Governor. This Governor received his salary from the Assembly, but he had to give bond to the Penns that he would keep their income (about $100,000 a year) intact by preserving the legal status quo. If he did not veto obnoxious measures he must pay in cash the cost to the Penns. Under the charter, their waste lands were untaxable. It was the habit of the Quakers to call themselves poor and industrious; the Penns rich and indolent. They made such complaint that out of $300,000 to be raised for the year of the war, the Penns voluntarily contributed $30,000. But dissatisfaction grew. Franklin had cultivated this spirit assiduously. At last he was sent, with his son as secretary, to London, to pray that the King reassume the charter (as he could do, on payment of money) in order that Pennsylvania might no longer remain the fief of absentee landlords. England, meanwhile, was becoming jealous of the colonial assemblies, and Parliament had recently passed resolutions hostile to the intent of Franklin's mission. The Penns awaited their enemy with no regret. He came on to certain defeat.

Yet, in a word, the rest of Franklin's long life-work was to lie on that side of the water, and because he could not carry back news of a King's charter, he went elsewhere, and finally returned home with a treaty acknowledging the first considerable democratic republic of modern times.

Franklin was five years upon his first errand. Lord

Granville, Prime Minister, when the Pennsylvanian arrived, lectured him well as the representative of seditious subjects, who could not loyally understand that the King had deputed his royal power to the Penns. The Penns' lawyer at London was so angry already with the astute Philadelphian that it was soon unsafe to let him come near the man of peace. William Pitt was too busy to see the unknown agent of disgruntled colonists, and Franklin, when he landed, found that reputation among professors of physics did not carry him far through the ante-rooms of the nobles whom he must conciliate. The Ministers told him his people must not export grain or cattle to starving Frenchmen on the American Continent, and Franklin reiterated that the King, if that were to be law, would do well to send transports from England to bring back his unhappy subjects. The Penns sent word to the Philadelphia Assembly to displace this Franklin, who was "rude," but the provincial Assembly retorted by levying the tax on waste lands. The Lords at last passed the order that the Penns desired, but Franklin, humble as he was, managed in some way to get it reviewed, whereupon an almost exactly opposite mandate issued from the same quarter. At the end of three years, he had secured the recognition of the principle that the Penns ought to pay their proportion of the expense of protection against common dangers that threatened the settlers. The King, however, would not take up the charter.

As time went by, Franklin got acquainted with Hume, Burke, Robertson, Kames, and Adam Smith. Honor was paid to him at Edinburg. The University of St. Andrews and the University of Oxford made him a Doctor of Laws, and he ever bore this title. His wife was afraid to cross the ocean, and it is possible that this fact alone prevented him from making his home in the mother

country, as many flattering invitations were extended to him. Writers on the Revolution always stop at this point to exalt Mrs. Franklin's patriotic horror of the deep.

It stands to reason that all Dr. Franklin's scientific and social successes with the Edinburg scholars, and whatever triumphs he had scored against the Penns, were one and all duly exploited in the columns of the Franklin newspaper at home, while Bradford and the Penns, in their turn, faithfully called attention to the small value attaching to such glory. They did this latter so well that Dr. Franklin did not expect the flattering reception which awaited him on his return to Philadelphia. He found himself doubly celebrated. He had seen Europe, and yet was a colonist. He was the only colonist who had made an impression on the Old Country. His house was full of callers from morning to night. The Assembly voted him $15,000 for his five years' expenses. His son William was appointed Governor of New Jersey by the English Government. This made many enemies for Franklin; particularly, for one, the son himself, who became a loyal subject of the King and drew a pension long after his duties as British Governor had ceased to be required. The old families denounced the act of their Government as a truckling to demagogy, and a defiance of morality. It did nobody any good except the younger Franklin.

Dr. Franklin was now fifty-six years old, and it was well along in 1762. He next traveled 1,600 miles, inspecting postoffices, and thereafter became imbroiled in a serious local Indian trouble. The Penns had sent over as Governor a nephew, and, for a while, this nephew, named Penn, had gotten along under Dr. Franklin's own tutelage. A reckless gang of outlaws, known as "the Paxton boys," massacred an Indian village, and marched on Philadelphia to demand the surrender of certain Indian refugees that

had fled thither. In ending this affair, Dr. Franklin took the front place, the Governor staying at Dr. Franklin's house. Dr. Franklin went forth among the outlaws alone, and argued them into a peaceful settlement. But it ended somewhat to the discomfiture of the peace-maker, and, after Penn had become alienated, the anti-Franklin political forces agreed that the time had come to oust him from the Assembly. Accordingly, an exciting political campaign was waged, and an election was held, in which the lame, the halt, the sick, were brought to the polls and Dr. Franklin was beaten by a few votes. Scarcely were the rejoicings of the "loyalists" over, when the old question reasserted itself—that his Majesty ought to rule his colony through his Assembly, and Dr. Franklin was again mentioned as the only fit person to be Agent to go to London. Dickinson made a fervent speech against "this man, most obnoxious to his country," but it turned out that Dr. Franklin's enemies had gotten the best of him only by concentrating in his district, and he, popular at large, was easily elected Agent. He started for England in twelve days. A troop of 300 mounted citizens rode sixteen miles down the river with him, and when news of his safe arrival in England reached Philadelphia the colonists kept the bells ringing till midnight. He settled in London in December, 1764.

The Seven Years' War to retrieve Silesia from Frederick the Great was over. England had paid vast sums of money on each side of the question, and must recoup with new taxes. What was there new to tax? The colonies in America. George Grenville, in the Treasury Department, had the same views as Lord Granville. Accordingly, the Stamp bill was steadily grinding its way into law at the Parliament buildings. Dr. Franklin was not slow to file expressions of repugnance, which were as

rapidly filed in the waste-paper departments of his Majesty's Government. He looked ruefully on the power of the Mother Country, and her obvious ill-will toward her American children. When Americans called on him, he said significantly: "Go home and tell your countrymen to get children as fast as they can." But he did not believe men in America would be so "foolhardy" as to defy England. At this time, he lacked a knowledge of European politics and French influence.

The Stamp law, which passed in 1765, was merely a new Tariff Act, worse than the old one. The old law compelled the colonies to restrict their exports entirely to England. No foreign ship could enter a colonial harbor. No ship, boat, or carriage could cross a colonial boundary line with wool on board. A British sailor, in colonial ports, could only buy to the extent of $5 in woolens. No Bible could be printed in America. The making of hats was seriously discouraged by legal restrictions. Iron forges were prohibited as "nuisances." The slave-trade was encouraged. To these inhibitions against the manufacture and sale of goods, the Home Government now added the Stamp Tax, to make purchases equally troublesome. A duty was to be collected on nearly everything that was bought abroad. If there should be infractions or disobedience, a court of vice-admiralty, without a jury and with a single judge was to deal forth severe penalties, both fine and imprisonment. While the sparse population, the town meetings, and the frequent petty elections in America had cultivated a disputatious spirit, it must be admitted that they now had plenty to complain of. The excitement at Boston, under the agitation of James Otis and Samuel Adams, was intense. Yet Dr. Franklin had not the shadow of a suspicion that the Stamp Act was the last straw on the camel's back. When Grenville asked him to nominate a

good man for Revenue Agent at Philadelphia, he unhesitatingly named Hughes, and Hughes was appointed. This, the Ministry took care to state, was on the motion of Dr. Franklin.

The Stamp Act exploded in America like a bomb. A mob started for the new house in which Dr. Franklin had left his wife in Philadelphia. Bradford's newspaper had a picture of the devil whispering in Dr. Franklin's ear: "Ben, you shall be my agent throughout my dominions." It is clear that Dr. Franklin's absence from America had in this case bereft him of all prophetic instincts. Yet his constant good fortune saved him from ruin. He was as yet on the safe side. His recall would have been an act of rebellion, and he himself might have been appointed Governor or Judge. The great boycott of English goods which the colonies one and all set up was the most convincing of arguments to Englishmen, and soon their own quarrels led the English politicians to take sides on "the American troubles," with Pitt laying down as common law that the settlers could not be taxed without their consent. In the Parliamentary hearings for repeal of the Stamp Act, Dr. Franklin appeared, and, as soon as his testimony could be published in America, his position was seen to be safe and patriotic. He even tickled the ears of the poorest patriots at home by saying: "I have some little property in America, but I will freely spend nineteen shillings in the pound to defend my right of giving or refusing the other shilling. And, after all, if I cannot defend that right, I can retire cheerfully with my family into the boundless woods of America, which are sure to afford freedom and subsistance to any man who can bait a hook or pull a trigger." Dr. Franklin was by this time a wonderful diner-out, an American lion, a boon companion at the coffee-houses. America, instead of Frederick, was the fashion,

and the Doctor knew the fashionable subject of America better than any other colonist. It was known that Dr. Franklin was no agitator of the kind that had arisen out of the dragons-teeth sown by the Stamp Act. His firm statement that the colonies had begun a boycott which they could keep up, and that England's course, if continued, would cut off its own market, acted with force on British merchants, now thoroughly alarmed, and they surrounded the Parliament House when, on February 21, 1766, the Stamp Act was repealed, showing their influence. The King unwillingly signed the repeal a little later. News of the repeal was received in Philadelphia with rejoicings. Each colony indulged the fancy that its own refractory course had alarmed the King, and a barge or float forty feet long named Franklin paraded the streets of Philadelphia firing salutes and driving away all recollections of the great man's sad connection with Hughes, the satrap of the oligarchy. In the early stages of the Revolution, the Assemblies of the colonies were jealous only of Parliament. They desired "to govern with the King." We are now reaching the point where George III was to be regarded as a tyrant. Dr. Franklin was still Deputy Postmaster General of the Colonies, his son was Governor of New Jersey (King's man), his tastes were becoming metropolitan. He was beset by small enviers like Arthur Lee, who craved his office as Agent, and yet he was held in an esteem so high that each side of almost any controversy desired to reckon him in its party. Nobody but the King could really see that Dr. Franklin was the worst rebel of them all—not even Samuel Adams, who looked on Dr. Franklin with patriotic suspicion. Samuel Adams was so far above selfish common sense—he was so firm a believer in altruism—that he could not understand the natures of patient, tactical, provident men like Dr. Frank-

lin and General Washington. And it took all kinds of patriots to found the United States of America.

From 1766 until 1773 was a period in which Dr. Franklin was strengthening his personal power. Few students of social forces have lived who could so soon lay hold upon the sources of power in society; and had England possessed a King like Frederick of Prussia, Dr. Franklin would have been the royal favorite. His son in New Jersey readily secured the New Jersey agency at London for the father, and Georgia also sent credentials to Dr. Franklin. When Massachusetts Bay came to think of putting the Assembly's interests in charge of Dr. Franklin there was bitter opposition by Samuel Adams. Thus when the Massachusetts agency was added to the dignities of Dr. Franklin, it came with the blighting fact that the very greatest of the American seditionaries opposed such a commission. Still it was Dr. Franklin's good fortune that the opposition of Samuel Adams gave the pleasant elderly Quaker so much the better standing at London. He had need of a Toryish reputation, for the Ministers now in power and coming into power were vindictive foes of America, and highly distrustful of even the most placid of patriots. Townshend, the original suggester of taxes, was next in office, with George III highly satisfied to hear him speak. When Townshend delivered his address on the new taxes about to be levied, Colonial Agents and merchants were alike barred from the House of Commons. The duties proposed were highly objectionable, and, besides, the salaries of the colonial Governors were assumed by the Home Government, so that there should no longer be any reason for fearless action by England's agents. The second tax bill passed in June, 1767. In September Townshend died. The boycott again began in America, and the "Sam Adams regiments" went to Bos-

ton to make the Governor feel more secure in the collection of taxes. The Boston shooting happened March 5, 1770, and the South Carolina rebellion in May, 1771. There followed after Townshend, in the Colonial office at London, a pestiferous Lord Hillsborough, and it is one of those delightful episodes abounding in Dr. Franklin's life of general good-will, that this high and mighty noble at last met a simple and unostentatious enemy who could destroy him. Hillsborough assumed the right to name the Colonial Agents, and he did not want Dr. Franklin among them. On Dr. Franklin's first visit to His Lordship, to hand in his credentials as Agent for Massachusetts Bay, the visitor was informed that Assemblies could not alone appoint Agents; that Dr. Franklin was not Agent; Governor Hutchinson had vetoed the bill appointing him. This news was conveyed in a mean and contemptible way, the Minister accompanying his statements with many expressions of scorn, notwithstanding the civil remonstrances of Dr. Franklin, who was wholly taken by surprise. At last, the American gathered his papers and made his exit, saying, with deliberation, "It is, I believe, of no great importance whether the appointment is acknowledged or not, for I have not the least conception that an Agent can, at present, be of any use to any of the Colonies." The Minister who had invited this bad feeling was nevertheless quick to complain in London that the American Agent had been "extremely rude and abusive." "I find he did not mistake me," said Dr. Franklin.

Now the clever Dr. Franklin began undermining the ill-won fame of Hillsborough. This captious Minister was a shining mark for criticism. With the many influences that Dr. Franklin could command, it soon became the opinion of all who had property-stakes in the colonies that Hillsborough was an unsafe man. Later, on the

interior-barrier question, Dr. Franklin opposed Hillsborough before the Privy Council, and they, to anger Hillsborough, adopted Dr. Franklin's scheme, when his Lordship resigned in anger, and was let go. Dr. Franklin went to call on the noble Earl, and finally was asked to cease paying those tributes of affection. "I have never since," he said, "been nigh him, and we have only abused one another at a distance." To complete Dr. Franklin's victory, he was asked what English statesman would be most acceptable to America, and chose Lord Dartmouth as Hillsborough's successor, who was appointed. Dr. Franklin was at once recognized as Agent for Massachusetts Bay, and he and Lord Dartmouth set out hopefully to stem the advancing tide of the Revolution. He was now well on his way to undo Hutchinson, for Dartmouth thought the Massachusetts Governor was "perniciously loyal." The effect, too, of Grenville and Townshend's taxing acts had been ridiculously inadequate. The collectors had spent $60,000 and extorted $7,500. The East India Company had lost $10,000,000 by the boycott of its goods.

Dr. Franklin was complaining, one day, of the expense and folly of sending the "Sam Adams regiments" to Boston, when "a friend at court" remarked that the Ministers had only followed the advice of the Americans themselves, and he at once produced to Dr. Franklin the original letters of Hutchinson, Oliver, and other natives of Massachusetts Bay, asking for the troops. The addresses had been cut from the letters, but they were otherwise unmutilated—the signatures were intact. Dr. Franklin, thus armed with a weapon showing the un-American spirit of Hutchinson, at once transmitted the letters to Boston, covering his operations with the thin veil usually afforded by pledges of inviolable secrecy. The Assembly at Bos-

ton, eager to make wider use of the documents, invented the fable that authenticated copies of the same documents had also arrived from England, and publication was at once made of the "authenticated copies." The effect in the northern colonies was such as to render the writers furious, as the letters had been secretly written to William Whatley, who was now dead. They did not know on whom to let their wrath descend, for Dr. Franklin's hand had not yet appeared. The betrayal seemed to lie between Temple and Thomas Whately, the dead man's brother and executor, and these two men, on being accused by each other, fought a bloody duel in London. Dr. Franklin did not hear of this duel till it happened, and as another hostile meeting was appointed, he was forced to publish the fact that neither man was guilty, but he (Dr. Franklin) as Agent, had transmitted the letters as a matter of business, as soon as he came across them. Who really gave the letters to Dr. Franklin has never transpired. Trouble and plenty of it was now brewing for the Agent.

The Massachusetts Bay House of Representatives forwarded a petition to the King, stating in effect that they had seen the letters of Hutchinson and Oliver, Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, and humbly prayed that the twain be removed from their posts. This petition laid on the table of the Ministry until the appearance of Dr. Franklin's public explanation, made to prevent the second duel, when, unexpectedly, on a Saturday, the Agent received notice that the Lords of the Committee for Plantation Affairs would hear him at the Cockpit on Tuesday noon. Late Monday he was warned that Mauduit, Agent for Hutchinson and Oliver, would be represented by legal counsel at the hearing. He then sought Bollan, Agent for the Council of Massachusetts Bay, who advised that it was useless to employ barristers in colony cases, for the emi-

nent ones did not desire to offend the Court. But, although Bollan had been summoned, when he rose to speak, he was told by the Lords that the Council was not a party to the hearing. Dr. Franklin spoke, renewing the prayer of his clients, and asking for more time. Hearing was postponed till January 29, 1774, but the Lord Chief Justice declared that inquiry would be made to learn how the Assembly obtained the letters.

Whately now sued Dr. Franklin at law, the newspapers unceasingly denounced the American savant as a meddlesome person of incendiary designs, the Court was said to be in a rage, and there were rumors of arrest and seizure of papers. Dr. Franklin had sent a kite into the storm-clouds this time that was bringing down plenty of lightning. He was in deep distress, and, listening to Mr. Bollan's revised advice, employed two eminent legal advocates, and instructed them without ceasing.

Dr. Franklin, now 68 years old, had attained that venerable and peaceful appearance with which an equally complacent world, from China to Peru, in spirit, now views him. He came before a notable assemblage of bitter and malevolent enemies, in a full dress of spotted Manchester velvet, in which he was doomed to pass the most cruel moments of his existence; therefore, he preserved the suit for corresponding heights of joy in later years. There were thirty-five Privy Councillors present, all anti-American and anti-Franklinian in sentiment, and doubtless the friends and companions of Lord Hillsborough were not lax in their service to him on this occasion. Dr. Franklin stood immovable before the fireplace, showing a degree of control over his features that astonished all who were not wholly blinded by rage. His own advocates were ineffective. Wedderburn, Solicitor-General, was the advocate of Hutchinson and Oliver. This Wedderburn was

a master of low invective. To the satisfaction of the Court and all the American-haters, he poured forth his billingsgate without a restraining frown from the Chief Justice. "Nothing," said this he-fishwife, "will acquit Dr. Franklin of the charge of obtaining the letters by fraudulent or corrupt means, for the most malignant of purposes, unless he stole them from the person who stole them." "I hope, my Lords, you will mark and brand the man, for the honor of this country, of Europe and of mankind." "Into what companies will he hereafter go with an unembarrassed face, or the honest intrepidity of virtue! Men will watch him with a jealous eye; they will hide their papers from him, and lock up their escritoires. He will henceforth esteem it a libel to be called a man of letters*—*homo trium literarum.*" "He not only took away the letters from one brother, but kept himself concealed till he nearly occasioned the murder of the other. It is impossible to read his account, expressive of the coolest and most deliberate malice, without horror. Amidst these tragical events—of one person nearly murdered, of another answerable for the issue, of a worthy Governor, hurt in his dearest interests, the fate of America in suspense—here is a man who, with the utmost insensibility of remorse, stands up and avows himself the author of all." "The bloody African is not surpassed by the coolness and apathy of the wily American."

Dr. Priestly, who was present, believed that the Court had no other object in the hearing than to insult the calm old man with benignant face who stood stoically before the fireplace. The speeches were soon finished, Dr. Franklin was fruitlessly asked to reveal the person who gave him the letters, and the sitting closed. Report was made the

*In English, "A man of three letters"—"fur" being the Latin word for "thief," and having but three letters.

same day, denying the petition of the House of Massachusetts Bay, and also stating, by way of insult to Dr. Franklin that the conclusion of the Lords was that "The charge of surreptitiously obtaining the letters was a true one." On the following Monday morning he was notified that he was no longer Deputy Postmaster General in North America. His good name, a thing precious to him, momentarily seemed gone. The Lord Dartmouth, whom he had advanced, had turned a cruel enemy. Massachusetts rebuked him (who had sent the letters) with being lax, Arthur Lee, who was to succeed him, was full of venom, and London was agog with disturbing inquiries whether or not Dr. Franklin were to go to the Tower under arrest for treason. Governor Hutchinson avowed that it would be wise to prevent the return to America of Dr. Franklin, who was now publicly named as "The great fomenter of the opposition in America."

When Dr. Franklin put away the spotted velvet suit, it is likely he prepared his papers for seizure. His true friends considered his further stay in England as prejudicial to his personal safety, but he, probably feeling that he was better represented by himself than he could be by anybody else in his absence, merely offered to resign.

In February, 1775, in the House of Lords, Lord Sandwich was speaking against a measure of conciliation with America then under discussion. He looked full at Dr. Franklin, who was standing well in view. The bill, Sandwich said, deserved only contempt. No peer did it. "It appears to me to be rather the work of some American. I fancy I have in my eye the person who drew it up, one of the bitterest and most mischievous enemies this country has ever known." Lord Chatham instantly replied that the plan was entirely his own, but he would have been glad to have the aid of the great American, "one whom all

Europe ranks with our Boyles and Newtons, as an honor not to the English nation only, but to human nature."

This praise, while it was welcome to Dr. Franklin at this time, was not palatable to Americans, and he seems to have felt the fact, for, on hearing his people abused as cowards, sneaks, cheats, and heretics, in the prevailing English fashion of Parliament, he drew up an indignant letter, which Walpole, a friend, was able to induce him to suppress. Walpole did not conceal his opinion that Dr. Franklin ought to leave England forthwith. The Ministry made an abortive attempt to bribe him, which rendered his position still more perilous, and he placed the Agency in the hands of Arthur Lee, who had long waited for it with impatience. Dr. Priestly spent a sad afternoon with his departing friend, who had, above most men, the quality of evoking the love of his fellows, and saw him off somewhat hurriedly. Dr. Franklin arrived in Philadelphia, sixty-nine years old, May 5, 1775. His wife was dead. His daughter was married to a stranger. Just at the hour when he might, in the course of nature, expect to rest in peace for the remainder of his life, Lexington and Concord were fired upon. He no longer complained. He sat down and wrote to Strahan, Member of Parliament at London, who had voted for military suppression:

"You have begun to burn our towns and murder our people. Look upon your hands; they are stained with the blood of your relations! You and I were long friends; you are now my enemy, and I am,

"Yours, B. FRANKLIN."

He loved a pun. When he became Postmaster-General ($5,000 a year), directly afterward, he changed the franking formula on his letters, "Free: B. Franklin," into "B. Free, Franklin."

Five days after his return, the Second Continental Congress met, and Dr. Franklin had already been elected to it. Bunker Hill was fought, and General Washington, of Virginia, was sent to Cambridge to take command of the patriot army outside of Boston.

Dr. Franklin now established the patriot postal service, invented an obstruction for the river, and drew up a scheme for union of the colonies. Wedderburn had cured him of his loyalty to King George, and when the philosopher was elected to the Pennsylvania Assembly, he refused to take the oath of fealty, and stayed out of his seat. He was already chairman of the Local Committee of Safety. With all his sorrows at London and his widowerhood, his witty sayings, says Parton, were "the circulating medium of Congress."

In September, 1775, Dr. Franklin was sent at the head of a committee of three to confer with General Washington at Cambridge. General Greene writes how he "looked on that very great man with silent admiration." The illustrious Abigail, wife of John Adams, had been taught from infancy to venerate Dr. Franklin, and she now read in his countenance "patriotism in its full luster, blended with every virtue of a Christian."

Early in 1776 the aged Doctor was sent to Montreal on a needless errand, trying to his health. Returning, he presided over the body to make a Constitution for the independent State of Pennsylvania. The Quakers were too slow, and Dr. Franklin felt that he might have to move to Boston and set up the insurrection hand in hand with Samuel Adams and General Washington. These three men must now perish if the new nation were not established. The tide of opinion turned, and Dr. Franklin was one of the Committee of Five to draw The Declaration of Independence. As Harrison, of Virginia, signed it, he said:

"We must all hang together." "Yes," said Dr. Franklin, as he signed, "or we shall all hang separately." So he now had company.

When General Washington had been driven out of Long Island, Howe, the British Admiral, Dr. Franklin's erstwhile friend, sought to treat, and Dr. Franklin, John Adams and Rutledge went to see him. At lunch he declared if America should fall he would feel it like the loss of a brother. "My Lord," said Dr. Franklin, "we will use our utmost endeavors to save your Lordship that mortification."

He wrote to Dr. Price: "Britain, at the expense of $15,000,000, has killed 150 Yankees this campaign, which is $100,000 a head; and at Bunker's Hill she gained a mile of ground, half of which she lost again by our taking post at Ploughed Hill. During the same time 60,000 children have been born in America. From these data a mathematical head will easily calculate the time and expense necessary to kill us all and conquer our whole territory."

At the age of seventy Dr. Franklin was called upon to go to France. He turned his fortune into patriot bonds, and arrived at Nantes, France, as the chief American Ambassador to Europe. It is believed that history does not record of any other man an act so daring and unselfish at an age so near the natural term of life. In France, the astonishing Beaumarchais, fomenter of two Revolutions, author of "The Barber of Seville," was doing all he could to aid America. The troupe of American Ambassadors sent to Europe was like Falstaff's soldiers. The most they could do generally was to solicit money of Dr. Franklin and send home discouraging reports of business and criticisms of their great colleague. The English were awakened to the danger of having "the old arch-rebel" at Paris. France was warned to refuse him shelter, and Lord Stormont,

English Ambassador at Versailles, threatened to go at once. But the American Rebellion was highly popular in Paris, and Dr. Franklin, with fame already great, was received in person with increasing delight. His white flowing hair, without wig, his brown Quaker raiment over spotless white linen, his "idyllic simplicity," the re-incarnation of the sages of Athens—all this kind of comment became almost universal, because the Ambassador made a most artistic figure, and because "perfidious Albion" was in trouble. Mirabeau repeated Turgot's epigram that Dr. Franklin had wrested the lightnings from heaven and scepters from tyrants. This is the most spectacular point in the great man's long career. In the tumult of popularity he calmly gathered such stores of power as lasted him until Yorktown came.

America owes much to France. That nation bathed itself in blood and sank in blood to anarchy for the lack of the money that Dr. Franklin with unparalleled patience, and with astonishing success, borrowed from its depleted treasury. If Archbishop Loménie de Brienne could have laid hands on half the money Dr. Franklin had carried off under Vergennes, there need have been no States General in France. If one nation can owe to another an undying debt of fealty and gratitude, this Nation owes it to France. The French saved us. Their careful men, like Turgot and Necker, said they could not afford to be so unselfish, and tried to prevent the aid that made us independent. It was the sad duty of Dr. Franklin, in Paris, to take nearly the last cent of the Frenchmen and plunge them into woes previously unheard of.

Officers, "brave as their swords," now fell upon Franklin like a swarm of locusts, and he penned the following model letter of recommendation, which the confiding Frenchmen hugged to their breasts.

" SIR: The bearer of this, who is going to America, presses me to give him a letter of recommendation, though I know nothing of him, not even his name. This may seem extraordinary, but I assure you it is not uncommon here. Sometimes, indeed, one unknown person brings another equally unknown to recommend him, and sometimes they recommend one another. As to this gentleman, I must refer you to himself for his character and merits, with which he is certainly better acquainted than I can possibly be. I recommend him, however, to those civilities which every stranger, of whom one knows no harm, has a right to, and I request you will do him all the good offices and show him all the favor, that on further acquaintance, you shall find him to deserve. I have the honor to be, etc., B. FRANKLIN."

Marie Antoinette and the King never sympathized with Franklin in politics. The King and the Count of Provence, his brother, were both of a highly philosophical mind, but His Majesty readily understood the meaning of Dr. Franklin when he said the American cause was "The cause of all mankind." Had Marie Antoinette come high into favor a little earlier, it is not probable that Dr. Franklin would have secured an alliance.

Our amiable Doctor now set up as Lord Chief Justice of the High Court of Privateering on the High Seas. It will be remembered that John Paul Jones' ship "Bon Homme Richard," was named after Poor Richard. The American captains ran the rate of insurance at London up to 60 per cent and took hundreds of English sailors prisoners. Dr. Franklin tried to exchange these with Stormont, but was called a rebel and traitor for his pains. Finally, while England held all the American prisoners,

the American privateers were compelled to let the English prisoners go. This went on till 1779.

Dr. Franklin took up his abode at the then suburb of Passy, not far from Versailles. His communications with the Court were at first made through Le Ray de Chaumont, with whom he lived, who was an ardent foe of England and friend of America. All the work of his office was performed by himself and two grandsons who had come with him. What with his privateers, his remonstrances when these cruisers were stopped in French ports, his pleas for money, his learned essays, his encouragement of the advance of liberty in France, and his comptrollership, it seems incredible that he should have got through without outside clerical aid. The accounts were mostly confidential, Silas Deane before him, had found no one he could trust, and Dr. Franklin perhaps wisely thought accounts could be of little value when the money was gone.

The year 1777 grew darker and darker. Howe had not only chased General Washington out of Long Island and New York, but he had taken Philadelphia. "No sir," said Franklin, "Philadelphia has taken Howe." At last, in the nick of time, "General Burgoyne surrendered to Mr. Gates" at Saratoga, and Beaumarchais broke his arm hurrying to spread the good news at Paris. Dr. Franklin accomplished the wonderful feat of dispatching the messenger Austin, whom Congress had sent to him with the Saratoga news, into the heart of the Opposition Nobility at London, and was soon in possession of the opinion of all classes of people in England. There the friends of Dr. Franklin begged him, for England's sake, to make no treaty with France; meanwhile England was hiring Hessians. Dr. Franklin operated with this lever on Vergennes, and that Prime Minister met him in the forest near Versailles and as good as made the French treaty with

America secure. A large cake was sent to the three envoys, marked "Le digne Franklin" (the worthy Franklin). As the three ate it, Dr. Franklin observed that the Frenchmen had attempted to spell "Lee, Deane, Franklin," but Lee said that could not be so, for they would then have put Franklin first. The two envoys gave Dr. Franklin much trouble and little aid, but finally the French treaty was ready to be signed. Dr. Franklin went to Passy, took out the spotted velvet suit which he had worn when Wedderburn abused him, and, thus attired, put his signature to the second great document in the history of the freedom of America.

Lord Stormont, English Ambassador, now left Paris, the Marquis of Noailles, French Ambassador, left London, and Gerard, who had drawn the treaty with the Americans, left Paris for Philadelphia as the first Minister accredited to the new Nation. What was better, though less portentous, was the sailing of D'Estaing's French fleet from Toulon to America. Deane went back with Gerard. Lee's private secretary was thought to be an English spy, and when the French had matters of high importance, they trusted only Dr. Franklin. This confidence in Dr. Franklin increased as the years went by.

Voltaire made his triumphal entry to Paris in April, 1778. At the Academy of Sciences, before a distinguished audience, Franklin and Voltaire, "Solon and Sophocles," embraced each other, whereupon the audience did likewise one with another.

Gerard at Philadelphia defeated the Lee-Izard cabal against Dr. Franklin, and John Adams came to Paris as special envoy. He found financial affairs and accounts in confusion, but soon agreed that they could not be disentangled. The fault-finders were the ones who had spent the most money for their personal uses. Adams

got in a quarrel with Vergennes and passed on to Holland. Dr. Franklin had been the Navy Department, Prize Court, Secret Service, Consul-General, Financial Agent, and Foreign Department of America, with two clerks in all, and Congress, on its side, had been lax in attending to such business as Dr. Franklin had been able to keep straight. As Dr. Franklin was the only solvent Paymaster of the United States, all foreign-American quarrels finally came up to him for review, making him new enemies. "It is hard," he wrote, "that I, who give others no trouble with my quarrels, should be plagued with all the perversities of those who think fit to wrangle with one another."

The prudent Dr. Franklin never let go of a dollar that was foolishly paid without writing a long letter of regret, announcing his early ruin, but Congress found it hard to bankrupt him, and soon became thoroughly hardened to his cries. When he first went to France, shiploads of indigo and tobacco were to be sent to him, which would provide him with funds. The English captured some of the ships; the rest were claimed by Beaumarchais, possibly with justice. Vergennes in the end was the sole source of Dr. Franklin's funds. Congress was to borrow $5,000,000 and Dr. Franklin, through Vergennes, guaranteed the interest. Congress at once drew on this money for all purposes, and General Washington did not obtain enough of it. France lent America $600,000 when General Burgoyne surrendered, and Spain would have lent as much more if Arthur Lee had not boasted of the loan a little too soon. As 1779 passed, and Turgot at Paris became influential, the prodigal policy of Vergennes was brought under criticism, and while Dr. Franklin was meekily begging for more money he was told that France itself was $4,000,000 short. He wrote to John Paul

Jones, who must scrape his bottoms: "For God's sake, be sparing." He wrote to Congress, asking that body to order agents in Europe not to draw on him. But whenever they heard he had money, the Congressmen themselves made haste to send him a bill to pay. Jay wrote from Spain—he had gone thither to raise a great loan: "We should indeed have been greatly distressed, had it not been for your kind offices." The good but suffering Doctor admonished the patriots as a whole in the style of Poor Richard. Said he: "A small increase of industry in every American, male and female, with a small diminution of luxury, would produce a sum far superior to all we can hope to beg or borrow from all our friends in Europe." He had lent his own fortune; he was giving his time; now he offered the people his counsel. In return, they drew new bills. Public wealth actually increased during the years General Washington was in his cheerless camps and Dr. Franklin was soliciting with all his earnestness—so true is it in society that some must suffer for the rest, or all will sink together. Patriot Laurens, sent as Minister to the Hague, landed at the Tower of London. Congress drew bills even on him, and the sympathetic Dr. Franklin accepted them, for all bills would finally come to Passy. It is a marvel how the fame of a paymaster who pays will spread among collectors. He must have signed the acceptance of 1,000 bills in January, 1781, and 990 of them were for expenses that did General Washington little good, in Dr. Franklin's opinion. At last, after almost unfriendly pressure on Vergennes, France lent about $2,000,000 it could not spare, on condition that General Washington should draw the bills. Congress was insulted, Dr. Franklin disbursed the money, and it was gone before General Washington knew anything about it. Then Dr. Franklin persuaded the Minister Necker to

guarantee a loan of about $180,000 in Holland. In the American haste to get this money, Dr. Franklin was left with legitimate bills unpaid. "I see nobody cares how much I am distressed, provided they can carry their own points," he wrote in despair. The Holland money had not been spent for French goods, and Dr. Franklin felt bitterly ashamed. The goods themselves got into a lawsuit, and even John Adams, in Holland, had to draw on Dr. Franklin, who, vowing he could ne'er disburse, disbursed. In 1781 Congress benignantly declared it would draw on no other Ministers without providing funds, but would draw on Dr. Franklin, funds or no funds. When the miraculous Doctor agreed with Vergennes to accept no drafts drawn later than March, 1781, he patriotically winked at the invention of Congress whereby March, 1781, to judge by the bills, was very slow coming, while the bills came all the faster. An American agent implored Dr. Franklin to help him to some $8,200 at once, as it was plain the paymaster would soon be worse off. In March he got $4,000,000; the next year he got $4,000,000 in a lump sum. It is usually said that nearly $6,000,000 of the French loans and gifts to Dr. Franklin were the results, pure and simple, of his personal influence. No other Minister—John Adams worst of all—could make friends with the French Ministers. All Europe came to look upon Dr. Franklin as the responsible head of American things in Europe—the man who really sympathized with General Washington—the person to be addressed when bills were to be collected or peace to be suggested.

Lord North, English Prime Minister, received the news of Yorktown November 25, 1781, "as he would have taken a ball in his breast." He sent his man Digges to Dr. Franklin in Paris and Adams in Holland, to see if he could not split France and America. "The greatest

villain I ever met with," writes Dr. Franklin of Digges. March 22, 1782, Dr. Franklin, foreseeing that his old friend Lord Shelburne must come into office, threw out a friendly letter, hoping for a general peace, so as to release France also from the war. Shelburne sent Oswald to Paris, who talked matters over with both Dr. Franklin and Vergennes. Various other conferences, in other quarters, were going forward, so there was a good chance for misunderstandings. Dr. Franklin trusted Vergennes, who had saved America, and Vergennes was now trying to retrieve Canada and protect Spain. Jay and Adams naturally were glad to oppose the interests of France, especially as they found Vergennes playing false to Dr. Franklin. Thus matters dragged till Shelburne became full Prime Minister, with Fox out. Vergennes had sufficient influence with Congress to order the Paris Commissioners to favor France. Adams and Jay, in session, outvoted the Doctor, and he, true to the majority, agreed to their plan, and the three outwitted Vergennes at his own game, though it appears somewhat a lamentable triumph over the Nation that ruined itself for our making.

When Vergennes learned of the protocol, he wrote to Dr. Franklin: "You are wise and discreet, sir; you perfectly understand what is due to propriety; you have all your life performed your duties; I pray you consider how you propose to fulfill those which are due the King of France." It was only a few weeks since Vergennes had given Dr. Franklin money, and let some of his own bills go to protest. The Doctor heard the Adams faction in America denouncing him for his Canadian views, and he listened to the just charges of duplicity leveled against him at Versailles. It is not known that he was actually aware of the simultaneous duplicity of Vergennes, but it seems likely he would be told of it by Jay. He accordingly

began some of the most conciliatory letter-writing of his life, and at last even Vergennes declared: "I accuse no person, not even Dr. Franklin. He has yielded too easily to the bias of his colleagues."

When the day came at Versailles to sign the preliminary treaty with Great Britain recognizing the independence of the United States, Dr. Franklin appeared in his suit of spotted velvet, although the court was in mourning. There was a delay, the Doctor went home, and, on a later date, arrived and signed the paper clad once more in the celebrated habit. He never boasted or admitted his revenge, but it is believed by his biographers that he thus assuaged the hurts that Wedderburn had inflicted on his pride at London.

The envoys now negotiated commercial treaties with Sweden, Denmark, Portugal, Morocco and Prussia. Dr. Franklin had long asked to come home. "The blessing promised to the peacemakers," he said, "relates, I fancy, to the next world, for in this they seem to have a greater chance of being cursed." But Congress, when it rebuked him, calculated to draw upon his inexhaustible fund of good humor, and did not, until March, 1785, resolve that Dr. Franklin "might return as soon as convenient," and Thomas Jefferson might succeed him. It is gratifying to feel that Jefferson, like Dr. Franklin, proved thoroughly grateful to the grand Nation to which we owed our liberation.

The good Doctor was now old and infirm. Jefferson says that on the day the aged American left Passy, "it seemed as if the village had lost its patriarch." The King's people lent him a royal litter to bear him to the sea. The complimentary portrait of the King given to the departing Minister had a double circle of 408 diamonds. He was reconciled to his son at Portsmouth, and signed a

peace with that somewhat unlovely Tory. For Franklin, as thoroughly as General Washington, had hated Tories. It is not demoralizing to read the invectives which both these great souls poured on their illogical foes.

September 13, 1785, an old man of seventy-nine walked up the streets of Philadelphia—we hope in his spotted velvet suit. Little children were brought out that they might say they had looked upon a man so noble and so perfect. He came like a father. He came, too, like a freeman, to die not on the tyrant's scaffold, to be buried under no common jail, to be pictured in no prison calendar. Beneath those white hairs lay a brain that for fifty years had not rested in the work of liberation. What other American had written, traveled, conversed, argued, pleaded, counseled so long, so intermittingly, so successfully? He was that day, as he is this day, the delight of mankind. He gave to the astonishing group of Revolutionary Fathers a dean of whom history will possibly forever boast.

He took no salary while in France, and received back only a portion of his own money. He was at once elected to office, and thereupon did not neglect to make a *mot*. "They engrossed the prime of my life," he said. "They have eaten my flesh, and seem resolved now to pick my bones." In May, 1787, the Constitutional Convention added him to its number, so that if General Washington should be called away from the chair, there might be some one upon whom all could agree. He was essentially with Jefferson, and against Hamilton, in principle. He thought a salary should not pertain to high office, for then "men of indefatigable activity in their selfish pursuits" would push aside the wise and moderate. A peculiar episode is mentioned in the Convention. The skeptical Dr. Franklin moved that the sessions open with prayer; the devout Hamilton opposed it. Dr. Franklin wanted

equal suffrage, a President not re-eligible, to serve seven years, subject to impeachment; no absolute veto. He was warmly for Washington for first President.

He was confined to his bed during the last two years of his life; still his mind was keen. "I seem to have intruded myself into the company of posterity." "People that will drink to the bottom of the cup must expect to meet with some of the dregs." "I have received more blame, as well as more praise, than I deserved." "Having seen a good deal of this world, I feel a growing curiosity to be acquainted with some other." His last considerable act was a memorial against the slave trade which he had always utterly denounced. When the French Revolution broke out, he said the people of France, having served an apprenticeship to liberty in America, had now "set up for themselves." Presently, he thought, a lover of liberty could find a country in any Christian nation.

"A dying man can do nothing easily," he said, late on the night of April 17, 1790, and soon sank into a lethargy, and passed away. He was buried with such prudent splendor as the Quakers could summon for a memorable obsequy, and the frugality of the city of Philadelphia restrained it from attempting any notable memorial. He was plain in life. He would prefer the deep gratitude of the generous few who closely study his career, to the light comment of the passing crowd who might be awed by the grandeur of a suitable monument.

Mirabeau, before the French Assembly, delivered an impassioned elegy on Dr. Franklin, and the Deputies wore mourning for three days. A great funeral was held in Paris itself, the citizens each wearing a badge. The Revolutionary clubs pondered affectionately on his writings. A street of Paris (in Passy) received his name. The

books of science were everywhere opened and his death faithfully recorded.

Humanity smiles upon his foibles, as being almost universally its own. His life is on record more closely than any other great man's except Rousseau. He was the man of the time; Rousseau was the man of the future. Both were remarkable for the painstaking elaboration with which they entered upon any considerable undertaking. Both scorned the adventitious aid of dress. Both were capable of charming almost anybody they set out to merely please. But while the average man looks on Rousseau with complete misgiving, he feels nothing save exultation that Franklin lived. Not only did the old hero labor for Liberty, Equality, Science, and Humanity, but to the generality of people his imperturable good humor, his exhaustless wit, his *savoir faire,* his prudent methods, his genial love of average human nature, notwithstanding the artifices which he rarely failed to employ in dealing with average human nature, make him the prince of men. If we look closely into his weaknesses we shall observe that each one is merely the raveled end, not the beginning, of some noble thread in his character.

He had a mind so commanding that we believe he could have lived alone all his life, unsalaried, unfavored and unflattered, and had he merely studied and written, he would fill, on our bookshelves to-day, even a grander place than History, with an august sense of his statesmanship, has apportioned to his name.

SAMUEL ADAMS

1722-1803

THE MAN OF THE TOWN MEETING

Samuel Adams stands alone among the great Revolutionary Fathers. He was the man of one town—Boston. He sat in the legislature of that town, because all sat there. He at first took little note of other towns, because, sooner or later, he knew they would follow the doings of his town. Of other colonies and peoples, other settlements and regions, he only felt that they were better satisfied with England than he was. War was inevitable, because English tyrants like Hillsborough and King George would persist in ordering Dr. Franklin out of their ante-rooms. Otherwise Samuel Adams would have been hanged as a traitor or rebel, and that would have been the end of him. But with insensate tyrants over the sea, and an inflexible agitator like Samuel Adams on this side, it was finally necessary that a quiet and orderly gentleman like General Washington should come up to Boston, and a benignant Quaker like Dr. Franklin should go to Paris, whereupon, after many inglorious and yet glorious years, the independence of the United States was achieved. But, once the die was cast, Samuel Adams was a valuable addition to the stock of national spirit that General Washington found on hand to fight with. The arch-agitator himself probably lived to see that he had brought on the separation a few years too soon for the masses. A little more Continental knowledge would

have made him a great statesman, and he would have had more than one colony ready for war ere he engaged in it. Whatever be the reason, Samuel Adams does not hold the rank, in the hearts of the people outside of New England, that his activity in precipitating the Revolution would warrant. He was the American Cromwell, but he did not fight—General Washington, who had made no complaints, did the fighting. Samuel Adams had that sublime quality of Thomas à Kempis, of "Junius"—he dealt with himself alone. He cared nothing for his standing before posterity. He was born with a desire for freedom for himself, and probably determined that such a condition compelled the freedom of his fellows. He put up James Otis, John Hancock, John Adams, Joseph Warren, before him, that they might gather glory, but he had no hope that either Bernard or Hutchinson, the satraps of the King whose lot he made unhappy, would be so blind as to fail to see that the trouble all began in his own seditious nature. He despised money and social grandeur. It was he, and not Napoleon, who first declared that the English were "a nation of shopkeepers." In the strike of the Revolution he was walking delegate for one trade out of the thirteen engaged; there would have been no general lock-out if he could have been bought off. One other thing: The indifference of posterity outside of Boston concerning the inequities practiced on the memory of Samuel Adams has its precedent in Revolutionary times, for he never rose to high place at Philadelphia, and became Governor of Massachusetts only when the elected Governor died and the Lieutenant-Governor (Samuel Adams) took the vacant place ex-officio.

Yet, with all this said and done, Samuel Adams was withal the exemplar of Thomas Jefferson, and was, on

that score alone, one of the grandest men who have ever lived. We cannot afford, in the essential matters, to be ignorant of his noble career.

He was born at Boston, September 27, 1722, and was sixteen years the junior of Benjamin Franklin. He went to Harvard College, near by, for the purpose of becoming a Congregational preacher. Although he did not finish his course at Harvard, he received the degree of Master of Arts in 1740, and the title of his thesis on that occasion betrayed the bent of his life—"Whether it be lawful to resist the Supreme Magistrate, if the Commonwealth cannot otherwise be preserved." Governor Shirley sat near by in state while the youth read his essay. Thirty years afterward the old man asked who this Sam Adams was who was giving Bernard (the Governor) so much uneasiness. The young man served as clerk in a store a while, and then secured $5,000 from his father with which to start in business for himself. He lent half of this to a friend, who never repaid it; the rest he lost. Then he went into a malt-house as a partner with his father. He organized the caulkers into a political association and the "caucus" resulted. He wrote constantly for the newspapers, and indorsed his father's activity in town affairs. When Samuel was twenty-six years old his father died, leaving him the malt-house. The father's estate might have been large had not a banking speculation failed because of English restrictions on American enterprise. This episode made bad feeling between the Adamses and Hutchinson, the King's officer in the colony. He married Elizabeth Checkly, daughter of the minister of the "New South Church," and went to housekeeping. Here the creditors of his father came upon him, and he was compelled to resist the sheriff's levy until he could get relief

by legislation. This further embittered him against Hutchinson. Still, it turned out, all the way through, that the men whom Samuel Adams opposed were determined enemies of American independence, while the men, like Governor Pownall, whom he admired, were generous friends of the colonists.

Space will not permit a sufficient description of the governmental machinery of the province of Massachusetts Bay. The town meeting of Boston was composed of freemen, and those who attended the meetings could legislate for those who were absent. For fifty years the records of the Boston town meetings were carefully written by one clerk, William Cooper, preserving a history of the almost constant presence of Samuel Adams. The town meetings sent representatives to the provincial Assembly, which also met at Boston. It was this latter body that came in collision with the somewhat collateral and sometimes sovereign power of the King and his Parliament at London.

In the early years of his activity the English were fighting the French to the northeast. Samuel Adams was in nearly all of the petty municipal positions, looking after chimneys, streets, bridges, dedications, etc. At thirty-six he was elected one of the tax collectors and was annually reëlected until 1764—eight times. He came out nearly $50,000 short. Hutchinson considered it a "defalcation." It was a failure to collect by harsh means. It was a practical application of the ultra-democratic notion that the state ought to impoverish nobody, however just its case in equity.

At London there had come into office two keen-scented money-raisers, who felt that America could be made to pay a good deal on the expenses of the Seven Years' War. It is true England had fought first

against and then for Frederick, in his theft of Silesia, but the money was to be paid, nevertheless. How could they get it out of those Americans? That was the question. Not at all!—this was Samuel Adams' answer. This expression horrified the newly-appointed Governor, Bernard, who hurled many loyal invectives against the seditious Bostonian. Grenville, carrying out the previous ideas of Townshend at London, began a sharp collection of customs at the smuggling town of of Boston. The local courts were asked for "writs of assistance" to enable the tax collectors of the King to enter the houses of suspected smugglers. In the hearing of these cases, James Otis, resigning a place under the Crown, became a popular idol by eloquently denouncing the desires of the collectors. Grenville then projected the Stamp Act, briefly described on a previous page.* It was here that Samuel Adams aroused an effective opposition in the town meeting. He was forty-two years old, his hair was turning gray, and his hand and voice had trembled from boyhood. His wife had died. His business had failed. His accounts with the town were unsettled. He had small visible means of support. He was not, apparently, a formidable enemy of the King, for the people of Boston had as high a natural regard for wealth in those days as is to be noted there at the present time.

In May, 1764, the town meeting of Boston considered Grenville's Stamp Bill. Samuel Adams was on the committee to instruct Boston's representatives to the provincial body, and the town records still bear, in his handwriting, his avowal of almost the earliest seditious principles openly committed to writing: "If taxes are laid upon us in any shape without our having a legal

* See Benjamin Franklin.

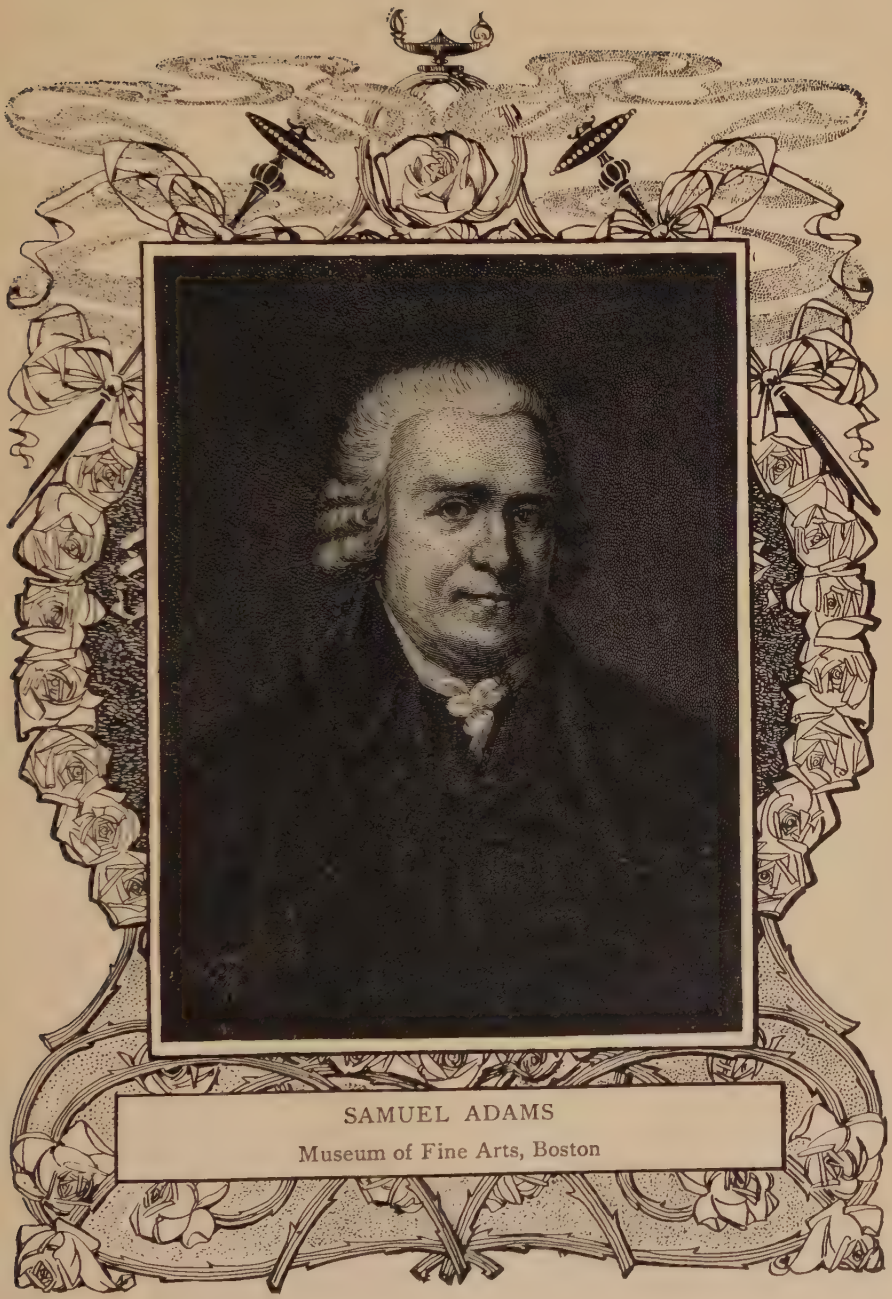
representation, are we not reduced from the characters of free subjects to the miserable state of tributary slaves?"

In the Assembly the form of this protest was adopted by James Otis, and went forward to London. Bernard, although he deplored the coming taxation, adjourned the Assembly, abhorring its tone toward his sovereign. Hutchinson advised Grenville not to lay on the tax. It must be considered that the foreign interests of the colonies were already grievously sacrificed to the greed of London merchants. Both Bernard and Hutchinson thought the settlers were already paying enough tribute.

December 6, 1765, Adams married his second wife, a hard-working woman, in Elizabeth Wells. He had almost no means, but owned a house. A little later he was offered and refused a pension of $10,000 a year to come over to the King. News that the Stamp Act was a law, reached Boston in April, 1766. There was disgraceful rioting at Boston, in which Hutchinson's house was unjustly mobbed and great injury visited on him. The biographers of Samuel Adams take care to disconnect him from these proceedings, but they were the logical outcome of his personal hatred of Hutchinson. Dr. Franklin had supposed the tax would be collected, and had secured the appointment of a friend for stamp-seller at Philadelphia. Oliver, who was to be stamp-seller at Boston, was hanged in effigy. The town meeting, next day, condemned these mischievous acts.

The town meeting of Boston was henceforth to stand to the Assembly as the Jacobin Club stood to the Revolutionary Assembly at Paris. Samuel Adams was its mouthpiece. At Braintree, another town, young John Adams, Samuel's second cousin, was spokesman—an orator and debater. The two Adamses early

wrought in concert. The documents prepared by these seditionaries were copied in nearly all the other towns, and when the Assembly met in September, 1766, its members were all of Samuel Adams' mind. A vacancy occurring in "the Boston seat," Samuel Adams himself was elected to the Assembly, and carried his war personally into the west end of the old State House, while Bernard and Hutchinson held the King's cause in the east end. It is said that the form of no other one man has so often darkened the doors of the famous old State House at Boston as did that of Samuel Adams during the next thirty-five years. To afford him a small but certain living, he was made Clerk of the House, for which he received $500 a year, but this did not stop his debating or deprive him of his ballot. In fact, he was thus enabled to arrange the order of business to suit his views or convenience. The Governor barely saw him seated when he adjourned the House. It came together in October, when Samuel Adams wrote and secured the passage of the celebrated "Massachusetts Resolves"—that the Assembly would not help to collect the unjust stamp taxes. It it said that if Otis had been present Samuel Adams would have been defeated, for Otis had come over to Dr. Franklin's way of thinking—the law ought to be obeyed till it could be repealed. The Congress at New York, however, affected by the ardor of Boston, accepted the Massachusetts Resolves as a basis for petition to the King. On November 1, when the stamps must be affixed to the taxable articles and documents, the bells and minute-guns of Boston were tolled and fired. The citizens at once tabooed the stamps. Men who thought they must have a law suit, suddenly arbitrated. The courts were closed. Stamps remained unsold and goods lay in



SAMUEL ADAMS

Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

bond. Ships came and went without papers. The newspapers printed a death's-head where the stamp should be affixed. The Assembly rebuked Bernard for spending the people's money to keep additional troops at the castle. Governor Bernard went to the wrong counselor when he convoked his Assembly for advice how to collect the tax, open the courts, and set business going. One of the matters which Samuel Adams kept to the foreground was the clause in the Stamp Act which allowed Vice Admiralty courts to try criminal cases without a jury. He was now busy introducing outside delegates in the Assembly to the inner circles of the Caucus Club. John Adams, in his diary, thus describes the Boston Jacobins at this time: "This day learned that the Caucus Club meets at certain times in the garret of Tom Dawes, the adjutant of the Boston regiment. He has a large house, and he has a movable partition in his garret, which he takes down, and the whole club meets in one room. There they smoke tobacco till you cannot see from one end of the garret to the other. There they drink flip, I suppose, and there they choose a moderator, who puts questions to the vote regularly; and selectmen, assessors, collectors, wardens, fire-wards, and representatives are regularly chosen before they are chosen in the town." Later, of course, when the provincial delegates entered, the caucus debated wider topics, but always Massachusetts Bay. It was afterward said, with clever satire of Samuel Adams, that "he would have the State of Massachusetts govern the Union; Boston govern the State, and Sam Adams govern Boston; on such a constitution, the Nation would not be intentionally ill-governed."

There had been so much gossip of "Sam the Publican," "Sam the Maltster," etc., that Samuel Adams

looked about him for some aristocratic connections. He soon had the ear of a rich young merchant named John Hancock, whose signature on the Declaration of Independence was, ten years later, written "so plainly that the King could not miss it." May 16, 1766, news of the repeal of Grenville's abortive stamp law came, and John Hancock, in celebration, opened a pipe of Madeira wine to the mob. Governor Bernard walked in peace among his people, that well-lit night, whispering to himself that at last better days had come. But in June the executive again fell out with the House. He particularly desired to have Hutchinson in the Council (Senate) and the House would not nominate him. There were four other objectionable "prerogative (King's) men." The House very amiably desired "to release the judges (royal office-holders) from the cares and perplexities of politics, and give them an opportunity to make still further advances in the knowledge of the law"—as fine a piece of irony as Tiberius himself could have composed in the solitude of Capræ, for Samuel Adams dreaded most of all the ability of Hutchinson, should he get to the Senate. By keeping a native or patriotic majority in the Senate, Massachusetts Bay could set up the very respectable theory that the General Court (both houses) and the King made up King, Lords, and Commons for Massachusetts Bay, leaving Parliament only to deal with imperial and local British affairs. This enabled Samuel Adams to pose as a loyal subject, while eventual rebellion was his object. More troops came to Boston. Lists were printed, for the instruction of the seditious, naming the articles which, if made at home, and the luxuries which, if abstained from, would harm the mother-country more than she was hurting the colonies. The hopeful Tories did not

know how deeply this canker was eating, and announced to Townshend, at London, the "death of the faction" and "the discouragement of the incendiaries." At last a pension of $1,000 was settled on the Tory, Hutchinson, to put him out of reach of his foes. If the English tyrants had been more generous to this man, and earlier, it is possible he could have beaten down Samuel Adams, for he had nearly always managed James Otis.

The "Incendiaries," as the Tories called them, now sent to their agent at London, Deberdt, a petition of the Assembly, noting that the Puritans had fled from the Episcopacy, the barracks, the pension-list of the Old World. Now, if they were to be taxed for England's sake, why were they not again in the ancient slough of despond? This argument of Samuel Adams was unanswerable, if England admitted the right of his forefathers to flee. The document also went to all the colonies. Samuel Adams' daughter saw him "writing to the King." "To think, father, the royal hand will touch that very paper!" she exclaimed in childish awe. "More likely, the royal foot!" he said. The Circular Letter of 1768 was a long step toward a Continental Congress. In it ground was taken that flattered every colony. It was the Circular Letter that infuriated Hillsborough, a supercilious despot at London, and he ordered Bernard to order it rescinded at Boston. A naval vessel was sent to Boston, the Romney, which came down from Halifax impressing New England sailors, and when it entered Boston Harbor, the town was ready for another riot. Town meeting at Faneuil Hall overflowed to Old South Church, and the office-holders fled to safe places. No general disorder resulted.

In the Assembly the House, ninety-two to seventeen,

refused to rescind the Circular Letter. More addresses were sent to Hillsborough, and Samuel Adams, despite Otis, gave copies to the local press. At this time he was busy in his Purchase street home. The mob loved to go by, calling attention to the light at his window late in the night. "It's Sam Adams, hard at work, writing against the Tories." "Ah, that Adams!" Governor Bernard used to cry, "every dip of his pen stings like a horned snake!" Already Hillsborough wanted him at London Tower as a traitor. An old Henry VIII statute had been found that would hold him for treason. Hutchinson, as Chief Justice, took affidavits that are yet on file at London, how Samuel Adams had said: "We will take up arms, and spend our last drop of blood," etc. With Adams in prison at London, town meetings were to be abolished and two regiments were to be billeted on Boston. Only the two regiments came of it—and by one of the strangest quirks in history, these took the name of "The Sam Adams Regiments."

In September, 1768, two more ships set sail for Boston. At the town meeting 400 men were armed with muskets. The Governor would not convoke an Assembly which he knew would be seditious, and the "Bostoneers" convoked one of their own, but found it lukewarm. Samuel Adams could see that the people as a whole were as yet unripe for rebellion. Yet he exclaimed: "I will stand alone. I will oppose this tyranny at the threshold, though the fabric of liberty fall and I perish in its ruins." This was over six years before Patrick Henry made the speech that has not ceased to electrify mankind.

When Samuel Adams saw the two regiments of redcoats land and march into Faneuil Hall itself for barracks, his face was set hard against Bernard. He wrote

at once to the Agent at London: "May God preserve the Nation from being greatly injured, if not finally ruined, by the vile ministrations of wicked men in America."

The soldiers only made matters worse. Soldiers were flogged in public on the Commons. The wife of one wretch, condemned to an unusual number of lashes, actually appealed to Samuel Adams to use his influence with the commandant, and this intercession was effective, the commandant, doubtless, hoping to establish a good understanding with the "demagogues."

In fact, redcoats and all were English people, with high notions of private rights. The soldiers could only act on the requisition of an officer of the peace, hence the sardonic tale of the burglary in Boston. It is a legal inquiry, with a soldier on the witness stand:

Q.—Were you on guard at the time? Sentinel—Yes.

Q.—Did you see any persons break into Mr. Grey's house? A.—Yes.

Q.—Did you say anything to them? A.—No.

Q.—Why not? A.—Because I had orders to challenge nobody.

Q.—Did you look upon them to be thieves? A.—Yes.

Q.—Why did you not sound the alarm and cause them to be secured? A.—Because I had orders to do nothing that might deprive any man of his liberty!

The authorities now attempted to get a circulation for the Tory newspapers, but the people would read little else than the Boston Gazette, in which "Vindex" and some twenty-five other pseudonyms, all from the pen of Samuel Adams, poured out arguments against the troops. Barré, in a speech in Parliament at London,

had long before used the term "Sons of Liberty," and proclamations signed by members of this Order were daily fastened to Liberty Tree. Governor Bernard called the Assembly in May, 1769, and that body promptly informed him of its unwillingness to vote money for the troops in Boston; nor would it appropriate for his salary. The merchants of England, thoroughly terrified, secured the recall of the Governor, who was rewarded with a baronetcy and sailed away from Boston in July. The rebellious town thereat fired cannon, rang bells, built bonfires, and gave Bernard such a godsend on his journey as boded ill for the peace of his Majesty. Nor did Samuel Adams fail to print a sarcastic letter of farewell to the humiliated magistrate. This left Lieutenant-Governor Hutchinson, a worse Tory, in charge as the Viceroy. And Hutchinson never looked beyond one man—Samuel Adams—as the cause of all the King's perplexities.

The people had agreed not to drink or buy tea. The sons of Hutchinson, merchants, opened its sale January 1, 1770. Again the town meeting proscribed the taxed beverage. On February 22 a crowd of boys tormented an obnoxious trader, and one of them was shot and killed. His funeral became a public event, the procession forming at Liberty Tree. On the evening of March 5, 1770, the people, after listening to a violent address by an unknown orator in Dock Square (where Samuel Adams' statue was afterward erected) harried a sentry until he retreated up the steps of the custom-house, and got support from eight more guards. These, pressed to the act, fired on the mob, killing three people and wounding five. This was the celebrated "Boston massacre." Governor Hutchinson bravely hurried to the scene and made an effective speech for

order. The captain of the guard and nine sentries were arrested. The town meeting of the next day was an enormously large one. A committee of fifteen, with Samuel Adams in it, waited on Hutchinson, demanding the removal of the troops. Hutchinson refused to comply, alleging lack of authority. The town meeting reassembled. Colonel Dalrymple, of one of the regiments, felt that it would be wise to take one of the regiments to the castle, and so hinted that he would grant a "request" to that effect. As Samuel Adams went back to town meeting with this answer, he whispered right and left through the long lane of excited men: "Both regiments or none! Both regiments or none!" When the answer was read, there went up a prodigious cry: "Both regiments or none!" and it was then seen how clearly Samuel Adams was in command of the people, and in what a marvelously short time his watchword could be passed through a vast multitude. Seven delegates were sent back from the great Assembly, John Hancock nominally at their head, but Samuel Adams the spokesman. "The voice of ten thousand freemen demands that both regiments be forthwith removed." Slowly the Colonels, the Council, the Secretary, Oliver, and last, but unwillingly, Hutchinson, gave assent. The people were triumphant. A patriot night-watch was instituted. John Adams, for one, was summoned as a private soldier. "We were all on a level," he says in his diary. "I attended at the State House with my musket and bayonet, my broadsword and cartridge-box." The town buried its dead solemnly; one more had died of his wounds. When Lord North, Prime Minister of England, heard of this affair at Boston, he named his soldiers "The Sam Adams Regiments," and the little fishing town was credited in Europe with having bullied

the Empire that no other Nation could get justice from. The town afterward acted with magnanimity toward the soldiers under arrest, but Samuel Adams hated the sight of a redcoat and despised the man who would wear the uniform. He therefore urged the prosecution of the soldiers who had fired. Two of them were branded on the hand. The rest were found not guilty. John Adams and other patriots defended them as legal counsel.

Samuel Adams opposed giving Deberdt's agency at London to Dr. Franklin when Deberdt died. He remembered that young Ben Franklin had once asked his father to bless the whole barrel of beef in the cellar, and thus have done with it; Dr. Franklin was a Tory, so he said; Dr. Franklin had a natural son who was a Tory as bad as Hutchinson; nor did Dr. Franklin at first admire Radicals like Samuel Adams. Still Samuel Adams accepted what he could not prevent, and sent to Dr. Franklin some strong instructions, which Hillsborough would not deign to receive.

Late in 1772 Samuel Adams had his Committee of Correspondence of Twenty-one sitting in permanence. Governor Hutchinson ridiculed the plan as one that would speedily dissipate the influence of "the Chief Incendiary." But after watching it, Leonard, a Tory, wrote in January: "This is the foulest, subtlest, and most venomous serpent ever issued from the egg of sedition." By this means the towns of Massachusetts Bay and all the colonies were brought into close patriotic touch, and military organization followed naturally, with arrangements for the Tea Party and the Provincial Congress.

The Hutchinson letters made their chief noise at London, and are an essential part of Dr. Franklin's

career. At Boston Samuel Adams raised a great local ado with them, yet beyond annoying Hutchinson and Oliver, and exposing more conspicuously the cordial and now barbaric hatred of Hutchinson and Samuel Adams for each other, they had little influence in Boston. In London, however, the effect of the demand of the colonists for Hutchinson's recall was not underestimated in Samuel Adams' hopes. A war was certain after Dr. Franklin had borne the vituperation of Wedderburn for sending Hutchinson's letters back to America.

September 27, 1773, in view of the attempt of the English to start the tea-selling at a low price, Samuel Adams called for "a Congress of the American States." The article was signed "Observation," in the Boston Gazette. November 3, a placard was placed on Liberty Tree inviting the people to be present and witness the resignation of the agents to whom the boycotted tea should be consigned. The consignees stayed away from the meeting. November 5, the Tories tried unsuccessfully to control a town meeting on the tea question. On the 17th three tea ships were heralded. A town meeting appointed Samuel Adams and others to demand the resignation of the consignees. The name of one of these was Faneuil; the two sons of Hutchinson were also still trying to make some money out of tea. The Committee of Correspondence was very busy, and there was an ominous absence of rhetoric and brawling. Sunday, November 28, the Dartmouth, first of the tea ships, came in, but did not "enter" its papers. Monday forenoon there was a town meeting as great as the one after the "Massacre." "Adams," says Hutchinson in his history, "was never in greater glory." The meeting ordered the tea out of the harbor. Governor

Hutchinson's office window was near by. Tuesday there was another meeting. The sea captain reported that he could not carry the tea back, but must store it. The Governor sent the sheriff to disperse the meeting—"warning, exhorting, requiring." The consignees had fled to the castle. The town meeting hissed the sheriff, and he departed. The "True Sons of Liberty" set a patrol over the ship, and two other ships arrived. Meantime, as if to certify the ruin of English interests, the ships must get their papers by a certain date or be confiscated, and the English revenue officers began to look sordidly on the cargoes. December 16, the largest town meeting ever held convened, while one of the frightened consignees tried hard to do as the meeting demanded. As night came on, the consignee returned and reported that the Governor would not sign the papers allowing him to send the tea back to sea. Samuel Adams, Moderator (an ironical title), then arose: "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country." These words were evidently a signal, for a tribe of "Mohawks" instantly appeared, whooping and dancing. These ran to the wharf, where they boarded the ships and heaved 342 chests of tea into the water. The tea could not land; it could not go back; ergo, it must be thrown into the harbor. No arrests were made, for Governor Hutchinson was awed. Yet he was a man who would neither flee nor make war on his people. Parliament passed a bill closing the port of Boston till the tea was paid for. Dr. Franklin advised indemnity, but Samuel Adams called him "a bungler." Still worse, Parliament abolished all the liberties of the people, and left them no alternative but to fight. They were now drilling. Salem was to be the capital under the new Parliamentary law. Town meetings were to be

called by a Captain-General, and they could discuss only what that officer laid before them. The other colonies now determined that if Boston were brought to subjection alone, the rest would share her fate—Samuel Adams had made this clear.

May 13, 1774, the new Governor, Thomas Gage, arrived to take the place of Hutchinson. He was civilly received by John Hancock. There was even a banquet at Faneuil Hall. Yet already the die was cast. Dr. Franklin had seen that tyranny and oppression were the only peace-offerings of England, and his great calm mind was at last implacably against his King. When Hutchinson arrived at London, Lord Dartmouth did not give him time to change his clothes after the journey, but hastened with him to the King. "Why hath not Mr. Adams been taken off from his opposition by an office?" inquired an able statesman. "Such is the obstinacy and inflexible disposition of the man," was Hutchinson's reply, "that he never could be conciliated by any office or gift whatever!"

But Governor Gage thought Governor Hutchinson, his predecessor, had not offered enough. He sent Colonel Fenton, of one of the new regiments, to say openly to Samuel Adams that great gifts and advancement were open to him if he would recede, while again the Governor was prepared to advise him not to incur the further displeasure of his Majesty. Samuel Adams rose in anger: "Sir, I trust I have long since made my peace with the King of Kings. No personal consideration shall induce me to abandon the righteous cause of my country. Tell Governor Gage it is the advice of Samuel Adams to him, no longer to insult the feelings of an exasperated people."

When at last the Assembly met, at Salem, the Tories

had come out of hiding and were jubilant. It was even thought Samuel Adams would not dare to come to Salem. It was to be the last meeting under the abrogated charter. He was late. A number of Tories were in the clerk's chair. When he entered, he scattered them and put a ludicrous end to their stories of his downfall. The Governor made a great show of Tory authority, and the Tories were led to enter the Assembly, giving it all the appearance and prestige of a plenary body. Here Samuel Adams performed one of the cleverest feats of parliamentary diplomacy that are recorded. He secretly got a majority for resolutions calling a Continental Congress, appointing delegates, and condemning all the recent acts of Parliament, and when the question was sprung for debate, locked the doors so the Governor could not enter to prorogue the body, nor could the profaned Tories escape to shake the treason off their garments. This was in the latter part of June, 1774. The port of Boston was entirely closed, and hard times were well on the people. Samuel Adams' clerkship was at end. If that noble patriot had looked into his own future, it would have seemed darker than his country's. He busied himself instructing Dr. Joseph Warren how to manage things while he (Adams) should be absent at the Continental Congress and pushed forward the relief work, to keep the Boston dock people from starving. As war came closer and closer to the property holders, he went nearer and nearer to the people who, after all, must do the fighting. His affectionate townsmen rebuilt his barn, patched his house, dressed him in fine clothes, put money in his purse, and sent him off to Philadelphia bidding him to give the Quakers no mean opinion of the seditious town of Boston. Three others—John Adams, Cushing, and Paine—traveled with

him. It was the first time he had been away from home. But he received a cool welcome at Philadelphia. The Sons of Liberty there told the four Bostoneers to keep well in the background; the South had heard they were all desperate adventurers. The report went that "Cushing was harmless and poor; Samuel Adams was very artful and designing, desperately poor, powerful only with the lowest vulgar; John Adams and Paine were two poor young lawyers." The mere whisper of the word "independence" would stampede the Congress. So Samuel Adams went into Congress and asked that an Episcopal rector should lead in prayer. It was not long before Congress noted his hold on everything Bostonian. "He eats little, drinks little, sleeps little, thinks much," was said. Neither was it many weeks before he had risen and made this immortal speech: "I should advise persisting in our struggle for liberty, though it were revealed from heaven that 999 were to perish, and only one of a thousand to survive and retain his liberty. One such freeman must possess more virtue, and enjoy more happiness, than a thousand slaves; and let him propagate his like, and transmit to them what he hath so nobly preserved."

The Bostoneers returned from Philadelphia to Boston. On the 5th of March they held a memorial meeting in the Old South Church, Dr. Joseph Warren speaking, with soldiers present to throw eggs if the King were insulted and to kill Samuel Adams and Hancock in the melee. The patriots claimed the last town meeting was still in session, and Governor Gage let it go on. He was proceeding in due order to bring military force to bear on a seditious people. It was Samuel Adams' plan to hold the country against the port. April 19, 1775, Governor Gage sent a detachment to Concord,

eighteen miles inland, to capture munitions of war that were stored there. Seventy immortal patriots opposed their march at Lexington; the British fired first, killing eight colonists. Samuel Adams and Hancock fled out of Boston and made their way to Philadelphia as delegates. Dr. Warren, who had delivered the oration in March, was now the leader at home, and the army of the Provincial Congress gathered about Boston, from the Mystic River to Roxbury. June 12, Gage offered pardon to all save Samuel Adams and John Hancock, whose offenses were "of too flagitious a nature to admit of any other consideration than that of condign punishment." At Philadelphia John Adams thought Colonel Washington should be Commander-in-Chief. He moved it. Samuel Adams seconded it. The news from Bunker Hill was bad. Dr. Warren, the faithful henchman, was already dead, killed in the first real battle. Possibly Samuel Adams envied the great martyr his crown. He wrote to his wife, deploring Dr. Warren's fall. "I thoroughly despise Gage and his proclamation," he said. The Boston delegation, when it returned to the patriot army, carried $500,000 to General Washington. Samuel Adams was made Secretary of the patriot State of Massachusetts. Back again he rode to the Third Continental Congress, where there still were few for independence, and the critical year 1776 came into history. At last, after a long debate, five men were charged to draw a Declaration of Independence, and John Adams instead of Samuel went on the committee for Massachusetts; at the same time Samuel Adams served on a committee to make a plan of confederation for the colonies. Jefferson drew the Declaration as Samuel Adams would have done. Yet in this Quaker town, surrounded by the Southern gentlemen,

to whom John Hancock so soon paid court, Samuel Adams, with Dr. Warren dead and two Virginians in command at Boston, must have felt he was paying a good price for liberty. Lately he had won the regard of Dr. Franklin, Jefferson, and Henry. Those great Fathers would have gone to Boston to fight with him had the laggard Quakers much longer carried olive branches to the British. The Tories denounced him, in both countries, as "a hypocrite in religion [the Episcopal prayer, when Congress opened]; a Republican in politics; of sufficient cunning to form a consummate knave [the lock-out at Salem]; possessed of as much learning as is necessary to disguise the truth with sophistry; a moralist, whose axiom was, 'the end justifies the means'; empty in pocket, unbounded in ambition, with a violent disaffection to Great Britain." Each day revealed the seditions he had secretly practiced while saluting the majesty of the King. "He was the first," avers the expatriated Hutchinson, "that publicly asserted the independency of the colonies on the Kingdom."

Samuel Adams could have died gloriously at Bunker Hill. Dr. Warren's place belonged to him. Then nothing would have been lacking in the noble picture. Now we must see him cast into the shadow of the marching and defeated armies which his brain had called into the field. Hancock had been so long lampooned as the tool of Samuel Adams, that he soon turned hostile at Philadelphia. Hancock circulated the report that Samuel Adams was the enemy of General Washington. "This contemptible fabrication is to render me odious to the people."

Samuel Adams' last signature in Congress was to the Articles of Confederation of 1781, which he much pre-

ferred to the Constitution of to-day, and in April he returned to Massachusetts, whose soil he was never more to leave. There he entered the town meeting with his old delight, receiving the honors that the original patriots always paid to him, and doubtless relating for their benefit the many frugalities and frigidities of the Conservatives who had touched elbows with him so slightly. When the French heroes of Yorktown debarked from Boston, Samuel Adams was at the head of the demonstrations. When the Massachusetts convention met to see if the people would accept the Federal Constitution, Samuel Adams did not like the instrument. To head him off, Paul Revere, the news-carrier of the Boston rebellion, came to the old man with news that the Boston mechanics wanted the Constitution, and had said so in a meeting. "How many mechanics?" "More than the Green Dragon could hold." "Where were the rest?" "In the streets, sir." "How many were in the streets?" "More, sir, than there are stars in the sky." Samuel Adams receded. The patriots who wanted liberty first of all were called anti-Federals. Samuel Adams stood for Congress and was beaten. He was even threatened with assassination. He was reconciled to Hancock, who was now ill, and the two patriots were made Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, Samuel Adams second. Hancock died while Governor—October 8, 1793. Samuel Adams followed the coffin as chief mourner. Through Hancock's death he became Governor, and was reëlected in 1794, 1795, and 1796. The Federalists opposed him, but for three years they could not defeat him. He voluntarily retired from public life in the spring of 1797. In Congress Virginia cast twenty Presidential votes for Thomas Jefferson and

fifteen for Samuel Adams, which was one of the most noble acts the State of Virginia ever put on record.

He bade farewell to the State House and town meeting, receiving the respectful and reverential addresses of the public bodies. He stood, seventy-five years old, without glasses, with clear, high forehead, big bushy eyebrows, benignant, but careworn. He retired to the old home on Purchase street, where, sitting on his porch, he received many testimonies of the people's gratitude. On the inauguration of the Federalist Governor, Cabel Strong, the procession passed in Purchase street. The Governor saw the old Republican sitting on the steps of his home, and magnanimously stopped the procession. He went bareheaded to the grandsire, and pressed the feeble hand. The soldiers presented arms; the people all took off their hats; some shed tears.

When Thomas Jefferson, that marvelous pupil of the ancient proscribed patriot, came in as President of the United States, he at once dispatched a message to Samuel Adams in Purchase street: "Be assured that there exists not in the heart of man a more faithful esteem than mine to you, and that I shall ever bear you the most affectionate veneration and respect."

The great Revolutionary Father died on Sunday morning, October 2, 1803, while Federalism was still in the ascendant at Boston. Nevertheless, a formal and official funeral ceremony was performed, in grateful testimony of his unselfish and courageous career.

That the city of Boston should boast of her chief son is but a proof of loyalty to the Nation. Few cities in the world have reared, and held through life, and buried, such a patriot.

JOHN ADAMS

1735-1826

SECOND PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

It was John Adams, of Massachusetts Bay, who rose superior to home influences and advocated the election of Colonel Washington as Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army. Without this firm and unselfish action, it may be that John Hancock would have secured the place; General Washington might then have seen fit to defend Virginia rather than the Hudson and Schuylkill, and there would have been a different war, perhaps, with different results. When General Washington withdrew from public life he considered the Constitution and the Government safe in the hands of John Adams, and it may almost be said that the Massachusetts statesman was the first of the Presidents, as the Founder seemed of another order—self-elected and self-dismissed. He had made the Nation, and could have been its King, save that he thought the time for Kings had gone by, and the time for representative government had come. In this sense, therefore, John Adams was considered among the Fathers as the best man for the new and distinguished place. General Washington had done all he could to convey his own personal distinction to the office. His confidence in John Adams; his willingness to have John Adams as his Vice-President in the first years of the Constitution; these are things which must be said first of the subject of this notice.

He was through life of a highly critical disposition—a thoroughly censorious man. He, who gave little encouragement, was, on the other hand, nettled in all his nerves if the most generous encouragement were withheld. He even found fault with Dr. Franklin at Paris, and yet stirred up strife with Vergennes, the French Minister, in doing what he conceived would better the interests of the revolted colonies.

He had a strong, honest nature, resentful of injury, wrong, and oppression, yet not unmindful of its own faults. In his celebrated diary, begun as soon as he was at manhood's door, he resolves to conquer his "natural pride and self-conceit"; to expect no more deference from his fellows than he deserves; "to acquire meekness and humility"; he has been too ready with "ill-natured remarks upon the intellectuals, manners, practice, etc., of other people." "For the future never to say an ill-natured thing concerning ministers or the ministerial profession; never to say an envious thing concerning governors, judges, clerks, sheriffs, lawyers, or any other honorable or lucrative offices or officers; never to show my own importance or superiority by remarking the follies, vices, or inferiority of other people; to put the most favorable construction upon the weaknesses, bigotry, and errors of others, etc., and to labor more for an inoffensive and amiable than for a shining and invidious character." "Vanity, I am sensible, is my cardinal vice and cardinal folly."

Thus the young man, John Adams, who had been born at Braintree, Mass., twenty years before, on October 30, 1735, was in his way and after the manner of his nature as earnest in self-culture as George Washington. The competition and pressure around him were more noticeable; he was to be self-made, showing

the angles and harsh places that often abound in such characters. But he was of an order of men that we must admire and approve. It was because there was a group so large, of men so noble, that we are free, and this volume is made.

It was not unusual for a parent of those days to send his eldest son to college, and, if he left an estate, to divide it among the other children. Thus John Adams, being an elder son, went through Harvard University. The social distinctions by which pupils were marked in graduating, place the Adams family on record as having been comparatively humble. To all intents, we should regard John Adams as a self-made man. He graduated in 1755, and became master of a grammar school at Worcester. A little later, with the school on his hands, he began the study of law in (General) Putnam's office.

In October, 1758, the young man of twenty-three was ready to seek the learned Mr. Gridley, of Boston, "father" of that bar, who consented to recommend the student to the court, and the oath was administered. "I shook hands with the bar, and received their congratulations, and invited them over to Stone's to drink some punch, where the most of us resorted, and had a very cheerful chat." The old lawyer told young John Adams "to pursue the study of law rather than the gain of it; to pursue the gain of it enough to keep out of the briers, but to give (his) main attention to the study of it;" "not to marry early, for an early marriage would obstruct his improvement, and in the next place would involve him in expense." He practiced law assiduously, for small fees, among a litigious people, and in seventeen years was famous as an able and consequential advocate.

When he was twenty-nine, October 25, 1764, he married Abigail Smith, who became the immortal Abi-

gail Adams, one of the noblest and most intelligent of women, the wife and the mother of a President of the United States. By this alliance the young attorney broadened his practice and his ambitions. It is difficult to point in history to a more intellectual or better-mated pair of people.

Three years before he had heard the fiery argument of James Otis against "writs of assistance," whereby customs officers might search houses for evidences of past smuggling. So vivid was the impression then made, that John Adams, in old age, wrote out the episode. He attended the town meeting, which was by this time a hot debating club, where he was easily first, held little offices, came to the notice of the English Governor, Bernard, and, on the explosion of the Stamp Act, with the riot at Boston, drew up resolutions instructing Braintree's delegate to the Assembly that were taken as a model by forty other towns.

The Stamp Act, and the refusal of the colonists to buy stamps, stopped legal processes, and Mr. Adams, on December 18, 1765, had not drawn a writ since November 1. Next day he was notified that he, with Mr. Gridley and James Otis, must represent Boston before the Governor and Council (Senate) in support of a memorial praying that the courts be opened. A less patriotic man might have felt that advancement at the bar lay on the side of the law and the Government; but John Adams did not waver. He spoke first, without adequate preparation, as he conceived, "on a question that was never made before, and he wished he could hope it never would be made again—that is, whether the courts of law should be open or not."

He, like Hutchinson, was a chronicler, and we shall often quote from his entries: "Christmas—At home,

thinking, reading, searching, concerning taxation without consent." This is his question till the battle of Lexington grants a writ of removal to the tribunal of war: "Can a man be taxed without the consent of a majority of his fellows?" He refused small Government offices and perquisites, foreseeing trouble, and desiring to be free of gratitude. Early in 1768 he removed to Boston, taking up his residence in the "White House," in Brattle Square. Thus both General Washington and John Adams had a White House of their own before they went to Washington City. There Governor Bernard again tried to get John Adams to take office—this time the important post of Advocate-General in the Court of Admiralty. But the lines were drawing closer, the "Sam Adams Regiments" had come, filling the town, and John Adams stood strong for liberty. He thought he feared somewhat, but he was strong. The troops were an eyesore; the populace was turbulent and disrespectful, teaching the boys to act still more inhospitably, and the attack on the sentry, with the "Boston Massacre," described in the previous article, took place. The sentries fired, in the end killing five rioters or onlookers, and Captain Preston and other soldiers were put on trial for murder. John Adams was instantly retained at the head of Captain Preston's counsel, and accepted without misgivings. In this way Hutchinson, now the Governor, silenced the best orator on the side of the town meeting (for Otis was becoming incapacitated by mental disease). The trial of Preston lasted six days, and he was acquitted. Two of the soldiers, after trial, were branded. The opponents of John Adams always taunted him with this service; Hutchinson hinted that there was a large fee. But the advocate received in all less than $100, and Preston never thanked

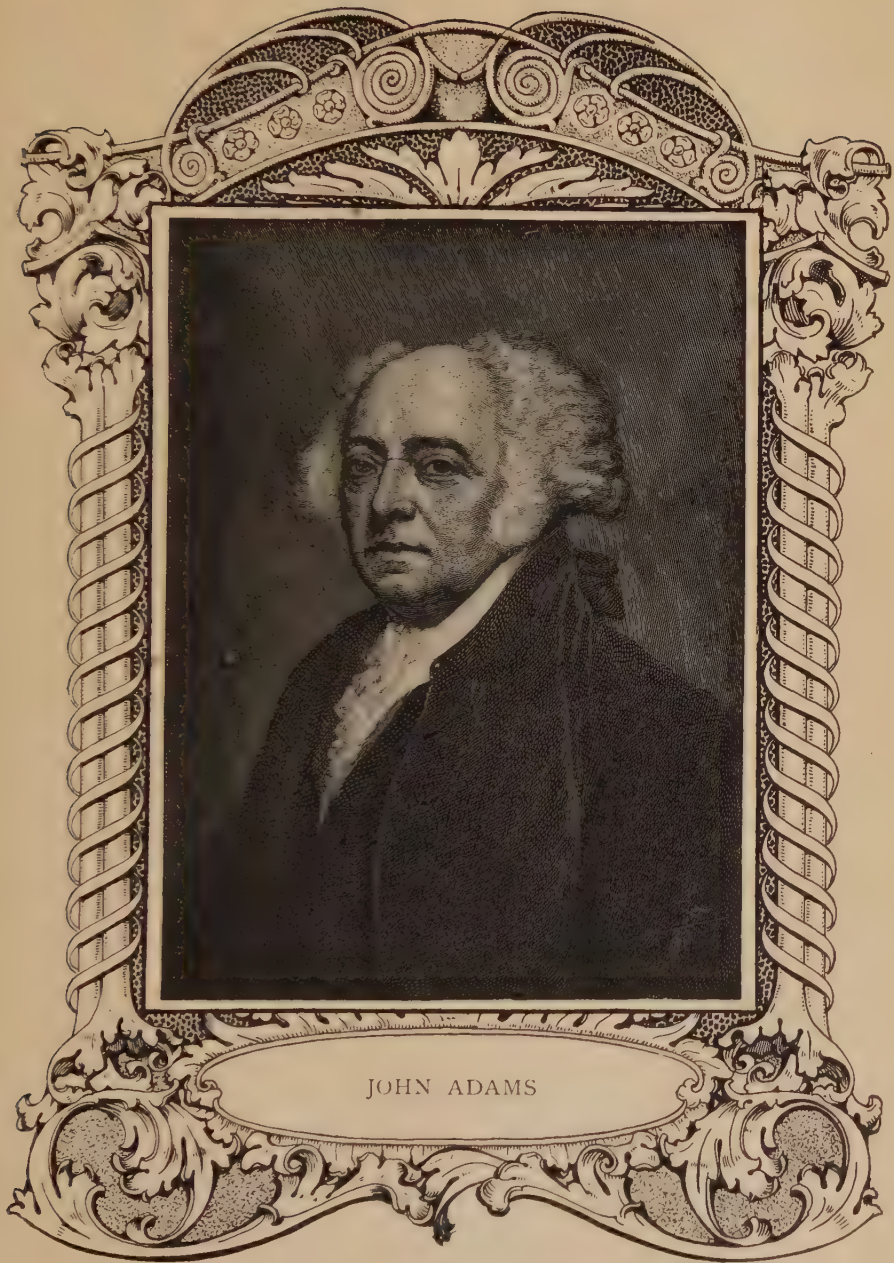
his successful counsel. "It was one of the most gallant, manly, and disinterested actions of my whole life, and one of the best pieces of service I ever rendered my country," writes John Adams.

He stood so well before Boston in this delicate matter that he was at once elected delegate to the Assembly, an honor, however, that looked like ruin. "In the evening I expressed to Mrs. Adams all my apprehensions. That excellent lady, who has always encouraged me, burst into a flood of tears, and said she was very sensible of all the danger to her and to our children, as well as to me, but she thought I had done as I ought; she was very willing to share in all that was to come, and to place her trust in Providence."

In 1771 he thought his health had completely failed him, and, becoming exceedingly despondent, moved his family back to the town of Braintree, but still practiced law in Boston. He was famous as a "Son of Liberty." At a tavern a fellow-traveler saddled and bridled John Adams' horse, holding the stirrup, and saying: "Mr. Adams, as a man of liberty I respect you; God bless you! I'll stand by you while I live, and from hence to Cape Cod you won't find ten men amiss." In 1772 he had picked up so much practice that he moved back to Boston, bought a home, and resolved to attend strictly to the law and let town meeting alone. James Otis was insanely outspoken. John Adams, it seemed, would never learn military exercises—he had not the heart. "You never searched my heart," said John Adams. "Yes, I have," said the madman; "tired with one year's service, dancing from Boston to Braintree, and from Braintree to Boston; moping about the streets of this town as hypped as Father Flynt at ninety, and seemingly regardless of everything but to get money enough

to carry you through this world!" Certainly nobody ever received sharper criticism than this from John Adams.

In June, 1774, while John Adams was presiding over town meeting at Faneuil Hall, Samuel Adams was locking the doors at Salem and getting delegates to Philadelphia appointed before the Governor could break in to prorogue the rebellious Assembly. John Adams was one of the five delegates so appointed. It again alarmed him. He walked alone, and thought. "We are not fit for the times. We are deficient in genius, in education, in travel, in fortune, in everything. Should this country submit, what infamy and ruin! God forbid! Death in any form is less terrible." He who went to Philadelphia, as he believed, without an idea, was one of the few who arrived there with ideas. The first Congress did little save indorse the Massachusetts policy of boycott, but John Adams was on the chief committees, and was an early target for the jealousy and envy of other debaters of less skill, industry, and native courage. The influence of the Virginia members was conservative, and much was done to keep them in line. The Philadelphians were determined to leave no stone unturned in the way of loyal petition to the sovereign in order to escape war. All the people who had come with Samuel Adams must keep in the background, save that Mr. Hancock was supposed to be a man with some property-stake at Boston. He alone would have weight in counseling war. The other colonies were getting their fighting blood up, but it came slow. John Adams did not have too much patience. Yet things improved. "I saw the tears gush into the eyes of the old, grave, pacific Quakers of Pennsylvania." Again he is bored to death with the slow debates. Here is a characteristic speci-



JOHN ADAMS

men of his skill as a fault-finder: "Young Ned Rutledge is a perfect bob-o-lincoln—a swallow, a sparrow, a peacock; excessively vain, excessively weak, and excessively variable and unsteady; jejune, inane, and peurile."

The people of Philadelphia gave him a new and higher idea of hospitality, but otherwise he thought Boston's folk outclassed them. He does not seem to have lacked any of the essential doctrine that Boston was the hub of the universe—its people handsomer, braver, purer, glibber, politer than those of other nations.

When Mr. Adams returned, he was summoned for consultation by the Provincial Assembly, and set to work newspaper writing. He was strongly inclined toward acting as the Thucydides of the coming Peloponnesian war, and when the Battle of Lexington occurred, he rode over the scene of action, in order to be able to start his history aright—the history having been on his mind for years. In fact, he was keeping a history in his diary, which his son, John Quincy Adams, was to continue far into the next Century. When John Adams again started for Philadelphia the times were dark indeed. He was forced to leave wife and small children in a farmhouse near the seashore, exposed to a thousand dangers. But his leonine wife bade him go. At Philadelphia he now saw Colonel Washington in his fighting clothes, and his spirits rose correspondingly. "I have bought some military books," he wrote.

The Conciliationists were still strong; they singled him out as the champion of a republic, of the Presbyterians, as they called the Bostoneers. He, on his side, was determined that Congress should adopt the army at Boston, and should commission Washington as Commander-in-Chief. In this he was even ahead of Samuel

Adams, who gave his consent without feeling the full value of the action. Upon the opening of a day's session of the Congress John Adams sprang the question, eulogized Colonel Washington, and compelled a vote. Congress was forced to show its colors, and when General Washington started for Boston to take command, John Adams wrote: "I, poor creature, worn out with scribbling for my bread and my liberty, low in spirits and weak in health, must leave others to wear the laurels which I have sown." Publicly he wrote to Massachusetts: "I hope the people of our province will treat the General with all that confidence and affection, that politeness and respect, which is due to one of the most important characters in the world. The liberties of America depend on him in a great degree."

The action of John Adams in pressing this matter on Congress, and carrying the day as he did, marks him at once as one of the great Fathers of the Republic. He seems to have taken up the thread of Samuel Adams' revolutionary career at the critical moment. He forced Congress to indorse the action of Massachusetts Bay, in the first place, and thereafter he pushed the other provinces as deeply into rebellion as were the Boston people. Nor had he secured the complete indorsement of the New Englanders. With an eye to events rather than to local desires, he strengthened the Revolutionary cause by setting up, over the original New England patriots, who now had their own army, led by their own officers, supported by local resources, a Commander-in-Chief from the distant province of Virgina, who had been the protégé of an English Lord (Fairfax). It seems to have gone beyond the statesmanship of Samuel Adams to risk so much, or sacrifice so much of Boston pride, but it comported well with the rugged bravery and sin-

gleness of purpose that seem to have resided in the Adams family. The plan succeeded and saved the country. In the end, John Adams thought General Washington did not keep the memory of the act keenly alive, but there he may have been mistaken. Otherwise, America beheld a career in the service of the United States that cannot be too highly extolled for its courage, industry, loyalty, and absolute rectitude. If John Adams retired to private life somewhat bitter and unsatisfied, it is possible he had just cause for his complaint.

That he had pressed the unwilling Quakers none too hard was soon seen when the British intercepted two of his private letters. Those epistles demonstrated the hopelessness, in his opinion, of peace with honor. But they were regarded with horror by the still loyal Philadelphians. "Dickinson cut him," says Morse; "many more treated him little better; he walked the streets a marked and unpopular man, shunned, distrusted, and disliked by many." He had gone faster than his astute cousin, Samuel Adams, would have gone, but he had, by one bold move, joined the provinces together and compelled weaklings and Tories to show their fears and put forth their colors. Meanwhile the patriot army had accepted its Commander-in-Chief with acclaim, and money could now be raised for his disbursal.

The news from Mr. Adams' home was disturbing. An epidemic raged, and the members of his family were all stricken; his brother and his wife's mother had died. He went home in the summer recess of 1775, and, while he was gone, the Conciliationists seemed to increase in number. The most prominent of these was John Jay, afterward a leading patriot. On his return to Philadelphia Mr. Adams set out with renewed vigor to increase

the feeble flame of Revolution. "I am really engaged in constant business from 7 to 10 in the morning in committee, from 10 to 4 in Congress, and from 6 to 10 again in committee." "I would cheerfully contribute my little property to obtain peace and liberty. But all these must go, and my life too, before I can surrender the right of my country to a free Constitution. I dare not consent to it. I should be the most miserable of mortals ever after, whatever honors or emoluments might surround me." "Zeal and fire, and activity and enterprise strike my imagination too much. I am obliged to be constantly on my guard, yet the heat within will burst forth at times."

We shall see that John Adams, in actual Revolutionary times, was always well supported, both by men and events. Few statesmen have been so clearly able to see the future. To increase his prestige in Congress, he had been appointed Chief Justice of the patriot State of Massachusetts, but in December, 1775, he considered it wise to go back, get in complete touch with the people, and, beside, learn what General Washington most needed from the other States. This was a satisfactory visit, for the Massachusetts delegates in Congress were bidden to urge Congress "to concert, direct, and order such further measures as shall to them appear best calculated for the establishment of right and liberty to the American colonies, upon a basis permanent and secure against the power and art of the British Administration."

As the Declaration of Independence began to be an assured future event, John Adams felt increasing awe. "In such great changes and commotions individuals are but atoms. It is scarcely worth while to consider what the consequences will be to us, but to future millions, and millions of millions." He was now unquestionably

the leader, par excellence, of Congress. Samuel Adams was satisfied with obscurity, so long as independence were to come. Jefferson could not make a striking address; it does not seem that Patrick Henry cared to enter upon the trying labors, or displace so sound and good a man as John Adams. When it came to writing the Declaration, Jefferson and John Adams each civilly requested the other to make the draft; but it had been tacitly understood that the Virginian should have the honor. "I shall think that I have answered the end of my creation, and sing my *nunc demittus,* return to my farm, ride circuits, plead law, or judge causes"; thus Mr. Adams wrote in joy, as he saw his long labors honorably crowned with success. In the debate on the Declaration, Jefferson declared that John Adams was a colossus. The matter as to number of votes necessary was determined as early as July 2, but the Conciliationists, headed by Dickinson, spoke till July 4. July 3, John Adams wrote to Abigail, his noble wife: "Yesterday the greatest question was decided which was ever debated in America, and a greater, perhaps, never was nor never will be, decided among men. The 2d day of July, 1776, will be the most memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great Anniversary Festival. It ought to be commemorated as the great day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward forever more. You will think me transported with enthusiasm, but I am not. I am well aware of the toil and blood and treasure that it will cost us to maintain this

Declaration, and support and defend these States. Yet, through all the gloom, I can see the rays of ravishing light and glory. I can see that the end is more than worth all the means; and that posterity will triumph in that day's transaction, even though we should rue it, which I trust in God we shall not." He wrote to Patrick Henry, another ardent lover of freedom: "The dons, the bashaws, the grandees, the patricians, the sachems, the nabobs, call them by what name you please, sigh, groan, and fret, and sometimes stamp and foam and curse; but all in vain. The decree is gone forth, and it cannot be recalled, that a more equal liberty than has prevailed in other parts of the earth must be established in America."

John Adams was connected with ninety committees in Congress, but seems to have served as a sort of War Secretary through the hot summer of 1776. He was of stout build, and the Philadelphia weather nearly prostrated him, as he was unused to it. He was forced to rest at home in the winter, returning for another summer of the same heavy work, united with the business of foreign relations, especially with France. When he left Philadelphia, November 11, 1777, in company with his kinsman, Samuel Adams, he expected another vacation. But December 3 he was notified to leave at once for France as Commissioner to supersede Deane, and to weight his dispatch bags, so that they could be sunk in the sea in case of capture by British cruisers. Dr. Franklin was already in Paris. Mr. Adams sailed on the frigate Boston in February, taking his son, John Quincy Adams (afterward President), with him. Seventeen days out, a British ship-of-war gave chase. Mr. Adams urged officers and crew to fight desperately, if overhauled, "deeming it more eligible to be killed on board

the Boston or sunk to the bottom in her than to be taken prisoner." He reached Bordeaux in safety. The people asked: "Is it the famous Adams?" desiring to see Samuel Adams, who was already beloved in France as a wonderful patriot. John Adams felt grateful, and be it understood, ever remained grateful, for the friendship of the French at a critical juncture. He urged an alliance with France. "Narrow and illiberal prejudices, peculiar to John Bull, have now no influence over me. I never was, however, much of John Bull. I was John Yankee, and such I shall live and die." His mission proved to be more one of inspection than otherwise; he found he was not needed, and came home, August 2, 1779. He then entered the Massachusetts Constitutional Convention.

In November he was again sent to Europe as a special Envoy, prepared to treat for peace, if England should make the proffer. He had a perilous passage, and the unseaworthy vessel which carried him made no better landing than the Spanish port of Ferrol. Thence to Paris he was compelled to make the journey in winter amid severe hardships, the worst that attended his career. The French Minister, De Vergennes, would have chosen an Envoy more docile to French wishes, and soon embroiled the outspoken and busy Bostonian in troubles that led to his disappointment. The boundaries of the United States on the land sides were matters of nearly as much importance as independence. Spain owned all the country west of the Mississipppi and Florida. Should we obtain Canada? Where was the boundary line west of the Great Lakes? Should Boston vessels be allowed to fish in northern waters? To John Adams these were all burning questions. Vergennes, although he could not overthrow Mr. Adams, obtained

a Commission for Peace, with Franklin, Laurens, and Jay added. The posture of affairs was peculiar. The Americans were ordered by Congress to act under the guidance of Vergennes, and Vergennes at this moment stood ready to sacrifice American interests in preference to those of France. Yet Congress ever reposed perfect confidence in John Adams. If he complained, something must be wrong, and Massachusetts was particularly nervous on account of her fisheries. To encourage him, he was made Minister Plenipotentiary to the United Provinces, and with famous audacity pushed the matter of recognition for America to a successful vote of the constituencies, thereby actually accomplishing what the Citizen Genet afterward threatened to do in America.

April 19, 1782, Mr. Adams was formally installed at The Hague as the Minister of a new people. Vergennes, from Paris, had secretly opposed this action, and Mr. Adams justly considered his work the greatest success of his life. "I have planted the American standard at The Hague. I shall look down upon the flagstaff with pleasure from the other world."

The situation at Paris, when Adams, Jay, and Franklin met to make peace with England, was trying to the special Envoy. Vergennes disliked him, and had secured the instructions from Congress which made France the actual guardian of American interests. Yet Jay and Adams outwitted him, and Franklin was so loyal to the majority idea that when Jay and Adams outvoted him, he did not reveal the American plans to Vergennes. In this way England secretly made a preliminary treaty with America, agreeing to better terms than Vergennes would have demanded, because he did not wish to magnify America, now that she was free. The English

came to Mr. Adams with an oddly-worded commission. It authorized Oswald, its Commissioner, "to treat with any Commissioner or Commissioners, named or to be named by the thirteen colonies or plantations in North America, and any body or bodies, corporate or politic, or any assembly or assemblies, or description of men, or any person or persons whatsoever, a peace or truce with the said colonies or plantations, or any part thereof." John Adams, to start with, made the English take all those words out, and substitute "United States of America." The preliminaries were signed January 21, 1783; the definitive treaties September 3 of the same year.

He was busy for nearly two years negotiating commercial treaties, and was seriously ill several times. At last he sent for his wife and daughter, and the family settled for the summer of 1784 at Auteuil, near Paris. February 24, 1785, Congress appointed him Minister to Great Britain, a mark of very high honor, which at the time probably placed him next to General Washington in the notice of his countrymen. In the Gunther Collection at Chicago is an autograph letter of King George III to his Minister, suggesting that the forthcoming official interview, which must take place between Mr. Adams and the British monarch, be made as brief as possible, out of regard for the shattered royal feelings. But his Majesty could not hold to his resolution. He had heard that Mr. Adams outwitted Vergennes, and desired to manage that to some comfort for himself. "I must avow to your Majesty," said the Minister of the United States in reply, "that I have no attachment but to my own country." After this, the King always turned his back on the Minister, and all the Tory courtiers strove to outdo their royal master in barely hidden insults. Through this trying ordeal Mr.

Adams presented a noble spectacle before posterity. He returned home in April, 1788, and was undoubtedly the most impartial American there was in viewing England and France. Both nations had misused him because he was uncompromisingly true to the United States. It will be seen that he remained sufficiently grateful to France, and we may easily believe he desired to play no subservient part toward England.

He was at once chosen by the friends of the Constitution—the Federalists—as the proper nominee for Vice-President. Under the Constitution as it then was, each Elector cast two votes, for President and Vice-President (one vote must be for a candidate residing in another State). The candidate receiving the highest number of votes was to be President; the next highest, Vice-President; a tie vote would cast the election into the House of Representatives. It was deemed essential that General Washington should have no candidate tieing his vote, so the votes which would be for Vice-President were purposely scattered, cutting down the vote for Mr. Adams and placing him in the rearward of General Washington as thirty-four is to sixty-nine, the latter being General Washington's unanimous vote. The system was unwise, and was amended later, with no great addition of sagacity. It placed General Washington and John Adams unnecessarily in contrast, and was a needless trial of a nature not notable for its humility.

While the Vice-Presidency appeared to him to be "the most insignificant office that ever the invention of man contrived or his imagination conceived," it still became highly important in the time of John Adams. Hamilton now assumed full charge of the legislation of General Washington's administration. His measures met so much opposition that, on twenty occasions, the

Vice-President, in a tie vote, cast the ballot which made Hamilton triumphant. This greatly pleased General Washington. Mr. Adams received 77 out of 127 votes for Vice-President at the second Presidential election, having won the cordial support of Hamilton. It was in the ensuing years that the great party question of fealty to France as an early friend arose, and the Federalist party began to fall before the steady advance of Thomas Jefferson.

At the third Presidential election, General Washington having refused to serve longer, Mr. Adams was logically the candidate. Hamilton, jealous of Adams, strove to manipulate the electoral voting so that Adams would have a few less votes than Pinckney on the Federalist ticket. He succeeded only in defeating his friend Pinckney for Vice-President, for Mr. Adams was elected President, and Burr, on Jefferson's ticket, secured the Vice-Presidency. Jefferson wrote, rejoicing that Mr. Adams had not been "cheated out of his succession by a trick worthy of the subtlety of his arch-friend of New York." Mr. Adams thus entered upon a difficult task. If Hamilton could not direct the administration, he would be a dangerous opponent. The foreign question was a burning one. Jefferson extolled France and denounced England as eloquently as Samuel Adams had done at Boston years before; Hamilton admired English methods, and abhorred the French Revolution. Mr. Adams was undoubtedly the only man who leaned in neither direction, save that he strongly desired to preserve the reputation of national gratitude for America toward France. Jefferson wrote: "I do not believe Mr. Adams wishes war with France, nor do I believe he will truckle to England as servilely as has been done."

France looked on the Federalists with hatred, and Hamilton returned that feeling by a desire to force Mr. Adams into war. The three Cabinet Ministers, Pickering, Wolcott, and McHenry, were popularly believed to be placemen of Hamilton; these Mr. Adams left in office, while he by no means meant to ask Hamilton to shape his policy. In the meantime, it was popularly supposed that the Federalists would declare war on France for countless indignities, practiced at the time of anarchy in Paris. The Alien and Sedition laws were passed, which gave the President power to banish from the country anyone whom he considered dangerous to the peace, or to fine or imprison such persons as should be supposed to be guilty of conspiring together to oppose any measure of the Government. These laws were abhorrent to Jefferson, Patrick Henry, and Samuel Adams. They completed the ruin of the Hamiltonian regime, and, when they were repealed, they had not an apologist. While war with France seemed inevitable, General Washington was nominated Commander-in-Chief. He wanted Hamilton for his senior Major-General; the Senate would only make Hamilton third in rank. The chasm between Mr. Adams and Mr. Hamilton widened, and the New York statesman was "shocked and grieved" when the President made it possible for France and the United States to negotiate once more. In preventing that parricidal war, John Adams took the side of Thomas Jefferson and stultified the Federal party, but, as had happened several times before, he rose above his own interests and singly sought the honor of his country. Nor was he insensible of the nobility of his course. In 1815 he wrote to James Lloyd: "I wish not to fatigue you with too long a letter at once, but, sir, I will defend my mission to France as long as I have an

eye to direct my hand or a finger to hold my pen. They were the most disinterested and meritorious actions of my life. I reflect upon them with so much satisfaction that I desire no other inscription over my gravestone than: 'Here lies John Adams, who took upon himself the responsibility of the peace with France in the year 1800.' "

And he was right. The immortal Patrick Henry wrote to the President at the time, in 1799: "Nothing short of an absolute necessity could induce me to withhold my little aid from an administration whose ability, patriotism, and virtue deserve the gratitude and reverence of all their fellow-citizens."

During the last session of the Seventh Congress the Federalists of that body nominated John Adams and C. C. Pinckney; the Republicans, Jefferson and Burr. Notwithstanding the ill-concealed opposition of Hamilton, Mr. Adams received 65 to Jefferson's 73. But the Republican vote tied at 73 for both Jefferson and Burr, so the election was thrown into the House, Jefferson was elected, and the party of the common people was for the first time in control as a separate organization. Mr. Adams did not consider this very safe; therefore he filled every vacant office with Federalists, and appointed John Marshall Chief Justice. He nominated for vacant places up to the very last hour of his Presidential term, doubtless desiring to intrench the Constitution for a considerable time, until the effects of the French Revolution had worn away.

He then retired (March, 1801) to his pleasant homestead by the roadside at Quincy, Mass. Abigail Adams, his wife, died October 28, 1818. He watched the rise of his son, John Quincy Adams, to the first office in the land. The old statesman did not fail to empty the vials

of his wrath on both Alexander Hamilton and his political memory when he was no more. He was a Presidential Elector for James Monroe. He was nominated President of the Massachusetts-Maine Constitutional Convention when he was eighty-five years old. For years he sat on his front porch, an honored grandsire, in a region thickly settled with kinsmen, who looked upon him as the great freeman and patriot he was, and were cheered in their pious attentions by the approval of a growing nation. He became friendly with Jefferson, as the two immortal Fathers grew greatly old together. At sunset on the 4th of July, 1826, after he had seen his country declared and truly free for fifty years, he whispered: "Thomas Jefferson still survives!" and gently passed away. Thomas Jefferson had died but a few hours before, of the same day. Perhaps the tumultuous feelings of the anniversary, thronging their venerable memories alike, wrought mortally on each.

Thus died a Revolutionary Father who, from the day he joined with his kinsman, Samuel Adams, against the tyrannies of the English King, never allowed personal considerations to swerve him one hair's breadth from his first conception of the right course to pursue. He stood out in front himself, and he forced others to come out with him. He made Congress nominate General Washington; he quickened Congress in order that General Washington's army should not melt away; he forced recognition from Holland; he made the English Ministry write down the words "United States of America"; he saved this country from a dismal and dishonorable war with the nation of Lafayette, Rochambeau, D'Estaing, and De Barras; he retired obediently to private life when the people determined that Thomas Jefferson represented them more certainly on minor Con-

stitutional questions. His private fortune suffered through his public services, and he was separated for many years from those he loved at home. But, in return, he was so highly honored by his people that they placed him next to General Washington, and gave him precedence before Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence.

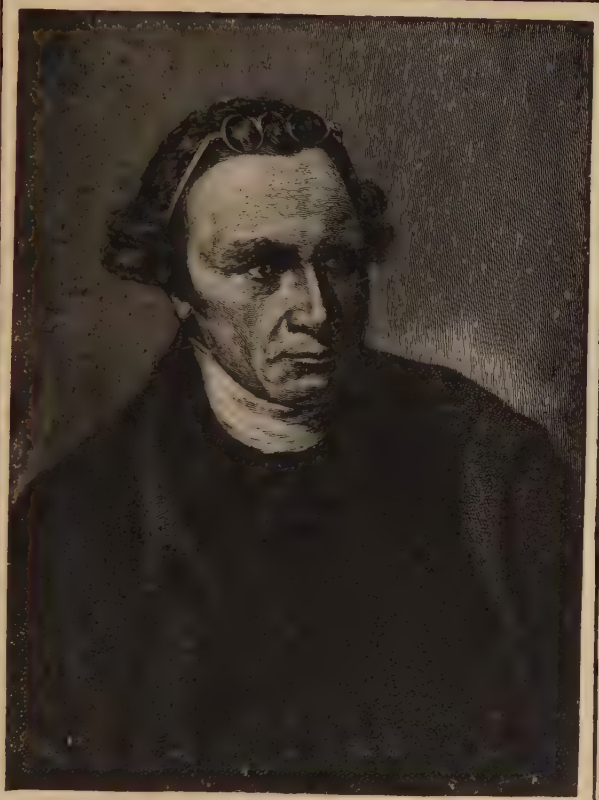
PATRICK HENRY

1736—1799

"GIVE ME LIBERTY OR GIVE ME DEATH"

The war-cry of America, when it leaped from the lips of Patrick Henry, sounded out beyond the confines of his province, beyond the limits of a nation, and echoed far into the reaches of succeeding centuries. In addition to his unapproachable gift of speech, he was as forceful as Samuel Adams. He was so nearly correct on every question, and so unselfish in his advocacy of the right, that he always had an easy majority with him, and his will was to such an extent corollary with the feelings of his fellow-citizens that they did not often feel the imperious weight of his influence. When he retired to private life he justly found his fame increasing, and the final chapter of his career was distinguished by the number of chief offices that he declined and the universal honors that were bestowed on him. His loyal veneration for the Father of His Country was a touching testimony of the clearness of his vision and the breadth of his manhood. Patrick Henry well deserved the love and astonishment he evoked. Few like him have lived.

He was born on the estate of Studley, in the County of Hanover, Virginia, May 29, 1736. It was considered that he came by his talent from his mother's side, for his mother's brother was an eloquent man. The son was not a brilliant scholar, and left his studies at fifteen, first to learn a trade, and thereafter to serve as a clerk in a country store. At eighteen, without means, he married a young woman, Sarah Shelton, who was equally im-



PATRICK HENRY

From a painting in Richmond, Va.

poverished. The parents established the headstrong couple on a small farm with a few slaves. In two years the husband sold the slaves at auction and set up a country store. At twenty-three he was insolvent. Thomas Jefferson, now sixteen, met him, and thought "his misfortunes were not to be traced either in his countenance or conduct." "He attached every one to him," says Jefferson.

He next concluded he would be a lawyer. How he learned his profession it has puzzled historians to say. Scholars of his day affected to despise his culture, for the luster of his fame cast them oftentimes into shadows that were trying to their good nature. It is the question over again, How did Shakespeare get his poetry? Patrick Henry certainly made a march into legal practice the swiftest on record. He said he studied a month; some said six weeks; some dignified the period into six months; men of imagination said nine months. He arrived at Williamsburg, the capital of Virginia, almost as soon as Thomas Jefferson. He was fortunate enough to impress the remarkable qualities of his mind on John Randolph (not "John Randolph of Roanoke"), and that astute lawyer secured for him the signatures of the other legal examiners. Patrick Henry related how Mr. Randolph had endeavored to out-argue him, after practicing all the arts of the attorney on the young man. "You defend yourself well, sir; but now to the law and to the testimony." Thereupon he went with him to his office, and, searching the authorities, said to him: "Behold the force of natural reason! You have never seen these books, nor this principle of the law; yet you are right and I am wrong. And for the lesson which you have given me (you must excuse me for saying it) I will never trust to appearances again."

The young man's success as an advocate was gratifying, and it was generally admitted he had at last discovered his proper vocation. In about four years' time, or late in 1763, he defeated the celebrated "Parsons' cause" in court, and at once became a celebrated Virginian. The Established Church was a part of the colonial administration, and all persons above the age of sixteen years were assessed to pay the wages of the ministry of the Episcopal Church. The salaries were legally measured in pounds of tobacco; therefore the amount to be realized in money varied with the state of the market; when that market was low the ministry were ill paid indeed. But a time had come when the price of tobacco had risen to such an extent that a law was passed taking off the advantage that would fairly accrue to the parsons, and, moreover, paying them in a paper money so deeply depreciated that where a parson should justly receive $2,000, he was forced by the legislative act to accept $665, which sum was not counted to be worth over $100 in England. The Privy Council at London vetoed the act because of its manifest injustice, and the Rev. James Maury brought suit for his legal salary at Hanover Court-House. The Court was shown that the legislative act had been disallowed at London, and at once adjudged it to be no law. There then only remained a writ of inquiry, and a jury to ascertain the damages sustained by the parson who complained. Hereupon counsel for the defendants (the Vestrymen, or Supervisors, of the parish, or township) withdrew from the case.

Many people objected to the methods by which the salaries were paid; many dissented on religious grounds; a large portion of the poor inhabitants regarded the religious tax as an odious levy. From the body of the

people a jury was to be summoned that should put aside its antipathies and treat the matter on a basis of technical law. It may be said that these twelve men were to take the side of the Crown in disallowing their own law. The Vestrymen, counting on the feelings that were to be aroused, at once engaged Patrick Henry to address this jury as to the damage suffered by the Rev. Maury in his case. There was a multitude present, news of the Court's demurrer having spread and caused excitement and anger, for the people were resolved, right or wrong, upon repudiating the salaries if possible, and a case was eventually to come up from every parish. The clergy were jubilant, and an array of twenty of the most learned fathers of the colony sat in court, "to look down opposition." When Patrick Henry rose to speak his father was the presiding magistrate, and it was his son's first appearance in an important cause, before a great gathering. Patrick Henry made an awkward beginning and faltered often. The clergy were pleased and "exchanged sly looks one with another." The father of the speaker could not conceal his confusion. "Now was first witnessed that mysterious and almost supernatural transformation of appearance which the fire of his own eloquence never failed to work in him.* His attitude by degrees became erect and lofty. His countenance shone with a nobleness and grandeur which it had never before exhibited. There was a lightning in his eyes which seemed to rive the spectator. Those who heard him said 'he made their blood run cold and their hair to rise on end.' As for the father, such was his surprise, such his amazement, such his rapture, that forgetting where he was and the character he was filling, tears of ecstacy streamed down his cheeks, with-

*William Wirt; Life of Patrick Henry.

out the power or inclination to repress them." The jurymen, who would have been easily convinced by interest, were now carried away into the regions of enthusiasm, and returned a verdict of only one penny's damage; but, what is more strange, the Court, by a unanimous vote, overruled a motion for a new trial amid the thundering acclamations of the throngs outside and inside the court-house. The orator was carried forth on the shoulders of the people and borne in triumph where all could congratulate him. His admirers could never repeat what Patrick Henry said that day. It remained for the plaintiff, who had been the victim of the advocate's eloquence, to give the tenor of his speech. The "harangue lasted nearly an hour." It held that the law had been a good law, because it was a law of general utility; the King could not annul it because he would thus become a tyrant and forfeit all right to his subjects' obedience; that it was the "only use" of an established clergy to enforce obedience to civil sanctions, and teach respect for the laws; otherwise, instead of useful members of the State, the clergy ought to be considered as enemies to the community; that Mr. Maury, instead of damages, very justly deserved to be punished with signal severity. When the orator touched on the word "tyrant," there was a protest of treason from the complainant's attorney, with cries of "Treason! Treason!" from the gentry of the county, but such was the torrent of the speaker's words that none in authority saw fit to stop him. After court, Patrick Henry made a civil speech to Mr. Maury, which the complainant took for a confession of insincerity. "You see, then," wrote Mr. Maury to a friend, "it is so clear a point in this person's opinion that the ready road to popularity here is to

trample under foot the interests of religion, the rights of the Church and prerogatives of the Crown."

In 1764 the seat of a member of the House of Burgesses was contested, and Patrick Henry went to the colonial capital as attorney for the sitting member. "For a day or two before the hearing of the case the members of the House had observed an ill-dressed young man sauntering in the lobby, moving awkwardly about, with a countenance of abstraction and total unconcern as to what was going on." He lost the cause before the committee, but made a deep impression once more as an orator.

In May, 1765, he was himself elected a member of the House of Burgesses (legislature) for a county in which he did not reside, thus reaping the rewards of his eloquence in the parsons' cause. A copy of the Stamp Act had arrived from England. On the 29th the House went into Committee of the Whole, and Patrick Henry, a new and untried member, with the foreknowledge of only two members, moved the celebrated "Virginia Resolves"—that taxation without representation was odious to English law and practice, and would have a tendency to destroy freedom. The debate was long and acrimonious. "Many threats were uttered, and much abuse cast on me," said Patrick Henry. "Torrents of sublime eloquence from Mr. Henry" are recorded. Reaching a climax of invective, he paused, and said with solemnity: "Cæsar had his Brutus; Charles the First his Cromwell; and George the Third ['Treason!' shouted the Speaker of the House. 'Treason! Treason!' came from all parts of the hall]—and George the Third may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it." The resolutions, after two days of de-

bate, passed the Virginia House. They had been cut down in number, which modified their tone, but a manuscript copy of Patrick Henry's resolutions soon reached New York City, where they were "handed about with great privacy." They were accounted so treasonable that the possessors of them declined printing them in that city. They reached New England, where the Sons of Liberty were prompt to give them wide circulation. In the papers accompanying his will, Patrick Henry left the original manuscript of the "Virginia Resolves." "They formed," he wrote, "the first opposition to the Stamp Act." "Finding that no person was likely to step forth, I determined to venture; and alone, unadvised and unassisted, on a blank leaf of an old law book, wrote the within."

The Lieutenant Governor wrote to the Lords of Trade regarding "a Mr. Henry, a young lawyer, who carried all the young members with him." Rector Robinson wrote to the Bishop of London, relating the "Parsons' cause" and the election of Patrick Henry to the House. "He blazed out in a violent speech against the authority of Parliament and the King, comparing his Majesty to a Tarquin, a Cæsar, and a Charles the First, and not sparing insinuations that he wished another Cromwell would arise. He is now gone quietly into the upper parts of the country, to recommend himself to his constituents by spreading treason." "From this period," says Wirt, his first biographer, "Mr. Henry became the idol of the people of Virginia."

For nine years the troubles of the colonies increased. During that time Patrick Henry was a member of the House, and at last a member of the Committee of Correspondence with Boston. After Governor Dunmore dissolved the House, Patrick Henry

was the leader of the revolutionary body. George Washington wrote: "He is by far the most powerful speaker I ever heard. But his eloquence is the smallest part of his merit. He is, in my opinion, the first man upon this Continent, as well in abilities as public virtues." Late in August, 1774, with Colonel George Washington and Edmund Pendleton, Patrick Henry left Virginia for the First Continental Congress. Roger Atkinson, of Petersburg, wrote, describing Henry as a delegate: "Patrick Henry is a real half-Quaker—your brother's man—moderate and mild, and in religious matters a saint, but the very devil in politics; a son of thunder. He will shake the Senate. Some years ago he had liked to talk treason into the House."

Charles Thomson, Secretary of Congress, described Patrick Henry as "dressed in a suit of parson's gray, and from his appearance I took him for a Presbyterian clergyman, used to haranguing the people." In his first speech he said: "The distinctions between Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers, and New Englanders are no more. I am not a Virginian, but an American."

On the 28th of September began the debate on Galloway's plan of reconciliation, which was opposed by Massachusetts and Virginia, but defeated by a vote of only six colonies to five. Patrick Henry made a fierce assault on the scheme of quasi-home-rule. John Adams reports him as saying: "Before we are obliged to pay taxes as they do, let us be as free as they; let us have our trade open with all the world." "We are not to consent by the representatives of representatives." "I am inclined to think the present measures lead to war." John Adams afterward wrote that "in the Congress of 1774 there was not one member except Patrick Henry who appeared sensible of the precipice, or rather the

pinnacle on which we stood, and had candor and courage enough to acknowledge it"—"a man of deep reflection, keen sagacity, clear foresight, daring enterprise, inflexible intrepidity, and untainted integrity, with an ardent zeal for the liberties, the honor and felicity of his country and his species" (the latter sentiments in a letter to Wirt). As they parted from the Congress, John Adams read to Patrick Henry the contents of a letter from Major Hawley, of Massachusetts, which concluded: "After all, we must fight." Mr. Henry had his head down. "He raised his head, and with an energy and vehemence that I can never forget, broke out with: 'By G—, I am of that man's mind!' " This is the only oath that is on record as coming from the lips of Patrick Henry.

Returning from Philadelphia in the autumn of 1774, Patrick Henry, when he next appeared before the public, at the old church in Richmond, on the 23d of March, 1775, as a member of the Second Revolutionary Convention of Virginia, made the immortal speech upon which his fame popularly rests. This oration, perfectly stationed in the drama of bloody events that was to follow, offers almost the only recorded example of adequate eloquence outside the pages of the sublimest poets. As an actual happening in actual life, it will ever thrill the student of history and exalt the lover of patriotism. The resolutions under debate authorized "a well-regulated militia" for the defense of the colony. Patrick Henry thought there was too much opposition to the resolutions, and he seems to have charged upon that sentiment with the very highest powers of his mind. The early portion of the speech is full of well-turned sentences of indubitable truth and sound sense. "This is no time for ceremony," he said. "The question is one

of awful moment to this country"—"freedom or slavery. And in proportion to the magnitude of the subject ought to be the freedom of the debate." "Should I keep back my opinions at such a time, through fear of giving offense, I should consider myself as guilty of treason toward my country, and of an act of disloyalty toward the majesty of Heaven, which I revere above all earthly Kings." "It is natural in man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts."

"I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging the future but by the past." "Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our lands. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation—the last arguments to which Kings resort."

"Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted?" "We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the Ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne."

"There is no longer any room for hope [of peace]. If we wish to be free," "we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of Hosts is all that is left to us."

To this point in the address, of which the above are only striking sentences, all was deliberate and self-constrained. "Imagine to yourself this speech," says St. George Tucker, "delivered with all the calm dignity of Cato of Utica. Imagine to yourself the Roman Senate assembled in the Capitol when it was entered by the profane Gauls. Imagine that you heard that Cato addressing such a Senate. Imagine that you saw the handwriting on the wall of Belshazzar's palace. Imagine you heard a voice as from Heaven uttering the words, 'We must fight!' as the doom of fate—and you may have some idea of the speaker, the assembly to whom he addressed himself, and the auditory, of which I was one."

An aged clergyman related the following: "Henry rose with unearthly fire burning in his eyes. He commenced somewhat calmly, but the smothered excitement began more and more to play upon his features and thrill in the tones of his voice. The tendons of his neck stood out white and rigid, like whipcords. His voice rose louder and louder, until the walls of the building, and all within them, seemed to shake and rock in its tremendous vibrations. Finally, his pale face and glaring eye became terrible to look upon. Men leaned forward in their seats, with their heads strained forward, their faces pale, and their eyes glaring, like the speaker's." The hearer felt sick with excitement.

Patrick Henry continued, with increasing fury of words: "They tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall

we be stronger?" "Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies have bound us hand and foot?" He next sums up the very considerable power of the colonies. "Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. These is no retreat, but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable. And let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come! It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace, but there is no peace. The war is actually begun. The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms. Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!"

When Patrick Henry sat down, every eye yet gazed entranced upon him. It is said that he enacted the bent form of the slave bearing his gyves and manacles of iron; that as he closed, he straightened his form, threw off his slavery, and gave the impression of having a dagger in his hand, to be aimed at his own heart. All the hearers agreed that the tones of his voice were deep with awe and the gaze of his eyes full of splendor—something altogether different from the most highly-

excited expressions of other men. The effect was complete. Everything was done by vote that he asked for, and he himself was made the chairman, to see that the legislative action should be carried into effect.

"The first overt act of war in Virginia," says Thomas Jefferson, "was committed by Patrick Henry." He was the captain of an independent company of militia. Governor Dunmore had removed some powder. Patrick Henry marched on Williamsburg and compelled the Receiver General to pay an indemnity of $1,650. The Governor thereupon issued a proclamation against "a certain Patrick Henry and a number of deluded followers" who had "put themselves in a posture of war." This would "call for the vengeance of offended majesty," and all subjects were warned "not to abet or give countenance to the said Patrick Henry." He was now acclaimed as the logical leader of the patriots, and nearly every company sent him a message of congratulation touching the powder episode. In May, 1775, however, he set off for the Second Congress, where he took little interest. In August he returned and was made Colonel and Commander of the Virginia troops. His relations with the civil committee of safety were unpleasant, and he soon resigned, to the great grief of the militia, who parted with him as their true and rightful leader. Early in March, 1776, his wife Sarah, mother of six children, died. He thereafter returned to the Third Virginia Convention. His hope of a French alliance was keen from the first, and he urged measures to bring it about, or make it easy. "May we not lose her?" "The French alliance is everything." On July 5, 1776, he became the first elected Governor of Virginia, and took up his residence in the palace that had been vacated by Lord Dunmore. He was reëlected in 1777,

and on the 9th of October married Dorothea Dandridge, who was considerably his junior—he was now forty-one. During his second term efforts were made by the secret members of the Conway cabal to wean Governor Henry away from the support of General Washington, who had suffered a number of defeats. The loyal action of the Governor, in at once sending warning to the General, together with the sentiments of his letters at that time, reflect the highest honor upon both his judgment and his affection. "I really think your personal welfare and the happiness of America are intimately connected." "The most exalted merit has ever been found to attract envy." To these expressions of regard and solicitude General Washington responded warmly, and his admiration for Patrick Henry never lessened.

Governor Henry was reëlected in 1778. His third term was disastrously marked at its very close by the British invasion of Virginia. The Governor was an efficient aid to General Washington, whose letters to Patrick Henry abound with testimonies of high approval and recognition. The French officers addressed him in their epistles as "Son Altesse Royale, Monsieur Patrick Henri, Gouverneur de l'Etat de Virginie." He declined a reëlection as Governor, being annoyed with long-continued charges that he entertained a usurper's ambitions.

He owned a new estate of 10,000 acres, called Leatherwood, southwest from Richmond, along the North Carolina boundary, in the county of Henry, named after himself. To this "wild and mountainous solitude" he at once removed, making it his home for five years. He wrote to Thomas Jefferson, now Governor, in denunciation of Tories. They were "miscreants—wretches who, I am satisfied, were laboring our

destruction. They should be shunned and execrated, and this is the only way to supply the place of legal conviction and punishment." He was elected to the Assembly in 1780, but was compelled to leave in poor health. He returned for the winter of 1780-81, when the Legislature retreated before Benedict Arnold, the traitor, now making war on Virginia. The members adjourned to Charlottesville, and thence actually fled over the mountains to Staunton. The traditions of Virginia are illuminated with a well-wrought series of stories seemingly made at the expense of Patrick Henry, yet all reflecting the admiration that was everywhere felt for him as the first Virginia patriot. In the headlong flight from Charlottesville, the fugitives broke into small parties, one of these being composed of Benjamin Harrison, Colonel William Christian, John Tyler and Patrick Henry. Weary with travel, late in the day, they halted before a hut in the gorge, and asked for food. An aged woman asked them who they were. Patrick Henry answered that they were members of the Legislature, compelled to leave Charlottesville on the approach of the enemy. "Ride on, then, ye cowardly knaves," cried the ancient dame, in wrath; "here have my husband and sons just gone to Charlottesville to fight for ye, and you running away with all your might. Clear out—ye shall have nothing here." "But," expostulated Patrick Henry, "it would not do for the Legislature to be broken up by the enemy. Here is Mr. Speaker Harrison; you don't think he would have fled had it not been necessary?" "I always thought a great deal of Mr. Harrison till now, but he'd no business to run from the enemy" [starting to close her door]. "Wait a moment, my good woman," urged Mr. Henry; "you would hardly believe that Mr. Tyler or Mr. Christian

would take to flight if there were not good reason for it?" "No, indeed, that I wouldn't." "But Mr. Tyler and Colonel Christian are here." "They here?" she said, as if in doubt. "Well, I never would have thought it! No matter. We love these gentlemen, and I didn't suppose they would ever run away from the British. But since they have, they shall have nothing to eat in my house. You may ride along." Now Mr. Tyler stepped forward: "What would you say, my good woman, if I were to tell you that Patrick Henry fled with the rest of us?" "Patrick Henry! I should tell you there wasn't a word of truth in it!" she replied with rising anger. "Patrick Henry would never do such a cowardly thing!" "But this is Patrick Henry!" said Mr. Tyler, pointing to him. The old woman started, twitched her apron-string convulsively, and surrendered: "Well, then, if it's Patrick Henry, it must be all right. Come in, and ye shall have the best I've got."

The stories go on that at Staunton Colonel William Lewis told Patrick Henry (not recognizing him) that "if Patrick Henry had been in Charlottesville the British dragoons never would have passed over the Rivenna River." A still more artistic fable of classic rank avers that the legislators were warned out of their beds in the night, and told to flee to the estate of Colonel George Moffett near by, on which was a cave, wherein concealment would be effectual. One of the fugitives got on only one boot, leaving the other behind. Mrs. Moffett received these statesmen and entertained them hospitably, but at breakfast, next morning—an eventless night having passed—she could not refrain from remarking that the Legislature had one member who would not have fled from the enemy. "Who is he?" was asked. "Patrick Henry," she replied, proudly, looking also with

disdain at the guest in one boot, who was seen to be in some confusion. Just then a negro rode up from Staunton, carrying a boot, and inquiring for Patrick Henry. "In that way alone," concludes this tradition, "did the admiring Mrs. Moffett learn who it was that the boot fitted." These ingenious stories are told in the hills of Virginia with undiminishing zest, without derogating from the affection and admiration bestowed on the memory of Patrick Henry.

In 1784 and 1785 the favorite son of Virginia was called upon to serve two more terms as Governor, retiring on his own demand to recuperate his fortune. He refused to attend the Convention at Philadelphia which formulated the Constitution of the United States, and his attitude led General Washington to greatly fear that Virginia would reject that document. So deep was the anxiety of the Father of His Country that he sent a copy of the instrument with an entreating letter to his old friend. But General Washington could not silence Patrick Henry's scruples, and it was doubtless his valiant opposition that led to the first ten amendments. He came down to the Virginia Convention to make a bitter fight against adoption, and spoke often on eighteen days of the debate. He made one speech seven hours' long. He made eight speeches in one day, five in another. He used the word "secession," but denied that he approved such an act. He wanted a new Convention. The President, Patrick Henry thought, might become King. His speeches, many of them, were in the best form of his undiminished eloquence, but he did not echo the sentiments of the man above all others who had saved the country—General Washington. One remarkable exhibition of the orator's power was attended with a furious thunderstorm, in which Mr.

Henry, making full use of his mighty voice, seemed to unite the bolts of heaven with the invectives which he hurled at the foes of a broader representative liberty. The scene surpassed the endurance of the listeners; they adjourned in disorder without the usual form, and he ceased, from motives of pity, to increase their alarm.

Although he was outvoted, and the Constitution was adopted by Virginia, it was seen that the amendments which he desired must be conceded, for his prestige continued to increase under defeat. He made imperative the demands of Virginia on Congress. Lear, Secretary to General Washington, sorrowfully recounted Patrick Henry's triumphs at this time (1789): "In plain English, he ruled a majority of the Assembly; and his edicts were registered by that body with less opposition than those of the Grand Monarque have met with from his Parliaments. He chose the two Senators. He divided the State into districts" [gerrymandering so as to exclude James Madison from Congress]. "And after he had settled everything relative to the Government wholly, I suppose, to his satisfaction, he mounted his horse and rode home, leaving the little business of the State to be done by anybody who chose to give themselves the trouble of attending to it." Congress unwillingly responded, and the first ten amendments stand to-day as the necessary concessions made to the apprehensive patriotism of Patrick Henry.

Through all the years from 1786 to 1794, when he retired with a competence, he was an advocate without peer at the bar of Virginia. His triumphs were too numerous for even the most summary description here. His voice and delivery were inexpressibly felicitious, but hearers declared that the chief phenomenon was the vibratory feeling which he not only expressed in his own

body, but was able to thoroughly establish in the nerves of his auditors. He retired in 1795 to an estate called Red Hill, in Charlotte County, and there he spent the last four years of his life, the people proud of his fame, and boastful that his like had never before lived among the eloquent. It was said that he would stand on an eminence and give commands to his servants "in tones as melodious as an Alpine horn," his enunciation being so clear that he might be understood in every part of a space that would have held 50,000 people. He, like Shakespeare, sought rather to show his wealth in acres than to receive homage for his eloquence. He was highly abstemious and religious. It disconcerted and grieved the greatest of the fathers to see this giant of liberty cold to the new Nation, yet, as the smaller gentry of critics assembled to annoy George Washington, Patrick Henry increased his tributes of veneration for the Father of His Country; therefore efforts did not cease to attach the old wheelhorse to the new car of Liberty. He was made United States Senator, but declined; Washington fruitlessly tendered him the portfolio of Secretary of State; later the Father offered the great office of Chief Justice of the United States. They elected him Governor for the sixth time. All of these flattering offers Patrick Henry put aside. John Adams ascended to the Presidency, and, casting off all party ties, nominated Patrick Henry as one of the Envoys to France, believing the French Nation must generously welcome such a patriot. The health of the statesman was too feeble to permit him to reënter public life. But he was at last in full harmony with the Federalists, and at the personal request of General Washington, Patrick Henry, in March, 1799, went to the hustings and stood as a candidate for the Legislature. This was an act of

extraordinary generosity. Vast crowds from all over Virginia came forth when it was heard that the renowned orator would once more lift his voice. He counseled obedience to Federal laws, and told the people they had planted thorns upon his pillow and called him forth from a happy retirement, to see if he could not prevent civil discord. "Where," he asked, "is the citizen of America who would dare to lift his hand against the Father of His Country?" A drunken man cried out that he would dare. "No," cried the feeble orator, rising once more to his full majesty, "you dare not do it. In such a parricidal attempt the steel would drop from your nerveless arm!"

The young John Randolph, of Roanoke, followed in a speech, as the candidate of the opposing party. While he was speaking Patrick Henry retired into the tavern. When the young man returned to the room where the patriot was resting, the latter took him by the hand, saying with great kindness: "Young man, you call me father. Then, my son, I have something to say unto thee: Keep justice, keep truth—and you will live to think differently." The poll resulted in a great majority for Patrick Henry.

It may be believed that the patriotic effort of Patrick Henry, to which he was moved by the entreaties of General Washington, was more than his feeble body would bear, and it is probable that his infirmity had been courageously concealed, even from the Father of His Country. Patrick Henry returned to his bed and never left it. In the middle of May he lifted himself up long enough to send his dying blessing to his old friend, John Adams, the President. On the 6th of June, as Dr. Cabell, his physician, was weeping bitterly, the dying patriot asked the doctor to observe how great a reality

and benefit the Christian religion was to a man about to die. These were his last words, for he sank as if into a gentle sleep, and presently it was seen he was dead. He was reverently buried at Red Hill, and that estate is to-day in the hands of his proud descendants, who, however, no more than the masses of Americans, treasure his memory as a shining jewel in the crown of freedom.

"After all," wrote Thomas Jefferson, "it must be allowed that Patrick Henry was our leader in the measures of the Revolution in Virginia, and in that respect more is due to him than to any other person. He left us all behind."

THOMAS JEFFERSON

1743—1826

THE IDEAL DEMOCRAT

Simultaneously with the adoption of the Constitution of the United States there sprang into existence a political organization known as the Democratic party, which is to-day one of two leading factors in the government of the Nation, and now possibly ranks as the oldest association of its kind in the world. That party, without question, looks, and through all these years has looked, upon Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence, as its founder. But one of his followers, Andrew Jackson, has seemed to acquire sufficient democratic inspiration to appear as a full and accepted apostle, and to receive and enjoy the unstinted veneration of those lovers of liberty who call themselves Democrats. We must therefore prepare ourselves to consider the career of a most admirable man, one of the greatest and most successful political teachers the world has seen.

Thomas Jefferson was born April 13, 1743, on the estate where he lived and died. It was in the end called Monticello, and lies on the waters of the Roanoke. His father, Peter, was an original settler. His mother, who was Jane Randolph, traced her "pedigree far back in England and Scotland, to which," says the great Democrat, "let everyone ascribe the faith and merit he chooses."* The son went to English school at five,

* Jefferson's Autobiography.

and to Greek, Latin, and French at nine. His father died when he was fourteen, bequeathing to Thomas Jefferson the Roanoke River estate. After this event the son went to study with the Rev. Mr. Maury, a correct classical scholar, the same person who was so lamentably the victim of Patrick Henry's first public burst of eloquence. After two years of preparation with Mr. Maury the pupil entered William and Mary College, where he studied for two years. "It was my great good fortune, and what probably fixed the destinies of my life," says Jefferson, "that Dr. William Small, of Scotland, was then Professor of Mathematics, a man profound in most of the useful branches of science, with a happy talent of communication, correct and gentlemanly manners, and an enlarged and liberal mind. He, most happily for me, became soon attached to me, and made me his daily companion when not engaged in the school; and from his conversation I got my first views of the expansion of science, and of the system of things in which we are placed." Before Dr. Small left for Scotland, "he filled up the measure of his goodness to me by procuring for me, from his most intimate friend, George Wythe, a reception as a student of law, under his direction, and introduced me to the acquaintance and familiar table of Governor Fauquier, the ablest man who had ever filled that office." Mr. Wythe remained "an affectionate friend and mentor" through life, and the fact that the young man made a welcome fourth in such a trio of friends reveals the fine quality even of his early intellect. During his second collegiate year, he studied fifteen hours a day, and for his only exercise ran at twilight a mile out of the city and back again. Thomas Jefferson was a believer, from the beginning, in a rigid mental drill. Here is a day's programme of

study, drawn up and recommended by him: Before 8 a. m., physical studies; 8 to 12, law; 12 to 1, politics; afternoon, history; "dark to bed-time," literature, oratory, etc.

His father's death left him in the position of an independent country gentleman, with an income of $2,000 a year. At the time of his admission to the bar, he was described by his contemporaries as 6 feet 2 inches in height, slim without attenuation, erect as an arrow, with angular features, a very ruddy complexion, an extremely delicate skin, full, deep-set hazel eyes and sandy hair, an expert violinist, a good dancer, a dashing rider, and proficient in all manly exercises. He was, and continued through life, frank, earnest, cordial, and sympathetic in his manner, full of confidence in men, and sanguine in his views of life.*

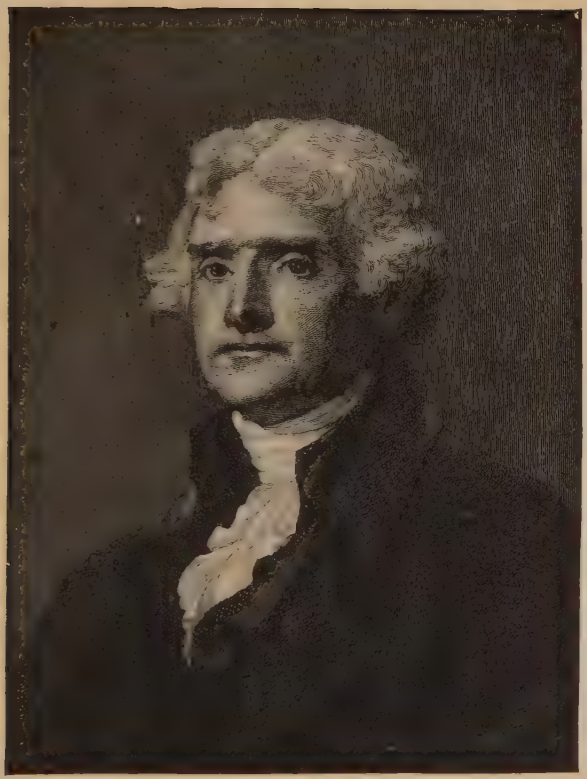
When Governor Fauquier retired and Governor Boutetourt arrived, a dissolution of the Virginian Assembly followed by custom, and Thomas Jefferson was elected (in 1769) as a member of the House of Burgesses, where he sat by re-election until the Revolution. In his Autobiography (written at 77) he gives us the best and briefest picture extant of the condition of Government in the colony: "I made one effort in that body (the House) for the permission of the emancipation of slaves, which was rejected; and, indeed, during the regal Government, nothing liberal could expect success. Our minds were circumscribed within narrow limits, by an habitual belief that it was our duty to be subordinate to the mother-country in all matters of government; to direct all our labors in subservience to her interests, and even to observe a bigoted intolerance for all religions but hers. The difficulties with our Representatives

*Encyclopedia Britannica.

were of habit and despair, not of reflection and conviction. Experience soon proved that they could bring their minds to rights on the first summons of their attention. But the King's Council [at Williamsburg], which acted as another House of the Legislature, held their places at will, and were in most humble obedience to that will. The Governor, too, who had a negative on our laws, held by the same tenure, and with still greater devotedness to it; and, last of all, the Royal negative closed the last door to every hope of amelioration."

"On the 1st of January, 1772, I was married to Martha Skelton, widow of Bathurst Skelton," then twenty-three years old. She very soon brought to her husband a patrimony equal to his own, which "consequently doubled the ease of our circumstances."

His legal practice was surprisingly large. In the first year he had sixty-eight cases in the General Court; in the next, 115; in the third year, 198. Mr. Randall, his earliest biographer, says he was a counselor rather than an advocate. He swelled his farm by purchases to 5,000 acres, owned fifty-two slaves, and with his wife's income, could reckon $4,000 more a year, or $7,000 in all. Notwithstanding his success as an attorney, a writer, a legislator, and a social leader, he still looked upon his farm as the chief place of interest. He had a deep-seated fear of cities and dense populations. In agriculture he saw the salvation and independence of man. When the yellow fever came, he found this consolation: "The yellow fever will discourage the growth of great cities in our Nation, and I view great cities as pestilential to the morals, the health, and the liberties of man." "The greatest service which can be rendered to any country is to add a useful plant to its culture, especially a bread-grain; next in value to bread is oil."



THOMAS JEFFERSON

Painting by Gilbert Stuart, Bowdoin College

"Those who labor in the earth are the chosen people of God, if ever he had a chosen people, whose breasts he has made his peculiar deposit for substantial and genuine virtue." "Corruption of morals in the mass of cultivators is a phenomenon of which no age or nation has furnished an example." "Generally speaking, the proportion which the aggregate of the other classes of citizens bears in any state to that of the husbandman is the proportion of its unsound to its healthy parts, and is a good enough barometer whereby to measure the degree of its corruption." He prepared a table, enumerating thirty-seven esculents, and showing the earliest date of the appearance of each one of them in the Washington market in each of eight successive years.

At Williamsburg, Patrick Henry was the acknowledged leader of the young men, and when Boston port was sealed (1774) the young Virginians thought a day of fasting and prayer would arouse and alarm the more lethargic of their fellows to a sense of the British despotism. Jefferson thus describes their proceeding: "No example of such a solemnity had existed since the days of our distresses in the war of 1755, since which a new generation had grown up. With the help, therefore, of Rushworth [a Parliamentary historian], whom we rummaged over for the revolutionary precedents and forms of the Puritans of that day, preserved by him, we cooked up a resolution, somewhat modernizing their phrases, for appointing the 1st day of June, on which the port bill was to commence, for a day of fasting, humiliation, and prayer, to implore Heaven to avert from us the evils of civil war, to inspire us with firmness in support of our rights, and to turn the hearts of the King and Parliament to moderation and justice. To give greater emphasis to our proposition, we agreed to wait the next

morning on Mr. Nicholas, whose grave and religious character was more in unison with the tone of our resolution, and to solicit him to move it." All was brought about, exactly as planned. The group next joined the Committee of Correspondence with Boston, and a (revolutionary) Convention of Virginia was called for August 1, 1774. Jefferson prepared a draft of instructions which he hoped should be given to the delegates whom this convention would send to the Continental Congress, but, falling ill, sent a copy to Patrick Henry, which he pocketed; another copy went to Peyton Randolph, who showed it to the members; they printed it in pamphlet form under the title of "A Summary View of the Rights of British America." It was sent to England, and there became the text-book of the Opposition to the Government. The name of Jefferson was placed on the secret rolls of proscription, for the document was practically another statement of the wrongs catalogued two years later in the Declaration of Independence.

In June, 1775, the Burgesses sent Jefferson to Congress to take the place vacated by Peyton Randolph. The delegate carried with him his own draft of the reply of Virginia to Lord North's "conciliatory proposition." There had been some slight amendments—"throwing a dash of water on it here and there, enfeebling it somewhat." It referred the whole matter to Congress, whitherward Jefferson now rode. He was hailed as the author of the "Summary View," and a most accomplished writer, and the Massachusetts members, being in urgent need of military aid, neglected no opportunity to advance the views of the Radical wing of the Virginians. The Conservatives were ably led by Dickinson, on whom the echoes of Bunker Hill fell with

no effect other than to increase his desire for peace on any terms. Congress required a manifesto, and Jefferson, desiring to draw Dickinson along with him, politely submitted his draft to the conciliatory member, asking him to amend it sufficiently to let it meet his indorsement. Dickinson wrote the matter anew, using but a little of Jefferson's language. The misfortune befalling the patient labors of Jefferson was made less harsh in its effect on the author by the general tendency to humor Dickinson, whose views at the same time were widely deplored as stultifying the Congress. Jefferson was not a leader in debate, therefore the hard work of the thoughtful Radicals in Congress fell on John Adams. Jefferson returned to Virginia; came again in the autumn and went. In the Virginia convention, where Patrick Henry pushed the cause of independence rapidly forward, Jefferson was in highest repute, and when next, in May, 1776, he traveled to Philadelphia, he carried instructions that the Virginia delegates should move that Congress declare "the United Colonies free and independent States." But now that events were certain to bring war, the Radicals magnanimously extended the time during which the slower revolutionists might alienate themselves from the camp of the Tories, and adjourned the debate until July 1. In the meantime two highly-important committees were formed—one to prepare a Declaration, the other to draw up articles of Confederation. The work of the second committee was done over again in 1789. The perfect labors of the first committee have been the theme of Freedom's poets from that time on.

The literary history of the Declaration of Independence is meager. The accounts of both Jefferson and John Adams are brief; Dr. Franklin said nothing about

it. The other two committeemen, Sherman and Livingston, did not touch it. Nevertheless, although Thomas Jefferson was twice President of the United States, father of Democracy in America, and withal a moral teacher of politics without equal in the world, he stands before the people, from the time they enter school to old age, as the author of the Declaration of Independence. It has been considered the privilege of every community in America, when assembled on the 4th of July, to read in full the terms of this instrument, and its signature by the Patriot Fathers is indorsed as the noblest act in the political annals of man. There can be no error, on this account, in reciting all that is known touching the composition of the original document.

On June 11, Congress balloted for a committee of five, and Jefferson led the poll, with Adams and Franklin next in order. Jefferson and Adams each politely asked the other to write the manifesto, but it was tacitly understood that the honor by right belonged to Virginia, and to the author of the "Summary Statement," whose terms were now satisfactory to a majority of the colonies. The phrases employed by Jefferson were purposely chosen from the accepted sayings of the times, and nothing could have given better evidence of the statesman's genius. Many of the ideas and some of the terms figure in Rousseau's "Discourse on the Origin of Inequality Among Men," a thesis that had long created discussion in France and Switzerland. In his Autobiography, beyond submitting the facsimile of the original draft, Mr. Jefferson vouchsafes no history of his labor. He says: The committee "desired me to do it. It was accordingly done, and being approved by them, I reported it to the House on Friday, the 28th of June,

when it was read and ordered to lie on the table." He says elsewhere that he submitted the draft separately to Dr. Franklin and John Adams, each of whom suggested a few alterations, which were interlined in their own hands. The committee adopted this draft, whereafter Jefferson drew off a fair copy for Congress.

The original instrument is written in a very fine hand on four foolscap sheets of writing-paper, two of which have an inch of blank space at the left, and two an inch at the right. In the blank space Mr. Jefferson calls attention to five changes by Dr. Franklin, usually making a still more radical statement, and to only a couple by Mr. Adams, who changed "his present Majesty" into "the present King of Great Britain." John Adams says he was delighted with the document when he heard Jefferson read it, and his pen, usually so censorious, in the Declaration proves the sincerity of his words. The changes made by the Congress were more numerous. Mr. Dickinson was still an obstacle of no mean power, and he set out to maim the Declaration as he had destroyed the force of Jefferson's manifesto the year before. "Passages," says Jefferson, "which conveyed censure on the people of England were struck out, lest they should give them offense. The clause, too, reprobating the enslaving the inhabitants of Africa, was struck out in complaisance to South Carolina and Georgia, who had never attempted to restrain the importation of slaves, and who, on the contrary, still wished to continue it. Our northern brethren, also, I believe, felt a little tender under those censures; for though their people had very few slaves themselves, yet they had been pretty considerable carriers of them to others." It was the power of John Adams in debate that saved the Declaration from total destruction. Its

phraseology was derided as magniloquent, and as Dr. Franklin, who sat beside Jefferson in these trying hours, saw him "writhing a little under the acrimonious criticisms on some of its parts," he told him a story "by way of comfort." "The debates," says Jefferson, "having taken up the greater parts of the 2d, 3d, and 4th days of July, were, on the evening of the last, closed; the Declaration was reported by committee, agreed to by the House, and signed by every member present except Mr. Dickinson." Be it said to the honor of the constituents of this man, that he misrepresented them, and was not allowed to return to Congress. The document came away, with its first two sheets almost unscathed. In the last sheets were considerable changes, mollifying to Scotch, Hessian, English, and ecclesiastical interests. Nearly all of these conservative emendations were made with a view of obtaining the only signature which the instrument could not command and did not receive.

The Declaration of Independence, as it stands, is practically the handiwork of Thomas Jefferson. As a whole, it has pleased the world so well that uprising nations have accepted its terms as exemplary, and mankind have extolled it as a new and needed charter in the progress of Freedom. Between the short, portentous, and antithetical sentences of Patrick Henry, and the extended but mellifluous phrases of the early parts of the Declaration, may be observed the essential differences between the strictly literary and the strictly rhetorical styles. Thomas Jefferson was a writer and not a debater, by reason of the very differences which are notable in this comparison. From the unequivocal delight given by the labors of both these patriots to their fellows, it may be inferred that sentences somewhat

long befit the successful writer, while the deliverances of the orator must be sententious and abrupt.

Satisfied with the honor that had come to him in Congress, and feeling that the new laws of Virginia needed his formative care, Mr. Jefferson resigned his seat at Philadelphia, and took a laboring oar at Williamsburg in October, 1776. There he drew the bill for courts of justice, which passed into law. He next passed a bill breaking down the Virginia entail, whereby an aristocracy had been long established, forming a patrician order from whose ranks the State Senate had been recruited. This act brought down on its author the maledictions of all the wealthy families, some of whose descendants, it is said, speak ill of Jefferson to this day. He suspended the importation of slaves. After the severest contest in which he ever engaged, he broke down the Established Church, and compelled it to rely for funds on the munificence of its own devotees. He obtained the removal of the State Capital to a safer place. He compelled the State to define the rights of citizens, and to assert the natural right of expatriation, a matter which our Nation was a century in establishing as acknowledged law abroad, where American citizenship by naturalization was not accounted as changing the European status of a subject.

In the codification of the new laws, the labor fell on three committeemen. Mr. Jefferson's share was the common law and the statutes to the fourth year of James I. The work engrossed the extra time of three years. When Mr. Pendleton asked Mr. Jefferson to at least let the elder heir have a double share of the inheritance, Jefferson said he would willingly agree when it could be shown that the elder heir had done double work or

could eat twice as much. Capital punishment except for murder and treason, was abolished, and the lex talionis (eye-for-an-eye, tooth-for-a-tooth) was mitigated, yet not to the total extent that he desired.

We may read the following summary passage from Jefferson's Autobiography with profit and instruction: "I considered four of these bills, passed or reported, as forming a system by which every fiber would be eradicated of ancient or future aristocracy, and a foundation laid for a government truly republican. The repeal of the laws of entail would prevent the accumulation and perpetuation of wealth in select families, and preserve the soil of the country from being daily more and more absorbed in mortmain. The abolition of primogeniture and equal partition of inheritances, removed the feudal and unnatural distinctions which made one member of every family rich and all the rest poor, substituting equal partition, the best of all agrarian laws. The restoration of the rights of conscience relieved the people from taxation for the support of a religion not theirs; for the Establishment was truly of the religion of the rich, the dissenting sects being entirely composed of the less wealthy people, and these by the bill for a general education, would be qualified to understand their rights, to maintain them, and to exercise with intelligence their parts in self-government. And all this would be effected without the violation of a single natural right of any one individual citizen."

Mr. Jefferson's plan for the abolition, extinction, and cure of the results of slavery showed the hopeful character of his temperament, and was as follows: All negroes born of slave parents after the passage of the act were to be free, but to a certain age were to remain with their parents, and were "then to be brought up at the public

expense to tillage, arts, or sciences, according to their geniuses, till the females should be eighteen and the males twenty-one years of age, when they should be colonized to such place as the circumstances of the time should render most proper, sending them out with arms, implements of household, and of the handicraft arts, seeds, pairs of the useful domestic animals," etc. The United States then "to declare them a free and independent people, and to extend to them our alliance and protection, till they have acquired strength; and to send vessels at the same time to other parts of the world for an equal number of white inhabitants, to induce whom to migrate hither proper encouragements were to be proposed." If this were not done, he thought the color question would bring about events in considering which "human nature must shudder." Despite his earnest efforts, nothing was done, and the first chapter of subsequent history of the color question cost our Nation a million lives and billions of dollars.

In January, 1779, Patrick Henry had reached the limit of his constitutional eligibility as Governor, and Mr. Jefferson was compelled to take his place, with the legacy of an invasion by the British. Virginia had been stripped to help the other colonies. Nothing was left for defense, and the country was easily penetrated by means of its numerous waterways. Tarleton, the English raider, reached Monticello, but did not capture the Governor. Cornwallis, advancing on another farm of the Governor, took all his provender, 150 cattle, sheep, and hogs, cut the throats of his colts, burned his fences, destroyed his crops, and marched off thirty slaves to other masters. Governor Jefferson went out of office with Virginia under the heel of the marauding British, and was in bitter humor. His wife, also, was seriously

ill. He would not return to the Legislature, and caused his admirers, Madison and Monroe, serious misgivings. The death of his wife was a blow from which he was slow to recover, and few husbands have exhibited a sense of desolation so poignant. His oldest daughter has left an account of the many weeks in which his grief was so intense that it could not be revealed to the eyes of the world. He stayed alone in his room for three weeks, and long afterward walked the paths of the mountain alone. He promised his dying wife never to take another help-meet, and thenceforth Martha, the daughter aforementioned, took her mother's place at the head of the household. While immersed in this grief he was thrice appointed to go to Europe as Commissioner, but declined. In June, 1783, however, he felt it necessary to reënter public life, and carried, as delegate from Virginia, the deed of that colony, presenting all her western lands to the United States. He signed the treaty of independence. He prevented the adoption of the money-unit of Morris, which was only the 1-1440 of a dollar, and made an $80 horse worth 115,200 units. Among the names proposed by him for the divisions of the Northwest were Michigania, Metropotamia, Illinoia, Saratoga, and Washington.

In May, 1784, he was a fourth time appointed to a foreign mission, and this time he accepted, and sailed with his daughter Martha, whom he placed in a convent school in France. He endeavored to keep a diplomatic establishment at Paris that should betoken the importance of his country, but his salary of $9,000 a year and his own private means were swallowed up without good results. He dislocated his wrist early in 1786, and was recommended to go to Aix, in Provence, and try the mineral waters. "I proceeded up the Seine, through

Champagne and Burgundy, and down the Rhone through the Beaujolais by Lyons, Avignon, Nismes, to Aix; where, finding on trial no benefit from the waters, I concluded to visit the rice country of Piedmont, to see if anything might be learned there, to benefit the rivalship of our Carolina rice with that, and thence to make a tour of the seaport towns of France, along its southern and western coast, to inform myself if anything could be done to favor our commerce with them. From Aix, therefore, I took my route to Marseilles, Toulon, Hieres, Nice, across the Col de Tende, by Coni, Turin, Vercelli, Novara, Milan, Pavia, Novi, Genoa. Thence, returning along the coast by Savona, Noli, Albenga, Oneglia, Monaco, Nice, Antibes, Fréjus, Aix, Marseilles, Avignon, Nismes, Montpellier, Frontignan, Cette, Agde, and along the canal of Languedoc, by Bezieres, Narbonne, Cascassonne, Castelnaudari, through the Souterrain of St. Feriol, and back by Castelnaudari to Toulouse; thence to Montauban, and down the Garonne River by Langon to Bordeaux. Thence to Rochefort, La Rochelle, Nantes, L'Orient; then back by Rennes to Nantes, and up the Loire by Angers, Tours, Amboise, Blois, to Orleans, thence direct to Paris." Here may be seen an example of the thoroughness with which Thomas Jefferson studied any subject that he took in hand.

The Constitution had been made behind closed doors at Philadelphia, and Jefferson first saw a complete copy of it at Paris. He who had been so alert in formulating the laws of his own State seems to have regarded the Constitution of the Nation as a matter of lesser moment, or at least one that could be safely intrusted to the care of his friends—Madison and Monroe. He praised the instrument as a whole, but found articles

which he thought objectionable. "The absence of express declarations insuring freedom of religion, freedom of the press, freedom of the person under the uninterrupted protection of the habeas corpus, and trial by jury in civil as well as criminal cases, excited my jealously, and the reëligibility of the President for life I quite disapproved." He also looked upon the all-powerful judicial arm of the new Government with undisguised fear that therein lay the germ of future dissolution, although he did not offer practical suggestions looking to a betterment of the plan. In the end, feeling that amendment would perfect the work so well begun, he became an indorser of the new Constitution, and thereby won a warm place in the esteem of General Washington, who regarded the question of adoption as quite personal to himself and essential to his country.

It became necessary for Thomas Jefferson to accompany John Adams to the English King's levees at London, and there the great Democrat was stung with the insulting deportment of the monarch and his consort. "It was impossible for anything to be more ungracious than their notice of Mr. Adams and myself." "That Nation hate us, their Ministers hate us, and their King more than all other men." "I think their hostility toward us is much more deeply rooted at present than during the war." "In spite of treaties, England is still our enemy. Her hatred is deep-rooted and cordial, and nothing is wanting with her but the power to wipe us and the land we live in out of existence." "There is no party in our favor here." "Even the Opposition concur with the Ministry." "The only Nation on earth who wish us ill from the bottom of their souls. And I am satisfied that, were our Continent to be swallowed up by

the ocean, Great Britain would be in a bonfire from one side to the other."

In the British Islands he found a people, naturally undemonstrative at best, now stung with defeat, and resentful that the Empire had been impaired and thirteen governments lost. On the other side of the Channel, in France, was a country intoxicated with admiration of America, whose inhabitants excelled in the liberal arts, and whose manners were distinguished for politeness and grace. Thomas Jefferson, like Benjamin Franklin, was the wrong man to insult, and England in the end paid dearly for her mistakes, as she had already suffered for her tyranny. The Autobiography ends at the opening years of the French Revolution, which are chronicled with care, and offer a valuable addition to the literature of that remarkable era. Thomas Jefferson came home, on leave of absence, late in 1789, an ardent well-wisher of the French patriots, a friend of France, to whom, as successor and follower of his revered Dr. Franklin, he considered that his own Nation owed almost its life. General Washington had been elected President, and practically commanded Jefferson to lay aside his foreign mission and accept the highest place in the Cabinet—the Secretaryship of State. This he was loath to do, and soon regretted the act. There were four Cabinet officers. Hamilton was Secretary of the Treasury; Knox, Secretary of War, and Edmund Randolph, Attorney General. Here begin the Annals of Jefferson, a brief series of memoranda left among his papers, perhaps the length of his Autobiography, extending to 1801, when he resigned from the Cabinet. In these notes he shows his alarm lest Alexander Hamilton turn the democracy then enjoyed into a monarchy.

These writings have filled the writers on the Federalist side with fury, and the descendants of the statesman criticised have typified "the venom of Thomas Jefferson" as the most fatal of resentments. Yet the Annals may be explored in their uttermost corner without discovering envy of Washington, desire of the private gain that public servants were sharing, or other aspersions than that a man ought not to be a Monarchist, and if he harbored such sentiments he could not be watched too closely, nor could too much evidence, even of hearsay character, be collected against him. In the Annals, that are so deeply maligned by interested writers, may be seen the very patriotic spectacle of Thomas Jefferson, incorruptible Democrat, watching over the Republic, and ready to sacrifice any personal interest whatever to the public good, as declared by the Nation on July 4, 1776.

No sooner had he entered the Cabinet, at New York, than he seemed to be in another world, as to the principles of liberty and equality which he had so long heard extolled. "I cannot describe the wonder and mortification with which the table conversations filled me. Politics were the chief topic, and a preference of Kingly over Republican Government was evidently the favorite sentiment. An apostate I could not be, nor yet a hypocrite, and I found myself for the most part, the only advocate on the Republican side of the question." "Hamilton's financial system had then passed. It had two objects—first, as a puzzle, to exclude popular understanding and inquiry; second, as a machine for the corruption of the Legislature; for he avowed the opinion that man could be governed by one of two motives only, force or interest; force, he observed, in this country, was out of the question, and the interest, therefore, of the

members, must be laid hold of, to keep the Legislature in unison with the executive. And with grief and shame it must be acknowledged that his machine was not without effect; that, even in this, the birth of our Government, some members were found sordid enough to bend their duty to their interests, and to look after personal rather than public good."

Thomas Jefferson opposed Hamilton's National Bank because it allowed a private corporation to hold grants of land; because aliens could be stockholders, and thus landlords; because this holding nullified the law of Descents; because its lands were beyond forfeiture and escheat; because chattels were to be transmitted in a certain line, contrary to common law; because it was a monopoly; because the States could not control the Bank, therefore it was paramount. He did not believe the States had delegated power to the Government to authorize any such private monopoly, to the prejudice of other citizens in the States. In rendering such an opinion to the President, he at the same time warned this officer, that if the constitutional arguments, pro and contra, hung balanced in his mind, he ought to sign rather than to cross the will of the legislative arm, as he considered the veto power only a guard against constitutional error the most manifest. The will of the people, right or wrong, was the only ultimate law that Thomas Jefferson fully respected—yet he did not really believe the body of the people were ever wholly wrong.

It was not long before Jefferson was sure General Washington was annoyed by the growth of etiquette, especially the formality of the levees, and he entered in his diary with satisfaction that the President did not appear to relish the kingly hints that were frequently poured into his ear. The conduct of General Washing-

ton, even under the preternaturally suspicious eye of Thomas Jefferson, does not offer the slightest subject of reproach.

It does not appear that either General Washington or Thomas Jefferson had foreseen how soon the Treasury Department would become the most potent part of the Government, dwarfing the importance of the other branches, and nothing could have disappointed Jefferson more. The rapid increment of political power in this region, with an excited speculation in "stocks" (Government obligations) at New York was the first disillusionment of the great Democrat. "As the doctrine is that a public debt is a public blessing, so they think a perpetual one is a perpetual blessing, and therefore wish to make it so large that we can never pay it off."

But Hamilton had outgeneraled Jefferson by ensnaring him in what is now known in politics as "a log-rolling deal." If Jefferson would bring to Hamilton votes enough to secure the national assumption of the debtor States' debts (to the prejudice of the creditor States), Hamilton in turn would carry over votes enough to pass the bill for the District of Columbia. This was done, and when it was accomplished, although Virginia might be gratified, it could no longer be said with exact truth that Thomas Jefferson was not a politician who, like Hamilton, could sacrifice nice points in carrying legislation. To this unwise though complacent arrangement, Jefferson attributed the rapid advancement in public estimation of the Secretary of the Treasury. As the gap widened and the two political parties formed, the newspapers teemed with articles, largely anonymous, criticising public men, and, at last, writers on Jefferson's side who had little width of view began to blame even the

President, evidently believing that he personally directed the proceedings of Hamilton—a thing far from the truth. As Jefferson was a Democrat, and warmly for France, Hamilton tactically or naturally took the English side, and to a man like Jefferson this could evoke only horror, contempt, and suspicion. When the nations declared war on France, Hamilton thought the United States ought to join England. The reader may obtain, in Jefferson's own words, a description of the interest which the Secretary of the Treasury took in the proper affairs of the Secretary of State. At a Cabinet meeting Jefferson produced the draft of messages to Congress on the relations of France and England. "Hamilton objected to the draft in toto; said that the contrast drawn between the conduct of France and England amounted to a declaration of war; he denied that France had ever done us favors; that it was mean for a Nation to acknowledge favors; that the dispositions of the people of this country toward France, he considered as a serious calamity; that the Executive ought not, by an echo of this language, to nourish that disposition in the people; that the offers in commerce made us by France, were the offspring of the moment, of circumstances which would not last, and it was wrong to receive as permanent, things merely temporary; that he could demonstrate that Great Britain showed us more favors than France." "Knox joined Hamilton in everything." Jefferson tried as well as he could to please Hamilton, but failed, and finally General Washington stood for that day with his Secretary of State against the three other Ministers, as duly recorded in that entry of the Annals. Hamilton wrote against Jefferson anonymously, after the fashion of the time, Jefferson preferring that others, especially the journal of a place-

holder named Freneau, should champion his cause. When Freneau, in his columns, unwisely attacked General Washington, so high was Jefferson's regard for free speech and free press, that he would not discharge Freneau from an office worth $250. On May 23, 1793, when the French Republic was out of favor through killing the King and the Girondists, Jefferson had an interview with General Washington, which tested his Democratic principles. The President did not like the use of the word "Republic" in Freneau's paper—he feared it meant government wholly by a Legislature of one House, which would degenerate into anarchy. He did not speak of the personal attacks on himself, but deplored the public tone of Freneau's article. Jefferson says of General Washington: "He was evidently sore and warm; and I took his intention to be that I should interpose in some way with Freneau—perhaps withdraw his appointment of translating clerk to my office. But I will not do it. His paper has saved our Constitution ["institutions" should here be understood], which was galloping fast into monarchy, and has been checked by no one means so powerfully as by that paper. It is well and universally known, that it has been that paper which has checked the career of the monocrats; and the President, not sensible of the designs of the party, has not, with his usual good sense and sang froid, looked on the efforts and effects of this free press, and seen that, though some bad things have passed through it to the public, yet the good have preponderated immensely."

The unhappy episode of Citizen Genet's arrival in America as Ambassador of Jacobin France, carrying the torch of Liberty, and inviting the people to throw off all orderly forms of government, has been touched upon in the article on George Washington. Jefferson, who had

apologized for nearly every act of the French Revolution, was compelled to demand the recall of Genet, and the British party in America seemed for a time certain to hurl the Nation into war with France. On this Jefferson desired to leave the Cabinet. His influence and ideas had not been paramount, but this seemed to be due to his own reluctance rather than to General Washington's inhibition, and the President deplored an abandonment of the portfolio. Jefferson had persuaded the President to accept a second term, and now the General regarded this defection as unfair, for he, equally with Jefferson, was displeased with recent aspects of public life, which were bitterly mingled with criticism. "I," says Jefferson, "expressed to him the particular uneasiness of my situation in this place, where the laws of society oblige me always to move exactly in the circle which I know to bear me peculiar hatred; that is to say, the wealthy aristocrats, the merchants connected closely with England, the new-created paper fortunes; that thus surrounded, my words were caught, multiplied, misconstrued, and even fabricated and spread abroad to my injury." His retirement, Jefferson told the President, would remove a potent cause of discord. But to this the President retorted that Hamilton wished to resign, too, but wanted Jefferson to wait for him a little, so they could go out together. Jefferson would not remain, and the burdens of the President were increased, for he was without party bias, other than that he desired to maintain the Constitution intact.

The interests hostile to Great Britain, friendly to France, and suspicious of Hamilton and the Treasury, at once secured an ideal leader when, at the close of 1793, Thomas Jefferson retired to Monticello. There he was to remain for three years. He plunged into the actual

business of farming, but continued, by constant letter-writing, to declare solemnly to his countrymen "the shameless corruption of a portion of the representatives to the First and Second Congresses, and their implicit devotion to the Treasury." He saw with regret his "countrymen groaning under the insults of Great Britain." He hoped that the wrath of the people of Europe would be kindled "against those who had dared to embroil them in such wickedness, and would bring at length Kings, nobles, and priests to the scaffold, which they have been so long deluging with human blood. I am still warm whenever I think of these scoundrels, though I do it as seldom as I can." He thought the denunciation of Democratic societies "one of the extraordinary acts of boldness, of which we have seen so many from the faction of monocrats." When General Washington attacked these societies in his message, Jefferson wrote that it was "wonderful, indeed, that the President should have permitted himself to be the organ of such an attack on the freedom of writing, printing, and publishing." He roundly denounced Jay's treaty with England, and was delighted to see the anger of the body of the people. The Democratic party had grown to such an extent, when General Washington refused a third term of the Presidency, that it controlled the votes of sixty-eight Electors, while the Federalists had only seventy-one, or at most less than eighty, on a more rigid showing than was made. As the voting arrangement was poor,* the proponents of John Adams, in securing to him the first place, lost the second to Jefferson—a matter that was of little importance save that it weakened the Federalist party in the end. John Adams, as President, came toward Jefferson in the early days of the

* This method was changed by the Twelfth Amendment

Administration of 1796, evidently hoping to succeed to the non-partisan eminence of General Washington, but soon withdrew, and never afterward counseled with the Vice-President, whose occupancy of a hybrid and anomalous office was as well-understood then as to-day. The Alien and Sedition laws,* of course, were abhorrent to Jefferson, who at once drew the insurrectionary "Kentucky resolutions;" those of Virginia were nearly as radical. In these views he was supported by Patrick Henry, Samuel Adams, and others of the great fathers of liberty. At the same time, while Hamilton was hurrying John Adams forward, that astute patriot flung off all restraint, righted himself before posterity, and made possible a reconciliation with France, our benefactor. This tore the Federalist party in twain, and Hamilton defeated the re-election of Adams. In the autumn of 1800 Jefferson and Burr won seventy-three Electors each, and the choice fell to the House of Representatives, to see which candidate should be President. After a violent strain on the then clumsy Constitution, Jefferson was named, Hamilton making it possible (greatly to his credit). The balloting lasted seven days. John Adams, outraged in every fiber of his being, appointed Federalists till midnight of March 3, 1801, and then took horse to escape from an atmosphere which for so many coming years was to be Democratic. Washington was dead. There was no other person for whose personal feelings Thomas Jefferson was willing to waive certain forms of Democracy which he desired to see established.

Dressed in plain clothes, he rode to the capital on horseback, without guard or servant, dismounted, and hitched his horse to the fence. To avoid the appearance

*See John Adams.

of the "King's speech," he sent his message in writing by a private hand. Court etiquette, the code of precedence, and the weekly levees were abolished. The President objected to the titles of Excellency, Honorable, and Mister. He was himself Thomas Jefferson, and nothing else. He declared the President to be of no higher rank than the Governors. "If it be possible," he said, "to be certainly conscious of anything, I am conscious of feeling no difference between writing to the highest and lowest being on earth." He would not send Ambassadors abroad in Government vessels. He would not permit the celebration of his birthday by a State ball. He would not appoint days of fasting or thanksgiving, holding that they were religious rites, and had nothing to do with government on the American plan. It had puzzled General Washington and John Adams to obtain Cabinet officers, and John Adams did not dare to attempt a change of his predecessors' advisers; but Thomas Jefferson found not the least difficulty in surrounding himself with men who fully indorsed his ideas. He appointed James Madison Secretary of State; Albert Gallatin, Secretary of the Treasury; Henry Dearborn, Secretary of War; Robert Smith, Secretary of the Navy; Gideon Granger, Postmaster-General; Levi Lincoln, Attorney-General. He pardoned the convicts under the tyrannical Alien and Sedition laws. He sent vessels to exterminate the pirates of the Barbary coast. The war between England and France placed America in a most lamentable position; from the time of Vergennes' death forward, it had seemed as if each Nation strove to outdo the other in its insults to the new power. In Congress Jefferson had a magnificent majority, led by John Randolph. It was thought best to sacrifice the interests of the northern seaports by an Embargo act,

refusing a clearance to our vessels, and preventing their departure for foreign ports. This law weighed heavily on Massachusetts, and there were many threats of secession. But Jefferson thought an Embargo less costly than war, and considered that little commerce could be carried on at best. England would make no treaty that did not leave to her the right of search, and the Federalists criticised Jefferson because he would not subserviently accept this national indignity.

The memorable act of Thomas Jefferson's Administration was the purchase of Louisiana. He had been secretly negotiating for the mouth of the Mississippi when Napoleon, suddenly confronted by his second war, offered to sell the vast tract for about 80,000,000 livres. Out of this region thirteen great States have since been carved. There was no warrant in the Constitution for such a purchase, but France would eventually lose the territory to Great Britain, and the navigation of the Mississippi would be open to hostile vessels. Believing he could rely on the people, Jefferson bought the territory, more than doubling the area of the Nation. His justificatory statement to the Nation was as follows: "The Constitution has made no provision for our holding foreign territory, still less for incorporating foreign nations into our Union. The Executive, in seizing the fugitive occurrence which so much advances the good of their country, have done an act beyond the Constitution. The Legislature, in casting behind them metaphysical subtleties, and risking themselves like faithful servants, must ratify and pay for it, and throw themselves on their country for doing for them, unauthorized, what we know they would have done for themselves had they been in a situation to do it."

At the end of four years he regretfully announced his

candidacy for a second term. He had against him the nearly unanimous voice of the ancient clergy, the bar, the financiers, the ancient families, and the Federalist editors. "The unbounded calumnies of the Federal party," he said, "have obliged me to throw myself on the verdict of my country for trial. They force my continuance. If we can keep the vessel of State as steadily on her course for another four years, my earthly purposes will be accomplished." He was re-elected by the astonishing vote of 162 to 14 Electors. Clinton was the Vice-Presdent. John Randolph, who had been his House leader, now turned in heated opposition, carrying ten members with him; Aaron Burr, who had been Vice-President, elected on the Democratic ticket, was arrested for treason, and diligently prosecuted by Jefferson; the discontent of the seaports increased, and the flattering aspects of the Administration soon changed to the more fretful proceedings of a partisan and sectional polity. For this sort of strife Jefferson no more than Washington had any taste. He longed for private life, and though five States requested him to serve a third term, he firmly rejected the proposal, offering instead the example of himself and General Washington as likely to supply a defect of the Constitution and preserve the Nation from the ambition of a would-be usurper. He was able to hand the leadership to his pupil, James Madison, and retired from office in 1809 with the knowledge that he had enlarged the Nation and reduced the debt. He had been in public office for nearly forty years. "To this day," says John T. Morse, an author who has written a book laboriously and artfully calculated to diminish Thomas Jefferson's glory, "the multitude cherish and revere his memory, and in so doing pay a just debt of gratitude to a friend who not only served

them, as many have done, but who honored and respected them, as very few have done."

There followed, in the life of this sage, seventeen years of old age at Monticello, during which time his beloved pupils were Presidents of the United States, and the Government was carried on, as he would have it, in the best interests of the masses. That trust which the great plain people had so confidingly reposed in the Father of His Country while he lived, was placed, with even a still warmer and keener affection, in Thomas Jefferson, and he remained till death the chief man in the Republic. He was literally eaten out of house and home, dying insolvent, although no creditor lost by his estate. In Randall's "Life of Jefferson," there is the following passage: "We had persons from abroad, from all the States of the Union, from every part of the State, men, women, and children. In short, almost every day for at least eight months of the year brought its contingent of guests. People of wealth, fashion, men in office, professional men, military and civil, lawyers, doctors, Protestant clergymen, Catholic priests, members of Congress, foreign ministers, missionaries, Indian agents, tourists, travelers, artists, strangers, friends. Some came from affection and respect, some from curiosity, some to give or receive advice or instruction, some from idleness, some because others set the example." "The crowds," says Morse, "actually invaded the house itself, and stood in the corridors to watch Jefferson pass from one room to another; they swarmed over the grounds and gaped at him as he walked beneath his trees or sat on his piazza. Though Jefferson sometimes fled for a few days of hiding at a distant farm, he appears wonderfully seldom to have been lacking in the patient benignity" which was ex-

pected and required of him. The housekeeper at times had to provide fifty beds. His estate rapidly dwindled under the enormous strain thus put upon it with the rules of Virginia hospitality; nor did Thomas Jefferson desire that an exemplary democrat should cease to be an object of popular admiration and curiosity. When his needs were made known, popular subscriptions were opened and private funds sent to him, which he gratefully accepted without misgivings. "No cent of this is wrung from the taxpayer," he said gratefully; "it is the pure and unsolicited offering of love." He wrote to Madison: "To myself you have been a pillar of support through life. Take care of me when dead."

His published letters, beginning with one to Dr. Small in 1775, number nearly 900, and offer one of the best treasuries of our early national history; but they are still more valuable as a continual and never-dying inspiration to men who aim to do justice to their political fellows, in order that each citizen, so far as lies within human ingenuity, may receive from the government equal blessings, and be burdened only with equal duties.

His health broke rapidly in the winter of 1826, his eighty-third year. In the middle of March he made his will and prepared the original draft of the Declaration of Independence for posterity. Later he read the Bible and the Greek tragedies. He expressed a desire, as he grew very feeble with old age, to survive till the 4th of July, and the friends around his dying bed awaited the dawn of that celebrated day with affectionate anxiety, seeming to burden themselves only with this sacred hope of the grandsire. His wish was gratified, but he had sunk very low, and expired at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, preceding John Adams but a few hours in his exit

from the stage of human events which they had both greatly distinguished.

The home at Monticello remains at this day a holy place to which devout democrats—by whatever party name they call themselves—resort, and make new pledges of their faith. The great apostle of liberty remains yet before us, simple and unmythical. There were no portents when he was born—no upheavals of nature when he died. His elevation and beatification have been the acts of love and gratitude in the lowly, who have none the less preserved their model as a fellow-man. Yet, take Thomas Jefferson, both by precept and example, and it is possible there will not, in the records of mankind, be found another person so strikingly worthy of the admiration of those who believe in equal rights for all and special privileges for none. He was proud of his kind and confident of its good intentions. He trusted his kind fondly and wisely. He was repaid by such a tribute of affection, and such an effort of the people to meet his ideals, that while the masses grew freer and more jealous of their rights, his fame steadily increased, thus alluring other leaders to follow his unselfish yet profitable example.

JAMES MADISON

1751—1836

FATHER OF THE CONSTITUTION

The essential part of the life-work of James Madison, although he was for two terms President of the United States, lay in the broad studies of organic government which he made when a young man, and the happy use to which he put his valuable knowledge when it came time to bind thirteen jealous and independent States together in a firmer Union than had been secured by the original articles of Confederation devised under the leadership of Samuel Adams. Madison is justly called "the Father of the Constitution." General Washington's thoughts were on war; Franklin, Jefferson and John Adams were busied with foreign relations or domestic statutes. Madison was able to propose a plan which, while it perpetuated slavery, at least held the free and the slave States together in a manner that protected them from foreign aggression.

It was the singular fortune of the principal framer of the Constitution to soon turn against the original upholders of his work. Logically, he should have remained a Federalist all his life. When his State became anti-Federalist, he, as the pupil of Jefferson, assumed the active leadership of the forces which Jefferson was able to array against Hamilton, and, later, against John Adams. When it came time, under Jefferson's triumphant doctrine, for the master to step aside, the pupil, as a reward for his fidelity to both prophet and

doctrine, was made President. In Madison's second term as President, a not very glorious war was carried on to a not very glorious peace; a Federalist Convention at Hartford took on an appearance very near to Secession, and the Democratic party itself was rent by a schism under Clinton. To the honor of James Madison, we cannot attribute his Constitution-making studies or labors to any cause other than his own genius for useful industry; no other statesman could claim even their suggestion. On these works, his fame as a Patriot Father securely rests.

James Madison was born March 16, 1751, at Port Conway, King George County, Virginia, while his mother was visiting her parents. His father was a planter, and dwelt on the estate called Montpellier, which afterward became the home also of the son, who was the first-born of seven children. James went to a school under the mastership of Donald Robertson, a learned Scotchman. The clergyman of the parish, the Rev. Thomas Martin, of New Jersey, was a member of the Madison family, and as tutor prepared James for Princeton College, to which he was doubtless recommended by the clerical gentleman. James entered Princeton at eighteen, and, by unusual and unhealthy application, compressed the studies of two years into one, taking an extra year in Hebrew. In 1771 he was given the degree of Bachelor of Arts and returned to the Rappahannock River broken in health and crippled in ambition. Theological studies had taken possession of his intellect, and, many years after Patrick Henry had forced the Virginia Resolves on the House of Burgesses, James Madison was more interested in religious controversies than in taxation without representation. In 1774 he wrote to William Bradford, Jr., of Philadelphia:

"But away with politics! . . . That diabolical, hell-conceived principle of persecution rages among some; and, to their eternal infamy, the clergy can furnish their quota of imps for such purposes. There are at this time, in the adjacent country not less than five or six well-meaning men in close jail for publishing their religious sentiments, which in the main are very orthodox." "If the Church of England had been the established and general religion in all the northern colonies, as it has been among us here, and uninterrupted harmony had prevailed throughout the continent, it is clear to me that slavery and subjection might and would have been gradually insinuated among us."

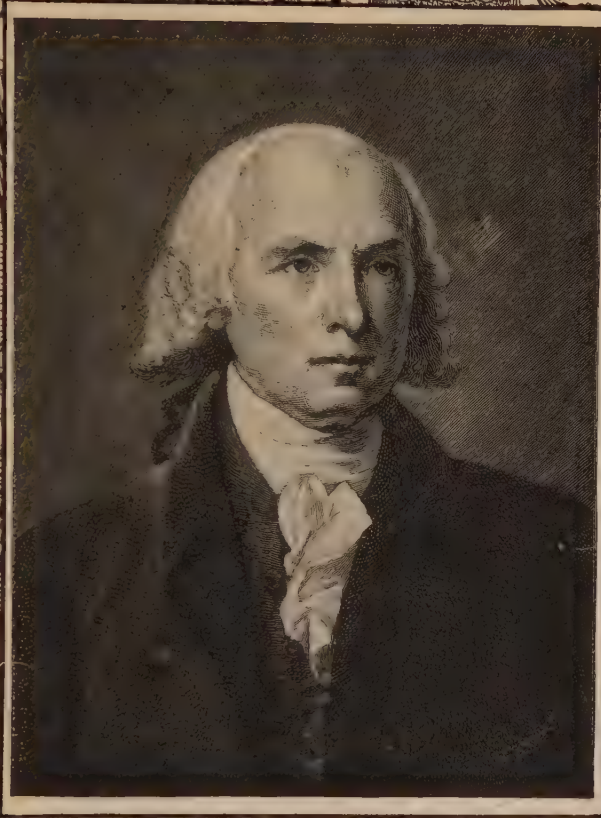
He may not at that time have seen that a secular life offered the means of uprooting the evils of bigotry, and as he was but twenty-three years old he had lost little time in monastic broodings. He soon became a member of the Committee of Public Safety for Orange County, and, a year later, its Chairman. But he regarded his election as a delegate to the Virginia Convention of 1776 as his first entrance into public life. Here Jefferson had become the dominating force. Beside ordering the Virginia delegates in Congress to vote for a Declaration of Independence, the home convention made a Bill of Rights and a Constitution. Into the Bill of Rights Madison entered religious freedom as a "right" and not a "privilege tolerated." He was elected to the first Assembly, but because he did not stand for office in the customary fashion, by "treating" and public solicitation at the market-place, he was defeated for the second Assembly. But already his fame as a learned man—for he could study twenty out of the twenty-four hours, even exceeding Jefferson's assiduousness—had recommended him to the Revolutionists, and they ap-

pointed him one of the State Senate, where for two years he took a prominent part, and was then sent as a delegate to the Congress of the Confederation at Philadelphia, where he arrived in 1780. There he found everything out of order for the lack of money. His plan would have been to apportion a levy of supplies upon the people, taking the needed things by force and leaving with the ex-proprietors an interest-bearing certificate. In this way he would stem the tide of a depreciating paper money. He would have suffered at Philadelphia but for the generosity of a patriotic Jew broker named Hayne Solomon, who lent him money and refused to make a business-matter of it, conceiving that Madison's services to the republic were of high value. "The price of money is so usurious," Madison wrote, "that Solomon thinks it ought to be extorted from none but those who aim at profitable speculations." A study of the inherent weakness of Congress, together with the lessons enforced by great personal inconvenience, caused Madison to look further—that is, toward some system of Federation that would cause the States, acting as a whole, to be able to confer on their representatives a respectable authority. He prepared an Address to the States, which was considered unusually able and valuable, asking that Congress be given the power to levy an import duty for the period of twenty-five years. His numerous references, in debate and by writing, to the schemes of government and administration that had found favor in other ages and administrations, drew attention to his learning in that direction, and he soon became recognized as an expert in organic law—a talent that daily grew in importance. Never did scholar and politician confront a more complex or unpromising problem. The Confederated States needed $3,000,000

a year, principally for interest on $40,000,000 owed. Through the nerveless arteries of the government as so far instituted, there was a flow of only $500,000—therefore bankruptcy, bad faith, and discredited agencies were matters of every day's experience, with cumulative disasters. As little could be accomplished by one man at Philadelphia, Madison, like Jefferson, determined to at least establish a working democracy in Virginia, and transferred the scene of his labors to the Legislature of that State, where the debt, the currency, slavery, and the commerce of the Chesapeake offered in miniature the questions which must at last come before the Nation, if there were to be one, as a result of the war. With a genius for self-government the Anglo-Saxon people settle questions only when the questions are desperately near, and then with compromises that destroy the symmetry of biography. Thus they escape troubles that never come, which doctrinaires cannot be said to do; but a severe usury is often paid on those troubles which have not been prepared for.

It may be that the solemn young statesman was driven away from Philadelphia by an adventure of misprized love. A handsome young woman repudiated the arrangements of her father with Madison, looking to her marriage, and from the tone of Jefferson's consolatory letter to his younger friend, it would seem that the beauty had cruelly ensnared an unwelcome lover's affections.

As a Virginian Madison now set out to give the other colonies examples of submission to the Union. It was here that such proffers must originate, for the Northern States considered that they had more valuable rights to cede, as they were trading communities. The



JAMES MADISON

Painting by Gilbert Stuart

effort to regulate commerce in Virginia, so that it could be taxed without a wasteful number of custom-houses, led to a conference between the Chesapeake States. This conference led to invitations to Delaware and Pennsylvania, and so rapidly did difficulties subside in the presence of men earnest for the general welfare, that it was soon a matter of discernment for a constitutional scholar like Madison to note that a meeting of the thirteen States might be expected to produce a practical compact. He therefore pushed through his own Legislature a call for a trade conference at Annapolis, in September, 1786. Nine States appointed delegates, five States met, and Alexander Hamilton wrote the Address to the States, beyond which action the convention did not deem it prudent to go. But this Address was fertile in good results. It called upon the States to accredit new delegates to a Convention which should meet at Philadelphia in May, 1787, "to devise such further provisions as shall appear to them necessary to render the Constitution of the Federal Government adequate to the exigencies of the Union." Virginia was the first to conform to this request, and General Washington and James Madison were among the delegates. Twelve States, all but Rhode Island, sent delegates.

Madison had wrought up the trade-port question till the Annapolis convention became feasible. New Jersey made the first broad conveyance of power to her delegates, and Hamilton seized the occasion with genius. Had the matter waited but a little longer, the two confederacies of 1861 would have been precipitated in 1787 or thereabouts, for the northern and southern interests were then as well marked as at any time during the existence of slavery. It was this institution that gave to

the Union such a complex machinery of government, and it was Madison's mechanical ability that was able to set that machinery in operation.

When the Convention met, the Quakers, with the dying Dr. Franklin for spokesman, presented memorials that demanded the extinction of slavery and expressed the repugnance of free people to a union with bondmen. The slaveholders were by no means unprepared with indignant replies. Nobody had disputed the fact that non-resistant Quakers were a poor reliance in time of war. If the South had its slaves, the North had its Quakers. "We take each other, with our mutual bad habits and respective evils, for better or for worse." The Quaker made up in continuous complaint for what he lacked in pugnacity, and to the fire-eaters of the South was a most unfraternal and undesirable colleague. "These people were meddling with what was none of their business, and exciting the slaves to insurrection. Yet the South had not required the assistance of Congress to exterminate the Quakers."

It cannot be said that Union was possible without the guarantee of slavery. The man (Madison) who made Union feasible was a slaveholder. The man (Jefferson) who was most determined there should be a democracy was also a slaveholder, and, though filled with humane solicitude for the unfortunate race, deemed it beyond the reach of self-government. The Quakers, who were then the insistent foes of slavery, would not on principle resist their own enslavement, believing that force settled no controversy.

How could thirteen sovereign States guarantee to each other an equal performance of duties for the common welfare, and give bond to fulfill the promise? Could they remain in all their equality as States? Mani-

festly not, and so far as that equality was preserved, the greatest wrong was done, for it might happen that a small State, by its two Senators, would defeat a law that was practically local to a State with ten times the population. Should the slaves be counted as population? If so, then the expenses of government should fall proportionally. But to secure power by population, white or black, and escape taxation by reason of the small white population, appeared to be necessary to the Southern States. On the other hand, the Northern delegates did not relish a slave element in the voting power of the South. Could Madison weave out of such warp and woof the web of a sound and powerful Nation? He thought he could do so. Being a slaveholder, and at the same time an organic law student, he set about the work with a will, and was powerfuly aided by two things. There was a man at hand—General Washington—fitted to be the President. There was a coadjutor present in Alexander Hamilton who not only demanded all the central authority that Madison wished to institute, but so much more that he, could he put his plan in operation, would erect an oligarchy of wealthy electors, who would choose a presiding officer with monarchical power over the Senate, the States, and their Governors. By the side of Hamilton's views, the centralization of Madison looked tame indeed, and left most of the liberties of the people untrenched upon. To accomplish this, however, being a slaveholder himself, he found it no less necessary (although personally satisfactory) to make terms with the slaveholding States that were agreeable to them and distasteful to the North. Pinckney, of South Carolina, went home and said to his constituents: "By this settlement we have secured an unlimited importation of negroes for twenty years; nor is it declared that the im-

portation shall be then stopped; it may be continued. We have a security that the general government can never emancipate them, for no such authority is granted. We have obtained a right to recover our slaves in whatever part of America they may take refuge, which is a right we had not before. In short, considering all circumstances, we have made the best terms for the security of this species of property it was in our power to make. We would have made better if we could; but, on the whole, I do not think them bad." It will be seen that what Madison indulgently called compromises were encroachments, but these were made necessary in order to secure majority rule in Congress, against which there was much question. "South Carolina and Georgia," says Madison, "were inflexible on the point of slaves." The Constitution begins with "We, the people." The State's rights advocates thought it ought to begin: "We, the States."

Madison's original plan for a Union was somewhat as follows: A House of Congress wherein the population was represented, rather than the States, with necessary modifications, so that the body should not be unwieldy and yet each State should have at least one representative; all general laws to be passed by Congress; a comparatively permanent Senate with power to veto all State laws; the Nation to have all the judiciary and troops; a national executive power (not named in detail); a ratification of the plan by the people at the polls. Madison deplored the mention of force as a compelling cause. The Convention sat with closed doors till September 17, 1787, and evolved, on the whole, a more democratic instrument than Madison's. More self-government was left to the States, both in their laws and their judges. The debates, apart from "the peculiar in-

stitution," evolved a new fabric, wherein the aristocratic features of the English government were omitted, and the rights of local government carried down as far as the town meeting, which was an adjustment to the New England form. Madison was at first disappointed—no better pleased than Hamilton. A little later, when he learned that Patrick Henry and Samuel Adams were almost up in arms against the compact, and that General Washington looked to him to support the Federalist contest in Virginia, he became ardent in his support, and asserted, in echo of General Washington's belief, that it would be the only opportunity offered to sign a Constitution other than in blood. When the Convention met in Virginia Patrick Henry made the only struggle in which he ever met defeat, and Madison led the Federalists. Brissot, a great French Girondist, leader of that party, who saw Madison then, describes him as eloquent and logical, but tired in manner. "His look announces a censor; his conversation discovers the man of learning; and his reserve is that of a man conscious of his talents and of his duties." Patrick Henry revenged himself on Madison by preventing his election to the new United States Senate, and gerrymandered the Congressional districts so that Madison was elected only after a struggle, freezing his ears in the campaign over a "shoestring district." It is a freak of fortune that "gerrymandering" is named for Gerry, who deplored it, and not after Henry, who invented it. During the years that the new Constitution was under fire, Madison joined with Hamilton and Jay in newspaper essays supporting the instrument, which finally were printed in a book called the Federalist. When Madison came in opposition to Patrick Henry, he separated himself from popular favor, a fact of which he seems to have been

deeply sensible, for as soon as the Constitution was safely adopted, he made rapidly over to the side of the question generally taken in Virginia, and in the House of Congress became the leader of the anti-Federalists against the national bank, assumption, and the method of paying the outstanding obligations of the confederacy. He prepared the first ten amendments to the Constitution, making that instrument tolerable to Patrick Henry. He offered twelve, but two failed of adoption by the States. In the matters that may be familiarly expressed as the case of the soldier vs. the speculator, he believed in paying the soldier, but events threw the money into the hands of the speculator despite his most earnest efforts to be more just. Mr. Gay in his "Life of Madison" says: "That the loss should remain chiefly with the soldiers of the Revolution, and the gain fall chiefly to those who were shrewd enough, or had the means to speculate in the public funds, was a lamentable fact; but to discriminate between them was not within the right of the Government. That he would have had it discriminate was creditable to Madison's heart; it was rather less creditable to his head." We are ready to aver in confutation of this criticism, that what is creditable to the heart is the best law, and that there is no just law not founded on plain common sense. The men who should have been cheated last, where cheating was thought to be necessary, were the soldiers, by whose blood and courage the Nation sprang into being. The men whose reward should have been most economically bestowed were those who had exemplified only the baser emotions of greed and the ignoble arts of cunning. We honor James Madison for his stand, though he had to change parties to get on that side of the controversy.

For ten years after the making of the Constitution

the history of Madison is essentially like that of Jefferson—active hostility to everything advocated or done by Hamilton as Secretary of the Treasury, with a slowly growing body of representatives in Congress coming in touch with him and resenting the means by which the Treasury measures were carried through the Houses. Hamilton wrote to Carrington: "I am convinced that Madison, coöperating with Mr. Jefferson, is at the head of a faction decidedly hostile to me and my administration, and actuated by views, in my judgment, subversive of the principles of good government, and dangerous to the union, peace, and happiness of the country." As the newspaper war waxed wordy, both Hamilton and Madison entered the lists, and Freneau's paper was hated by the Federalists as if it were the organ of Satan. In 1793, Giles, of Virginia, moved a House attack on Hamilton, demanding an investigation, but the resolutions, still in the archives twenty-five years later, were in Madison's hand. Madison and Jefferson took a journey together to New York, and, both being farmers, the Federalists said they went "sowing tares." Fisher Ames wrote: "Madison is become a desperate party leader, and I am not sure of his stopping at any ordinary point of extremity." But Hamilton, too, was a foe to beware of. To cripple the French interests and anger France, he refused to pay American debts to the de facto Government. If the Federalists must have war, they wished to have it with France; if the Democrats must have war, they could see no patriotic reason why it should not be with England. These feelings engendered bitter personal hatreds. When the President made the ignoble treaty with England—the best terms England would vouchsafe—the Democrats in the House strove to coerce him into its nullification, but

failed. "The progress of this business throughout," Madison wrote to Jefferson, "has been to me the most worrying and vexatious that I ever encountered." The reception of James Monroe at Paris was a crumb of comfort, but his recall and attempted disgrace by the Federalists increased the hostility of the Democrats toward the circle toward whom General Washington leaned for advice. Madison left the House when General Washington laid down the Presidency. He was the acknowledged leader of a rapidly-growing party of opposition. About this time he married a widow, Dorothea Payne Todd (the daughter of a Quaker), who was only twenty-six. She became the "Dolly Madison" celebrated in the annals of the White House, as one of the most famous of its mistresses. She survived her husband thirteen years, and her bust, after she had arrived at more than mature years, is familiar in the engravings of to-day. Mr. Madison built a new house at Montpellier, and Jefferson and Monroe personally aided him in getting things set to rights.

When John Adams had become well-enmeshed in unpopularity, by the passage of the Alien and Sedition laws, Jefferson and Madison let loose the Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions. Madison wrote the protest of Virginia, which declared that these laws were an infraction of the Constitution—a deliberate, palpable, and dangerous exercise of unwarranted power; that Virginia declared these laws utterly null, void, and of no effect, and invited other States to join her in this action." This action returned to plague him in the days of Calhoun's nullification, for the South Carolinians could see no difference in the conditions.

When Jefferson became President he at once called Madison to be Secretary of State, and here the lieuten-

ant passed eight cheerful and easy years, safe under the shadow of a master, with an increasing popularity registering on all political doctrines for which he stood. He continued to write, his most important paper being the mistily-named "Examination of the British Doctrine which subjects to capture a neutral trade not open in time of peace." Napoleon's decrees of Berlin and Milan, denying to all other nations the right to buy English goods, and England's rigorous exercise of her assumed right of search on our vessels, gave Jefferson plenty of food for fire-eaters. But of this the wise man partook sparingly, leaving the feast of glory to his pupil, who, in 1809, was made, in Randolph's phrase, "the second King of the second dynasty," becoming fourth President of the United States by a large majority. Madison, as President, induced Erskine, English Minister, to agree to a fair treaty that was at once repudiated at London. The anti-English party that had followed Jefferson docilely began to push its own course upon Madison, and, as the price of reëlection, he was forced to declare war on Great Britain, a course amply justified by all considerations save the one of prudence, which had alone withheld Jefferson.

The War of 1812 developed the fact that Madison was a poor war-President. Hostilities began on the Canadian frontier; Detroit was surrendered and Michigan lost; Buffalo was burned. In August, 1814, Admiral Cockburn landed at Washington and burned some part of it, chasing the President and Dolly Madison away from a fine dinner, served hot and smoking. Ben Harrison retrieved Michigan and General Jackson chased the British out of New Orleans, with a glorious battle, after the treaty of peace had been signed at Ghent, whereby the honor of American arms might, on

the whole, be held to be undimmed; but peace to America came only as an incident in the downfall of Napoleon Bonaparte, and all the wrongs remained unredressed, and all the arrogations of the English unquestioned. Our peace commissioners were instructed to say nothing whatever of the right of search.

An ugly episode of the war had been the secret Federalist Hartford Convention, called to protest against hostilities, whose members were ever afterward visited with popular contempt. The peace came at a moment that painfully revealed their poltroonery.

In April, 1817, a new national bank, with a capital of $35,000,000, only one-fifth owned by the Government, was chartered. A slightly protective tariff was placed on the statute-book. Thus by these whirligigs of politics, the Federalists might now bewail the "corrupt squadrons" and the Treasury power as gloomily (but not so eloquently, because they had no Jefferson) as when in former years the master of Monticello wrote letters to him of Montpellier. In less than twenty years the Democratic party was doing precisely those things which it had most abhorred in Alexander Hamilton. If he were right, they at least became the patient if somewhat heavy imitators of his genius. The fortunate ending of an unwise war gave to the closing years of Mr. Madison's Administration a relief from partisan rancor and more serious disturbance. He retired to Montpellier in 1817, and the succession was given to James Monroe, according to the plans of Thomas Jefferson, entered on years before. Josiah Quincy called Madison and Monroe James I and James II.

For nearly twenty years Mr. Madison lived in high honor at Montpellier, a planter who lost interest in neither history nor government. He was justly con-

sidered as the only great authority on the Constitution, and succeeding statesmen strove, with his interpretation of its meaning, to keep within the scope of its provisions. In retirement the great stores of his learning came into play to sustain his reputation as the chief of the original fathers surviving. His private character was spotless. His manner, somewhat severe in youth, seems to have softened with continued success, and he became a fine story-teller. In courteous personal treatment of political adversaries he excelled. "I never," says Paul Jennings, his slave and body-servant, "saw him in a passion, and never knew him to strike a slave, though he had over a hundred; neither would he allow an overseer to do it." He never even rebuked a slave before others. "I do not think he drank a quart of brandy in his whole life. He took a single glass of Madeira at dinner, but during the last fifteen years of his life he did not touch intoxicating liquors." He was an advocate of greater opportunities and rights for women, and an effective friend of public education. On his dying bed he exhibited the good nature which had been the most admirable characteristic of his maturer years and punned on the word "lie" as he sank weakly back upon his pillow. The whole Nation mourned in his last days, and he died full of honors June 28, 1836, and was buried at Montpellier. "Mr. Madison," said the faithful slave who attended him, "was, I think, one of the best men who ever lived."

ALEXANDER HAMILTON

1757—1804

FOUNDER OF THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT

As Madison and Monroe are best considered when viewed as protegés of Jefferson, so Alexander Hamilton should be grouped with Washington. In Hamilton's well-cut and intelligent features General Washington saw a lieutenant whom he loved and trusted, on whom he could lean with confidence. And it is possible that the people, deeming the Chief to be above criticism, dealt out a double portion to the active and powerful Minister who shrank so rarely from animadversion and dealt as heavy blows on his enemies as he received from them. It is possible that Hamilton is still praised too highly by one class of thinkers, and denounced unjustly by another.

Alexander Hamilton was born obscurely on the very small English island of Nevis, near St. Christopher's, in the West Indies, January 11, 1757. Unaided by fortune or birth, a stranger in a strange land, practically murdered by Aaron Burr at the early age of forty-six, he was still able, by virtue of a handsome exterior and astonishing mental gifts, to take his place second in the counsels of the early Republic, dooming to temporary obscurity intellects no less magnificent than Jefferson's. Around the memory of Hamilton there has massed a great political movement and solidarity, with populous societies taking his name, treasuring his monuments, and extolling his theories. He represented the proud State of

New York at a time when any champion from that region would have gathered the suspicion of Virginia, for the interests of a colonial plantation, on the one hand, and a colonial market-place, on the other, were essentially hostile. The transfer of a stock-market from Amsterdam and Lombard Court to the coffee-houses of Wall street, with the "paper fortunes" following on the promotion of a new Nation, were causes of deep jealousy in Virginia. It should be said, too, in justification of Hamilton, that what his political adversaries most bitterly opposed in his acts—the institution of a national bank and the exercise of the power of the Treasury to collect duties on imports—they themselves were forced, at a later date, to accept as necessary policies.

Denunciation of Tories during the Revolution had exercised men well in invective, and personal feeling was more marked before political parties were formed than afterward. Although no other man of the times falls so heavily under the ban of Jefferson's ill-will, still Hamilton seems withal to be the best-praised stateman of that era. Orators have exhausted their eloquence upon him. "He," said Daniel Webster, "smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue burst forth. He touched the dead corpse of public credit, and it sprang upon its feet."

Alexander Hamilton, a lad of fifteen, remarkable for his precocity, arrived at Boston in October, 1772, and went thence to New York, where he was put in a suburban grammar school, friends having interested themselves in his education. He then entered King's College. His dark skin proclaimed a tropical birth and he was called "the young West Indian." In 1774 he visited Boston, where he gathered his first ideas of "sedition"—for New York was a Tory town. The op-

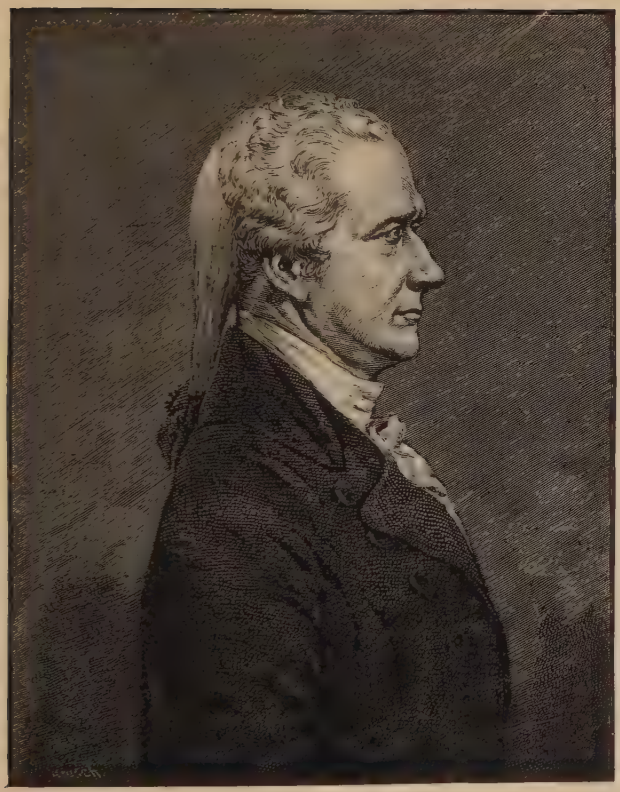
ponents of the English policy in New York were of the poorer classes, and Hamilton first attended their meeting in the fields July 6, 1774, where he made bold to ascend their rostrum and inform the multitude as to what was taking place at Faneuil Hall and in the Old South Church of Boston. In the autumn of that year the lad published several patriotic pamphlets and became a voluminous contributor to the press, with the idea of forcing New York into the Continental Congress. When the war began at Boston, the student, like Monroe at the Williamsburg College, joined a military company of patriots, and was the hero of a number of exploits that reflected credit on his courage, dignity, and humanity. In 1776 the New York Convention gave him permission to raise a military company of his own, and the captain drilled his men so well that he rose to the favorable notice of General Greene, who, in turn, introduced him to General Washington. So bravely did Captain Hamilton deport himself during the continuous retreats of the patriot army, and so marked was his facility as a writer, that General Washington appointed him one of his aides, with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, March 1, 1777, when he was barely twenty years old. He now took charge of Washington's correspondence, and for years filled the arduous, and, as he believed, not sufficiently glorious post of military secretary. After the great success of General Gates at Saratoga Colonel Hamilton was sent north to persuade or command General Gates to detach some of his troops for the succor of the main army, and succeeded. He was on other occasions a trusted messenger and envoy of Washington. When Major Andrè fell into the toils that sometimes close around a spy, Colonel Hamilton exerted himself to save the unfortunate man.

On February 16, 1781, General Washington sent for Colonel Hamilton to come to him, and, believing that his aide had not hastened, rebuked him for a lack of respect to his commander. "I am not conscious of it, sir; but since you have thought it, we part." General Washington strove to quiet the young man's resentment, and ever looked upon him with most favoring eye. It is said that all the army officers who were friendly to Washington, particularly the French, were unequivocally fond of Hamilton. Doubtless the young Colonel desired a command rather than a clerkship, and, his withdrawal secured it, for in the seventh year of the war he was in the army again as a General, and at Yorktown was given charge of the assault on one of the redoubts. He went forward impetuously at the head of his men and had possession in less than ten minutes of gallant fighting. The French were not so expeditious, and the honors of the day went to Hamilton, thus contributing greatly to his standing in Revolutionary councils.

After his retirement from the army, he was the author of several striking treatises looking to a correction of the evils from which he had seen the patriot army suffer so cruelly. "We must have a government of more power," he wrote. "We must have a tax in kind. We must have a foreign loan. We must have a bank on the true principles of a bank. We must have an Administration distinct from Congress, and in the hands of single men under their orders."

While he was General Washington's aide, Hamilton married General Schuyler's daughter Elizabeth, and at the close of the war had for his fortune wife, child, arrears-of-pay, and ambition. He made a preparation for the bar almost as hasty as that of Patrick Henry, and

was admitted to practice at New York in the summer of 1782. At the same time his friend Robert Morris appointed him Federal Tax Collector at New York. Hamilton next attended the Legislature at Poughkeepsie, argued, lobbied, pleaded, and did all he could to sweep away the nerveless forms of public business, but with little success at the time. The Legislature, however, appointed him a member of Congress, and he resigned his Collectorship. In the Congress of 1782 he met Madison, his great parliamentary antagonist. Through that year and into 1783 he labored, as he had always done, to bring the country to a sense of its indebtedness to the army, but the Rhode Islanders and others could not see their way clear to allow a general or continental procedure and were inclined to choose repudiation. General Washington calmed the army, and doubtless moderated the sentiments of his young admirer. McHenry wrote to Hamilton that if he (Hamilton) were ten years older and twenty thousand pounds richer Congress would have believed all his advice good. The young Congressman retired defeated at every point, and attributed his lack of success to the existence of thirteen democracies that could not long survive under the strain of their local jealousies, injustices, and ingratitudes, as expressed toward the gallant army that had shed its blood so copiously for them. In the practice of his profession at New York he took the case of a Tory who had been sued for damages inflicted under the British occupation of New York. The patriots were all on the side of the plaintiff, whom Hamilton defeated. The Legislature and the people were very angry, and Hamilton, in taking the English side of the construction of the treaty of peace, further alienated himself from the favor of the masses, for whose opinion



ALEXANDER HAMILTON

he evidenced growing indifference. He next provoked criticism by aiding the formation of the Society of the Cincinnati, whose members were to perpetuate their association by inheritance in the first-born male descendants. Yet while separating himself further and further from the affections of the masses, Hamilton was not the less busy with thoughts of getting the Nation together into coherent form. He first tried a State bank. When Madison left Congress to see what he could do in one State alone, he found Maryland surprisingly ready to debate the same questions of commercial taxation that were pressing. The first meeting led to a larger one. Then the Annapolis Convention was formally called, and to this Alexander Hamilton came, full of hope and fertile with plans to set up a stable central authority. It was he who wrote the Address of that rump convention—for only five States sat—and that Address proved to be the formal call for the Constitutional Convention of the United States of America—the only one ever held by this Nation. Therefore it cannot be amiss, by way of emphasis, to repeat that Alexander Hamilton wrote the call for the Constitutional Convention, and that it was the outcome of all his hopes for many years.

Hamilton then entered the Legislature of New York, where he was again defeated at every point in his attempt to subserve the government, or any part of the government, of New York to the Nation. When it came to the appointment of delegates to the Constitutional Convention, only three were chosen, and although Hamilton was included in the small delegation, his voice was lost through the association with him of Yates and Lansing, who were sure to vote against him. The course of the New York Legislature, however, had given the last blow to the old Confederation of Samuel

Adams, and there was no central bureau toward whom a majority of the States looked with respect or from whose officers they received directions without ridicule.

Twelve States met at Philadelphia, with General Washington sitting in the chair and giving continental dignity to the deliberations. Hamilton made a speech of six hours, early in the Convention, and then, as he was certain to be outvoted as one of the three delegates from his State, he absented himself much of the time from the sessions. He took the British institutions of King, Lords, and Commons, as "the best models in existence." He boldly outlined his plan, so that there could be no mistake as to his meaning. He desired to effectually cripple the power of the States and "establish an aristocratic Republic as distiguished from a democratic Republic." A certain amount of property should entitle an elector to vote for President and Senators, who were "to hold office during good behavior." The President was to appoint the Governors, and they were to wield a veto-power over all legislation. This was a duplication of the Engish monarchy, with the omission of a few details that must follow. The Senatorial rank would supply the nobility and the electoral franchise would carry with it the advantages of an aristocracy. Hamilton's plan served as the tentative proposition of the ultra-conservatives; had they started nearer to the base-line of democracy, they would have been compelled to concede more than they did. As it was, their President, with his vast appointive power, reëligible for life, seemed a veritable monarch to Samuel Adams, Patrick Henry, and James Monroe. Hamilton's Constitutional labors lay in writing the call; in laying down the extreme proposals of the "monocrats," as they were then called, and in his return to New York and valiant service as an advocate

of the Constitution that had passed the Convention, New York State being averse to its acceptance, or, in fact, to entrance into any Union. "Publius" was Hamilton's pen-name, and his articles in the Federalist were hailed with enthusiasm by all who were under the influence of General Washington. Despite the opposition of Governor Clinton, a Constitutional Convention for New York (to debate the proposed federal instrument) was called, but Clinton was its President, with 46 out of 65 votes. "Two-thirds of the convention and four-sevenths of the people are against us," wrote Hamilton. Yet so masterly was his leadership of the minority of nineteen with which he entered the body, that he came out of it with a majority of three, and the State signed the Constitution. The Commonwealth could not then foresee the leading position it was to have in the Great Republic. This was the last parliamentary contest of magnitude which Hamilton personally led. It was a victory which has filled his eulogists with justifiable pride. He was elected to Congress, and carried to Philadelphia tidings which gave his patron, General Washington, no ordinary satisfaction. But he was soon defeated at many other points. He could not prevent the ten amendments demanded by Patrick Henry, and he could not withstand the power of Clinton in New York, who took him out of Congress. In urging the interests of the Schuyler family, he would make no terms with the Livingstons, demanding too much, and thus he finally lost influence in the United States Senate, for, though he was able to at first control both the Senators and secure Federalists (that is, supporters of the Constitution), he alienated the Livingstons and raised up Burr against him. This Burr, in the end, was to avenge his own defeat by the murder of his political vanquisher.

When Congress next met, there was a President of the United States. But it was early in the autumn before there was a law for a Treasury Department. Hamilton, at thirty-two, was chosen for this office, with a salary of only $3,500 a year. His financial expectations at the bar were very great, and these he was called upon to renounce. Congress at once asked him to report, and he did report, upon the public credit; on the collection of the revenue, including the construction of revenue cutters; on estimated income and expenditure; on the regulation of the thirteen currencies; on navigation laws and coasting trade, with a bill properly drafted; on West Point academy; on public lands; on the post office, with a new bill; on government claims. He therefore impressed the nation-makers with the feeling that he was the only man with inventive ideas, and he soon gave the country plenty to think about. His main point was to get rich men to invest their money in the Government, and when it became evident that this was sure to be done, an enormous speculation set in in government paper of all kinds. Under the tonic which he administered to the national credit, those who had parted with their certificates had the unhappiness to see the scrip-buyers realizing undreamed-of profits, and among the chief sufferers were the very soldiers whom Hamilton had striven all his life to see paid. There was about fifty-four millions of public debt and twenty-five millions of State debts. Revenues must be raised on tea, wines, and spirits, and an excise tax must be levied. To get the rich men interested in the public debt, Hamilton offered them the tempting bait of a so-called national bank, which was to be of private ownership and profit. To quiet the State debts, which were outstanding specters, always likely to frighten away credit, the

Nation must assume them, an act very satisfactory to debtor-States, and equally unjust to creditor-States. This could be done only by "log-rolling" with Jefferson, and giving him the Capital for Virginia soil. Hamilton's was a truly enthusiastic nature. He was ready to borrow money on his own credit in order to establish the feeble Treasury which was to become the richest public chest in the world; he was glad to labor with prodigious activity and speed to satisfy Congress; he was not averse to any accommodation which would withdraw opposition to his plans, for he thought he saw that without him the confederation would again fall into contempt. But for the fact that the very things he wanted to do had been ordained, he would again have been outvoted, but his time had come. General Washington had no option but to support his Secretary. Any other course would have been a nullification of the Federal-compact, for Hamilton's Treasury Department was all there could be seen of a real central Government, and its surprising success as an inspiration to investors was the first real encouragement the new Nation had by itself ever received outside of France. He next established a mint with the double standard, following the example of all the European nations. He made a report on manufactures which the protectionists are to-day tempted to regard as containing the kernel of their doctrine. When he had funded the Revolutionary debt into short-time bonds at high interest and long-time bonds at low interest, and when he had aroused the spirit of gain in the bankers of Europe and at home, he had in fact established at the National Capital an authority that could arm and clothe enough soldiers to guarantee self-protection; for experience had proved that a poor Nation could not be as warlike as it would be if

enriched, with hundreds of millions of cash at its disposal.

It is possible that he injured his political prospects by interposing his will at the State Department. While Washington followed the English policy which Hamilton so much desired, Virginia and the Massachusetts town meetings were alienated and Thomas Jefferson was put on the defensive. When Jefferson retired from Washington's Cabinet the Chief was able to see that Hamilton's policy had not increased the number of the administration's friends. When the stock speculation collapsed, the reaction was sufficient to cast obloquy for a time on the great financial work accomplished by the Secretary. Over the Cabinet as rearranged Hamilton held undisputed sway, and when he retired to his great law practice at New York he was still the counselor on whom John Adams' Cabinet Ministers, who had held over, sought advice instead of seeking to obey the President. When General Washington was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Provisional Army he sought to make General Hamilton his senior Major General, but by this time Jefferson's forces were so well aligned that Hamilton was given the junior position. War did not come on, but the incident filled Hamilton with fury, and it is alleged, on no very convincing evidence, that Hamilton "knifed" the second election of John Adams, and relegated the old patriot to private life as the penalty of not advancing the ex-Secretary's interests. When the election of Jefferson and Burr was thrown into the House, under the crude electoral system then in operation, it was Hamilton who absented Federalists enough to elect Jefferson, thus defeating the hopes of Burr, and in Burr's opinion betraying the interests of New York.

Hamilton lived at Washington Heights, now the corner of One Hundred and Forty-fifth street and Tenth avenue, New York City. The house, still standing, is a large frame structure with tall wooden columns. At the southeast corner are thirteen tall trees, planted by Hamilton to represent the thirteen States.

On the 4th of July, 1801, Philip Hamilton, a lad of eighteen years old, eldest son of the General, heard G. J. Eaker deliver an oration in which he spoke disparagingly of General Hamilton. A short time afterward a personal affray resulted and a young friend of young Hamilton fought a bloodless duel with Eaker. On this young Hamilton challenged Eaker, and the principals met January 10, 1802, at Weehawken, N. J., where Eaker killed young Hamilton. General Hamilton, hurrying to prevent this tragedy, fainted on the way. That the father should fall fatally wounded on this very spot under the Weehawken ledge has evoked for the widow and mother the tenderest sympathies of mankind.

Both Hamilton and Burr were deeply disappointed men who did not quietly submit to misfortune. When Jefferson was at the crest of success, General Hamilton wrote, February 27, 1802, to Gouverneur Morris: "Mine is an odd destiny. Perhaps no man in the United States has sacrificed or done more for the present Constitution than myself; and contrary to all my anticipations of its fate, as you know, from the beginning. I am still laboring to prop the frail and worthless fabric. Yet I have the murmurs of its friends no less than the curses of its foes for my reward. What can I do better than withdraw from the scene? Every day proves to me more and more that this American world was not made for me."

Aaron Burr, on his side, had many causes to hate General Hamilton. Beside the Presidential election, Hamilton had prevented Burr's appointment to a foreign mission. Then Burr stood for election as Governor of New York, but through Hamilton's interference Lewis, a Democratic rival of Burr, was elected. For fourteen years Hamilton had assailed Burr with all the bitterness of his nature. Both were now out of office—one was ex-Vice-President, the other ex-Secretary of the Treasury. Both were extremely ambitious, but Hamilton could not be President under the Constitution, being foreign-born. It is to be wondered at that Burr did not assail Jefferson rather than Hamilton, for Jefferson also regarded him with deep suspicion. Hamilton wrote of Burr as early as 1792: "Burr's integrity as an individual is not unimpeached. As a public man he is one of the worst sort—a friend to nothing but as suits his interest and ambition. Determined to climb to the highest honors of the State, and as much higher as circumstances may permit, he cares nothing about the means of effecting his purpose. 'Tis evident that he aims at putting himself at the head of what he calls the popular party as affording the best tools for an ambitious man to work with. Secretly turning liberty into ridicule, he knows as well as most men how to make use of the name. In a word, if we have an embryo Cæsar in the United States, 'tis Burr."

It would seem that Hamilton, by a reiteration of these sentiments, had come to think that they were safe. And it seems that but for the intermeddling of one Dr. Charles D. Cooper, Burr might not have thought his honor as a fighting man had been put in jeopardy. At last Hamilton, in the presence of this Dr. Cooper, declared that "he looked on Mr. Burr as a dangerous

man, and one who ought not to be trusted with the reins of government."

This statement of Dr. Cooper, coupled with other matters of a striking intermeddling and tell-tale character, was published in a newspaper, whereupon, on June 18, 1804, Colonel Burr sent to General Hamilton by hand of W. P. Van Ness, a note as follows:

"Sir: I send for your perusal a letter signed Charles D. Cooper which, though apparently published some time ago, but very recently come to my knowledge. Mr. Van Ness, who does me the favor to deliver this, will point out to you that clause of the letter to which I particularly request your attention.

"You must perceive, sir, the necessity of a prompt and unqualified acknowledgement or denial of the use of any expression which would warrant the assertions of Dr. Cooper."

Mr. Van Ness pointed out to General Hamilton a clause by Dr. Cooper which read: "I could detail to you a still more despicable opinion which General Hamilton has expressed of Mr. Burr."

General Hamilton replied in a verbose note two days later. He did not consider the charge that he had expressed "a still more despicable opinion" as being sufficiently definite.

On the 21st Colonel Burr again addressed General Hamilton. Colonel Burr had found in the answer "nothing of that sincerity and delicacy" which Hamilton "professed to value." "The calumny had now first been disclosed" and "the effect was present and palpable." Colonel Burr required a definite reply.

General Hamilton's rejoinder was once more evasive, but this time brief. It was evident that he desired to avoid either a battle or an apology. The correspond-

ence was then assumed by seconds—Van Ness for Burr, and Pendleton for Hamilton—each writing a somewhat wordy epistle. With that of Van Ness was inclosed the formal challenge. This letter of explanation or justification by Burr repudiated Hamilton's charge of "predetermined hostility." It alleged "secret whispers and slanders publicly uttered." Colonel Burr, it said, felt "as a gentleman should feel when his honor is impeached or assailed." He was "without sensations of hostility or wishes of revenge," but he was "determined to vindicate his honor at such hazard as the nature of the case demanded."

Mr. Pendleton, having accepted the challenge, prepared another paper looking to an accommodation if Colonel Burr would retreat without an apology, but Mr. Van Ness would not receive it. The seconds were desirous of attaching the blame each to the other party. July 11th was fixed for the "interview."

July 5th General Hamilton wrote a letter for his wife, and on the 9th executed his will. On the 10th he prepared a general statement, which was to immortalize him and condemn Burr to infamy. It seemed as if, brought face to face with the penalty of his unlicensed temper, General Hamilton had thrown off all the impetuosity of youth. In the paper he stated that he was "certainly desirous of avoiding this interview for the most cogent of reasons." (1)* Moral and religious principles, and law-breaking; (2) Wife and children; (3) Creditors; (4) He was conscious of no ill-will to Colonel Burr; (5) He would hazard much to gain nothing; (6) He had held a low opinion of Colonel Burr; (7) A "judicious and moderate friend" could see no escape; (8) General Hamilton felt he had gone too far

*Major Ben. C. Truman, The Field of Honor, Chap. 17.

toward a reconciliation; (9) He expressed a repugnance to the act of killing Burr, and meant to reserve his fire; Lastly, in order to be useful, he accepted the challenge, because he thereby conserved his honor. "The ability to be in future useful, whether in resisting mischief or effecting good, in those crises of our public affairs which seem likely to happen would probably be inseparable from a conformity with public prejudice in this particular."

At daylight of July 11, 1804, Colonel Burr and Van Ness arrived first at the duelling-ground, by appointment; then came General Hamilton, Pendleton, and Dr. Hosack, surgeon. The parties exchanged salutations. By lot, position and word both fell to Hamilton's second. The large pistols were loaded and the distance of ten paces measured. The second giving the word asked: "Are you ready?" The answer was "Yes." He cried, "Present!" and, by agreement, the two pistols were fired. General Hamilton almost instantly fell. Burr advanced, evidently to express his regret, but his second, fearing a recognition by the surgeon and approaching boatmen, hurried him off to the boat. The surgeon and Pendleton raised General Hamilton to a sitting posture, and he said: "This is a mortal wound," swooning away. As he was carried to the river-bank he said: "My vision is indistinct." He was found to be mortally wounded in the side. The house was not far away, but the wounded man suffered intensely on the journey, and confronted the distress of a wife and seven children on arrival. He was undressed and put in a dark room, and given heavy anodynes, to lessen his pain. The surgeons of the French frigates and the eminent medical men of the city all hastened to the stricken home, but it was deemed unwise to increase the sufferings of

a dying man. When he was able to speak he continually cried: "My beloved wife and children!" When his seven children were brought to the bedside, he shut his eyes that he might dull the sharpness of his emotions. "As a proof of his extraordinary composure of mind," says the surgeon, "let me add that he alone could calm the frantic grief of their mother. 'Remember, my Eliza, you are a Christian!' were the expressions with which he frequently, with a firm voice, but in a pathetic and impressive manner, addressed her. His words, and the tone in which they were uttered, will never be effaced from my memory. At about 2 o'clock, as the public well know, he expired."

The funeral of General Hamilton took place with procession and imposing ceremonies, Saturday, July 14th. A platform was built in front of Trinity Church, Broadway, and Gouverneur Morris delivered the funeral oration to a vast concourse of grief-stricken people. Great multitudes had thronged to the city, and "the Nation seemed paralyzed with horror." Those who saw both obsequies and the grief of the people, likened the public manifestations at Hamilton's death to those at Lincoln's. Resentment against Burr was universal. He was disfranchised in New York and indicted for murder in New Jersey. The Society of the Cincinnati took a stand against dueling. Burr fled for his life, but in England told Jeremy Bentham that he was sure he could kill him (Hamilton). He was afterward tried for treason, but acquitted, yet he had lived to justify Hamilton's allegation that he was a dangerous demagogue. He died very old and poor on Staten Island in 1836. The unfortunate Mrs. Hamilton, doubly a victim of "the code," lived no less than fifty years more, dying in 1854 at ninety-seven.

Alexander Hamilton was buried in the churchyard of Trinity. The corporation erected a monument over his grave, which fell into decay with age, and was restored by Alexander Hamilton, grandson, some years ago, by permission of the corporation.

The two dueling pistols of that fatal morning are preserved by a descendant of General Hamilton at Rochester, N. Y. The one that was fired by Burr is marked by a cross filed on the lower part of the barrel. They are sixteen inches long and formidable weapons, heavily and elegantly mounted with brass at great expense. They have flint-locks, but the flints are cut with the precision of the face of a diamond. The bullet to be fired was very large—fifty-six caliber. There were sights. It is certain that "the code" of those days was intolerant of bloodless duels.

We have been at pains to sketch the main details of this event, because it is one of the three great tragedies in American statesmanship, and because it is reckoned generally to be the most celebrated duel ever fought. Its unsatisfactory issue did much to fortify popular horror of "the code." Its victim became a great martyr, and his ancient home is daily visited by pilgrims who dwell with pride upon his public services to an adopted country, and his unhappy and unjust fate at the hands of a people for whom he had so courageously, so unremittingly, and so enthusiastically labored.

JAMES MONROE

1758-1831

AUTHOR OF THE MONROE DOCTRINE

In the useful, liberty-loving and amiable career of James Monroe, we have the history of the third in the succession of Presidents from Jefferson, the founder, teacher, mentor, friend. For a parallel in the lives of these three statesmen, we must seek another race and religion. The Companions of the Prophet Mohammed one after another succeeded (for Caliph means "successor") as rulers because they had been with Mohammed every day, and had benefited most by his instruction. In the previous articles we have seen how implicitly Madison relied on Jefferson; we should now begin the life of Monroe by stating that he was a student in the law office of Jefferson. It was Jefferson's hope that Madison, Monroe, and Clinton should in turn follow him as President. The people faithfully carried out his wishes as to Madison and Monroe, but Clinton headed a defection against Madison in his second election. The judgment of Jefferson that his scholars in democracy would not desert the cause of popular government, was proved by time to be entirely correct, and the second Presidential election of Monroe was the nearest to a unanimous choice that is recorded of any Chief Magistrate outside the Father of His Country himself.

It was the glorious fortune of the subject of this notice to be the author of the Monroe Doctrine, a matter of prime importance in this world. The Monroe

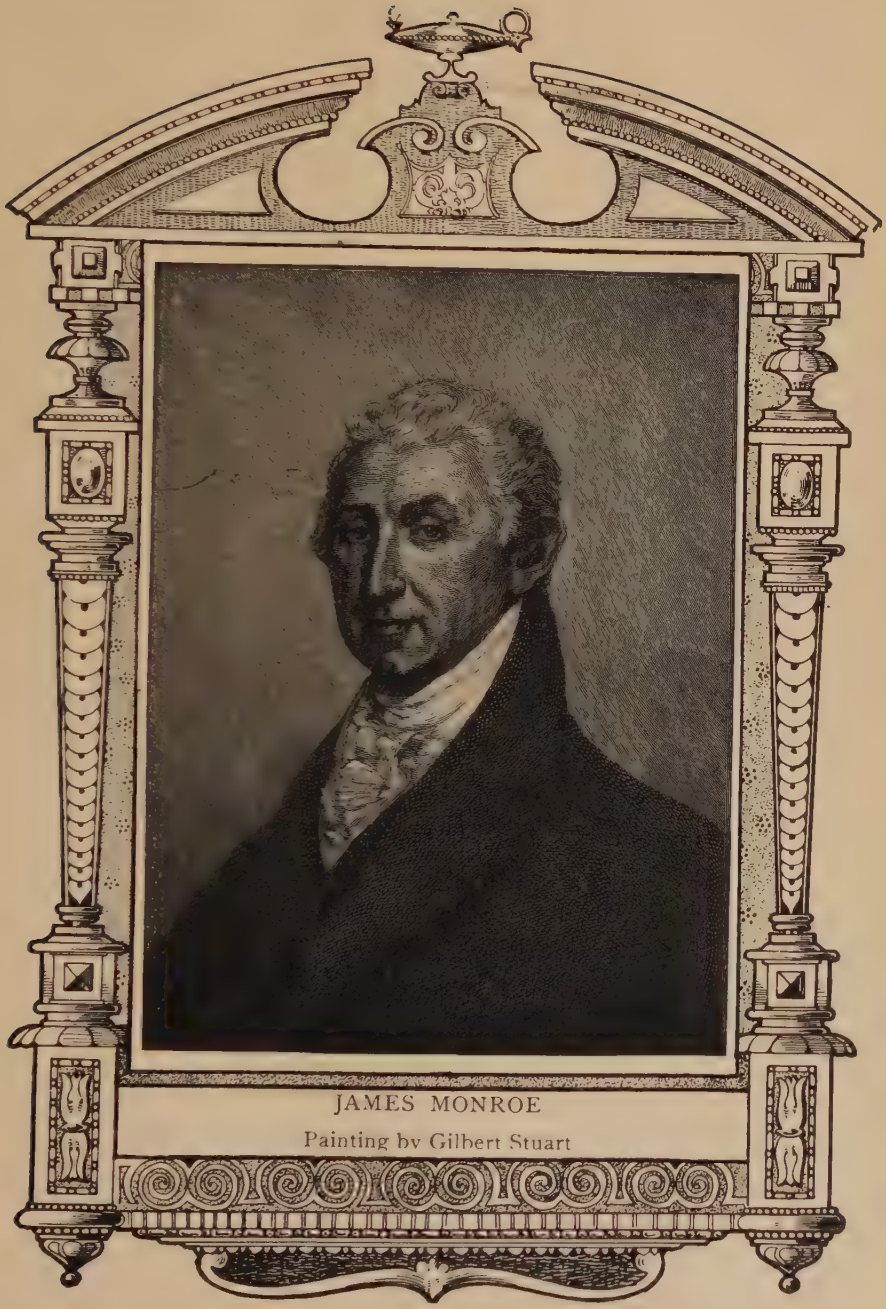
Doctrine has many literatures, in many languages. Beginning with the Panama Congress, it has interposed in the discussion of Yucatan (1845-8), the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty (1850), the Nicaragua Canal (beginning 1846), Cuba (beginning 1850), the French in Mexico (beginning 1864), the De Lesseps Canal (beginning 1879), the Russian Purchase, etc. (beginning 1790), and Venezuela. No other President's name has figured so often in the archives of other nations or in the theses of publicists and writers on international law. An exemplary "Life of Monroe" has been written by Daniel C. Gilman, wherein the voluminous bibliography growing out of Monroe's public services and his celebrated mandate is outlined with fidelity.

James Monroe was born in Westmoreland County, near the head of Monroe's Creek, which empties into the Potomac River, April 28, 1758. Not far away was the birthplace of George Washington. During Monroe's boyhood the county was stirred with discussions of the Stamp Act, and his neighbors nearly all followed the lead of Patrick Henry. Monroe entered the college of William and Mary at Williamsburg, and was at school there when the Revolutionary War broke out. He, with thirty other students, among whom was John Marshall, at once enlisted, and Monroe entered the service of Washington near New York as a Lieutenant in the Third Virginia Regiment of Colonel Mercer. He was in the engagements of Harlem and White Plains. At Trenton he was wounded in the shoulder, and carried the bullet in his body till he died. He was promoted to the rank of Major by securing a place as a staff officer with Lord Stirling, but this preferment took him out of the line, and when he was next out of service, it seems that he could not be provided for—so

great was the supply of officers and so few the private soldiers. Meanwhile he had taken the part of a staff officer in the battles of Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth. In 1778 General Washington gave him a high recommendation to his State, reciting the fact that the General had appointed him a Captain after his wound, but the additional regiment had failed in recruiting. "He has in every instance maintained the reputation of a brave, active, and sensible officer." But it seems that "brave and sensible officers" were so plentiful in the Revolution that they could not all be utilized, and James Monroe went home, where Governor Jefferson appointed him a Lieutenant-Colonel largely as a matter of honor, and he thus attained his common title of Colonel Monroe, by which the books make early notice of him.

It was at this time that he chose to enter the law office of Jefferson rather than to visit Dr. Franklin at Paris. "I submitted the direction of my time and plan to my friend, Mr. Jefferson," Monroe writes to Lord Stirling, "one of our wisest and most virtuous Republicans, and, aided by his advice, I have hitherto, of late, lived." This friendship of Monroe and Jefferson ended only with death. The three ex-Presidents—Jefferson, Madison, Monroe—half a century later, repeatedly met in council as Regents of the University of Virginia.

Colonel Monroe was chosen a member of the Assembly two years after he began studying law with Jefferson, and in the same year entered the State Senate. At the age of twenty-five he was sent as a delegate to Congress, where he sat for three years, following that peripatetic body to Annapolis, Trenton, and New York. During the summer of 1784 he ascended the Hudson River to Albany, went westward to the lakes, and down



JAMES MONROE

Painting by Gilbert Stuart

the Ohio River; thence homeward over the mountains. In the same year he visited Fort Pitt on another journey. He had a statesman's desire to inspect the land he lived in, and in early life, after he had seen a portion of it, he became an earnest advocate of free soil for the parts yet to be settled. This sentiment he modified in later years.

While he was attending Congress at New York, in 1786, he married Miss Eliza Kortwright, a young woman of admitted beauty, and the pair moved to Fredericksburg, Va., where the husband began the practice of law. There were two children, both daughters, by this marriage. The next year (1787) he was chosen to the Assembly, and was in the celebrated convention of the next year, when Patrick Henry came so near compelling Virginia to reject the new Federal Constitution. Monroe followed the lead of Henry, and opposed Madison, with whom he was afterward to labor during so many years in perfect harmony. When Patrick Henry punished Madison by excluding him as United States Senator, Monroe was given the coveted place. As a constitutional critic, Monroe viewed the Presidency with suspicion, believing that the Chief Magistrate could be elected forever. Under the shadow of the great Washington, unable to see the power that would sometime come to his own friend, Jefferson, how little could Monroe guess that he himself would be the fourth patriot to enact into custom what the makers of the great ordinance had failed to write down into law—that the people refuse to any one man more than eight years of the power necessarily attaching to an effective and useful central office.

Here began the national career of Monroe under the new Constitution. He sat quietly in the United

States Senate for over three years, being a youthful Senator, but as a voter for Virginia he was uninterruptedly hostile to Hamilton and the foreign policy of the Nation, which was one of illogical subserviency to England and ingratitude to France. He was therefore surprised to receive from General Washington an appointment to France as Minister. It was well known that Monroe was an ardent democratic-Republican, and an admirer of the French Revolutionists. What could have been the object of Hamilton in allowing Monroe to go to France, cannot be opined, unless it were to remove a persistent opponent of the local financial measures. Very fine instructions were issued, to judge by their reading. France was to be our first and natural ally (so said the instructions); we were to entertain a grateful sense of past services; above all, we were to obtain the mouth of the Mississippi. Mr. Monroe could not suspect, from this, that Jay was to negotiate with England a treaty that would be in contravention of the French agreement of 1778 which saved America. But such was the fact.

The French Revolution had gone past the Reign of Terror. There was not an accredited Ambassador at Paris before Monroe arrived. He took his daughter to the establishment of Madame Campan, at St. Germain, where Hortense, the daughter of Josephine, was at school, and thereafter waited for ten days at the Foreign Office, the Committee of Public Safety deeming it unwise to receive him. He then addressed himself directly to the President of the Convention, who read the letter to the Convention, and a decree passed immediately that the Minister of the United States be introduced next day. Accordingly, August 15, 1794, he personally presented an address, which was read by a trans-

lator. This address was replete with the true sentiments of Jeffersonian democracy, and was not lacking in just compliments to the hopes and deeds of the French people.

The official notes of the Convention show that "the Citizen Monroe was received"; that his expressions of fraternity were "heard with the liveliest sensibility and covered with applause"; "in witness, the President of the Convention gave the accolade (fraternal embrace) to Citizen Monroe"; the Convention then decreed his full recognition, with the publication of his address, etc., in both languages; and the flags of the two Nations were ordered to be joined and displayed at the sittings of the Convention. Such a flag as was needed Monroe at once presented to France. When the National Convention visited the Pantheon to complete the services over the body of Rousseau, Monroe, with his suite, was the only officer not a French delegate who was permitted to enter the temple.

The popularity of Monroe in France, and the cordiality of the relations that were thus rendered possible between ancient friends, created the bitterest disappointment to the English party at Philadelphia. They privately condemned Monroe, and pushed the English treaty. On learning that France was again abandoned by America, the President of the Convention addressed a sharp letter of just criticism to Monroe, asking for a copy of the English treaty. "There ought not to subsist between two free peoples," said the Frenchman, "the dissimulation which belongs to courts." When Monroe himself read Jay's English treaty he wrote in chagrin: "Jay's treaty surpasses all that I feared, great as my fears were of his mission. Indeed, it is the most shameful transaction I have ever known of the kind."

After the French saw the treaty itself, they were still more angry, and while General Washington's Secretary of State seems to have blamed Monroe for making such good friends with the French in the first place, he was blamed still more for not keeping them better friends after they had been deserted by America. The angry recall of Monroe took place in August, 1796, but he did not reach America till the spring of 1797. He passed through Alexandria on his way home, and General Washington noted (evidently hurt, in his own turn) that Colonel Monroe did not call at Mt. Vernon. The country was in political turmoil over the French question, and Monroe entered upon the most comprehensive justification of a political course that is on record. He wrote a book of 500 pages entitled "A View of the Conduct of the Executive." This work enumerates the appointment of Morris, Monroe's predecessor, a known enemy of France; the appointment of Monroe, a known friend; the concealment from Monroe of what Jay was about to do in England; the deceptive instructions of amity and alliance; the resentment of the administration when those instructions were made public; advances to England without corresponding advances to France; the irritating bearing of America toward France and her conciliatory attitude toward England, a nation that would yield nothing essential.

We may best view this episode through the eyes of Thiers, the French historian, who wrote after all parties to the cause were dead: "In the French Government there were persons in favor of a rupture with the United States. Monroe, who was Ambassador to Paris, gave the Directory the most prudent advice on this occasion. War with France, said he, will force the American Government to throw itself into the arms of England and to

submit to her influence. Aristocracy will gain supreme control in the United States, and liberty will be compromised. By patiently enduring, on the contrary, the wrongs of the present President, you will leave him without excuse, you will enlighten the Americans, and decide a contrary choice at the next election. All the wrongs of which France will have to complain will then be repaired. This wise and provident advice had its effect on the Directory. Rewbell, Barras, and Larévèillere had caused it to be in opposition to the opinion of the systematic Carnot, who, though in general favorably disposed to peace, insisted on the cession of Louisiana, with a view to attempt the establishment of a republic there."

To oppose the success of French ideas, which would be fatal to the Federalist party, the Alien and Sedition acts were passed by Congress, which only hastened the downfall of the English party. On this wave of popular fury, Monroe became Governor of Virginia, and was twice reëlected to that office, going to the constitutional limit. This period carried him past the death of Washington and the election of Jefferson as President. William Wirt described him, at this time, as follows: "In his stature he is about the middle height of men, rather firmly set, with nothing further remarkable in his person, except his muscular compactness and apparent ability to endure labor. His countenance, when grave, has rather the expression of sternness and irascibility; a smile, however (and a smile is not unusual with him in a social circle), lights it up to very high advantage, and gives it a most impressive and engaging air of suavity and benevolence. His dress and personal appearance are those of a plain and modest gentleman. He is a man of soft, polite, and even assiduous attentions; but these, although they are always well-timed, judicious, and evi-

dently the offspring of an obliging and philanthropic temper, are never performed with the striking and captivating graces of a Marlborough or a Bolingbroke. To be plain, there is often in his manner an inartificial and even an awkward simplicity, which, while it provokes the smile of a more polished person, forces him to the opinion that Mr. Monroe is a man of a most sincere and artless soul." During the most disturbing stages of the French mission he was unceasing in his letters to his brothers Andrew and Joseph and to his sister. His interest in a nephew and another American lad who were also at Madame Campan's school, was paternal. His agricultural tastes, not less than his political tendencies, threw him into a most perfect harmony with Jefferson, and their letters were on topics that formed an Arcadian combination of patriotism and pastoral affairs.

As soon as Jefferson became President it gave him pleasure to vindicate Governor Monroe by an appointment once more to France, with letters also to Spain and England. This time Monroe's mission, though no more creditable to the heart, was crowned with a success that in the end has added thirteen commonwealths to our Nation. In a word, Louisiana was purchased. The main negotiators were, for America, Jefferson, Monroe, Livingston; for France, Bonaparte, Talleyrand, Marbois. Following the successful issue of this mission, Monroe waited officially upon the English Foreign Minister at London. There the rancor and ill-will of the Government were still apparent. Not a civil remark escaped the receiving official. Monroe was glad to go to Madrid, to see if he could purchase Florida. There he stayed without considerable progress till May, 1805. He afterward resided mainly at London, and looked after the local interests of some of the States. In

May, 1806, he was empowered, with Pinckney, to make a treaty with England, and, although he had been filled with prejudice toward England, Lord Holland succeeded in getting a treaty from the Americans which overlooked the outrageous search of the English ships, and Jefferson, as President, would not consider it. Thus Monroe's good fortune at Paris was again dampened under English fogs, and when he returned home Virginia chose Madison rather than Monroe for Presidential candidate, but softened Monroe's rebuke by electing him Governor for the fourth time, he having meanwhile occupied a seat in the Assembly. This great office he laid down to accept the portfolio of State under Madison, who had been President for about two years. The War of 1812 came on. He was Secretary of State for six years, and at one time filled also the position of Secretary of War. He could not remain quiet under the surrender of Hull and the misfortunes of Van Rensselaer and Smyth, and though the union of the executive and military arms in one person was a matter to be deplored by so pronounced a Democrat, he still desired to secure a more active hold on public operations than President Madison had achieved. His views were forwarded by a continuation of disastrous events, and when the city of Washington was raided, he secured the dismissal of Armstrong as Secretary of War, took up the burden himself, and infused no little energy into the military affairs of the Republic. He wrote cheering letters to General Jackson, in the southwest, and mandatory dispatches to the Governors: "Hasten your militia to New Orleans. Do not wait for this Government to arm them. Put all the arms you can find into their hands. Let every man bring his rifle with him. We shall see you paid." At one time Monroe was in his

clothes for ten days, with almost no repose. The war closed with the downfall of Napoleon, in Europe, American hostilities having been a harmonic vibration at best—an auxiliary action, a play within the play—and America shared, in a release from urgent troubles, the good fortune of the world.

President Madison having reached the limit of official tenure as exemplified by the withdrawals of Washington and Jefferson, James Monroe, his chief Secretary, became the fitting candidate for President, and with Daniel D. Tompkins as Vice-President, received 183 electoral votes, to only thirty-four for Rufus King, the Federalist. During the eight years of Monroe's Presidency—renowned, at last, in political history as "the era of good feeling"—Florida was purchased, Missouri admitted, Mexico recognized, Lafayette welcomed, and the Monroe doctrine expounded. He became President at fifty-nine. He had for impartial advisers two ex-Presidents, whose only desire was to see him succeed. He took into his Cabinet, as Secretary of State, John Quincy Adams, at that time a man of extraordinary distinction. Calhoun was appointed Secretary of War, Crawford Secretary of the Treasury, Wirt Attorney-General, and Meigs Postmaster-General. Andrew Jackson was a popular hero. Webster, Clay, and Benton were well upon the scene of public events. Henry Clay resented the appointment of Mr. Adams, but General Jackson was directly in the Jeffersonian line of faith, and a firm upholder of Monroe. The first thing the new President did was to make a tour of both sections of the Nation. The northern tour extended to Portland, Me., west to Detroit, east to Washington by way of Zanesville and Pittsburg. In the southern tour, two years later, the President visited

Augusta, the Cherokees, Nashville, Louisville, and Lexington. There was no little Democratic criticism, largely inspired by the satirical Federalists, who called the pageantry "man-worship" and revamped all the Jacobin phrases of "equality and fraternity." But it is evident that Monroe, from the beginning of his career, desired to keep in mind a National rather than a State or sectional view of the country. In this ambition he cannot be too highly extolled, nor can the faintest doubt be cast on the lifelong consistency of his democratic principles.

February 22, 1819, Spain sold to the United States the territory of Florida for $5,000,000. Henry Clay unsuccessfully opposed the ratification of the treaty. The United States now owned a strip across the Continent, from ocean to ocean, not well defined on the north. West of the Mississippi River Mexico extended northward to the parallels of California, including what are to-day Nevada, Utah, Colorado (in part), Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas. Jefferson added Louisiana; Monroe added Florida. Monroe had a potent hand in both purchases.

In the second half of the first term of President Monroe, Missouri was admitted into the Union as a State, and the heated debates on slavery, slumbering since 1787, were resumed with increasing fervor on both sides. They are treated in the books of Benton, Greeley, and Henry Wilson, public men of vast influence, whose careers were devoted largely to a solution of the questions involved. Monroe, as a slaveholder, took a deep interest in the question of the right of Congress to prohibit slavery in new States, and now leaned visibly to the slave-holding side, yet held the integrity of the Union far above the matter of slavery. The ques-

tion was put to sleep for thirty years by the Missouri Compromise, which yielded Missouri as a slave State, but denied slavery to all territory north of parallel 36 degrees 30 minutes. Political parties are seldom strictly aligned on any question save offices, and the Missouri Compromise was effected merely by a general accommodation of North to South. Monroe seems to have been deeply sensible of the multiplying characteristics of the colored race, and felt that a territorial restriction would soon prove a burden on the Old States. At this time in a showing of physical force the superiority would have been on the side of the North. Henry Clay, Speaker of the House, gained great popularity in the South by favoring the Compromise. At its conclusion came the renowned "era of good feeling," and Mr. Monroe's reëlection found no opponent. He was inaugurated President the second time March 5, 1821. Then began the first protracted debates on protection and free trade, and the Whig party took shape, with Henry Clay as the advocate of a protective tax on imports, in order to place a bounty on the manufacture of goods at home. President Monroe leaned toward the Protectionists, out of a feeling that he must requite the North for slavery. But it should be understood that 10 per cent was then regarded as protection, where sixty years later 200 per cent was considered necessary by interested parties, and 60 per cent a too moderate impost.

The Monroe Doctrine was revealed as the true animus of the American people in the following manner: Simon Bolivar, Liberator of Bolivia and ex-President, addressed to the United States an invitation to send delegates to a Congress at Panama, which should institute measures to defend Spanish-American States against Spain, whose Government refused to recognize

their independence. This question being before the Nation, President Monroe sent to Congress, at its opening, December 2, 1823, an executive message covering the usual matters. In its paragraphs relating to foreign affairs, it contained the following sentence, destined, on account of the promptitude with which it was uttered, to meet the full approval of a growing people, and to become a cardinal principle of National and patriotic belief, with one of the most populous Nations on earth: "We owe it, therefore," said the President, "to candor, and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those (old world) powers to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety." The message went on to state that while States (like Bolivar's) were at war for independence the United States declared its neutrality, and only recognized their independence "on great consideration." Any attempt to re-subject them to old-world rule, on the old-world principles of government, would be regarded by the President "as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States." Daniel Webster came boldly to the defense of the Monroe Doctrine. With the years that have passed it has gained in strength, and although Europe had previously debated it with curiosity rather than with regard to its serious side, the Venezuelan message of President Cleveland in his second term, together with the war preparations which that document inspired, left no ground for Europe to hope that the Nation had in the slightest degree reduced the magnitude of its pretensions.

In May, 1824, Lafayette accepted the invitation of Congress to become the Nation's guest, and arrived in

October. Monroe and Lafayette had been young officers together near General Washington, and were ancient friends. Monroe had labored diligently to secure Lafayette's release from prison in Austria. The two veterans therefore anticipated and realized a happy reunion. Monroe writes to the celebrated visitor that his "arrival has given rise to a great political movement which has so far taken the direction and had the effect among us, and I presume in Europe, which the best friends to you and to sound principles, could desire." On leaving America Lafayette addressed the President in endearing terms—"from your old, affectionate, obliged brother-soldier, and friend." After his arrival in France, learning that Monroe was in an embarrassed financial condition, Lafayette suggested that the ex-President should place a mortgage for a large amount on the Louisiana lands of Lafayette, and in other ways the distinguished Frenchman evidenced his warm affection for the companion of his youth and fellow-soldier in the cause of liberty.

With Monroe's second term came to an end the twenty-four years' period of Jefferson's direct personal influence. Monroe seems to have had no desire or no power to maintain the succession in statesmen remarkable for their simplicity of deportment and radical democratic tendencies. The Vice-President had been set aside as a successor to the Presidency, and the Secretary of State substituted, foreign relations still appearing the most important factor in Government. On this argument John Quincy Adams, Secretary of State, won the election, but entirely without Monroe's help, the President remaining neutral. There were other candidates—Crawford, Calhoun, Clay, and Jackson, with twenty-four States in the Union. The House of Repre-

sentatives made the final choice. It was also considered well that the Presidency should return to a Northern State.

James Monroe retired from public life March 4, 1825, after forty-three years of public service, and made his residence at Oak Hill, Loudoun County, Va., dividing his time, however, by long visits to New York, where his daughter, Mrs. Gouverneur, lived. There are in Virginia five homesteads that are dear to freemen—Mt. Vernon, Red Hill, Monticello, Montpellier, and Oak Hill—where lie the remains or linger the memories of Washington, Patrick Henry, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe.

The aged statesman did not like solitude, nor did his financial affairs leave him free from anxiety. He had impoverished himself on his foreign missions, and made an earnest effort to obtain an accounting from Congress. He was a tall, old man, who gave evidences of having enjoyed a rugged manhood. His face was grave but most kindly. "It was his habit, in his ride of a morning or evening," says Judge Watson, "to bow and speak to the humblest slave whom he passed as respectfully as if he had been the first gentleman in the neighborhood. In his intercourse with his family he was not only unvaringly kind and affectionate, but as gentle as a woman or a child. He was wholly unselfish. The wishes, the feelings, the interest, the happiness, of others were always consulted in preference to his own. Love of country and devotion to duty appeared to me the explanation of his success in life and the honors bestowed upon him."

He believed it was his duty as ex-President to so conduct his affairs and his conversation as to pass entirely out of public events, becoming a perfectly

neutral figure. While President he had been so sensitive to public criticism that he would not appoint his own relatives to office, although President John Quincy Adams made good places for all of them. He wrote with great pains. In the last years of his life he had a voluminous correspondence. His memory of past events was remarkable. He loved Madison with touching tenderness. It was only when Monroe was at Montpellier with Madison that he threw off reserve and indulged in jest.

"I was at Oak Hill," says Judge Watson, "when Mrs. Monroe died, in 1830. I shall never forget the grief manifested by the old gentleman (James Monroe) on the morning after Mrs. Monroe's death, when he sent for me to go to his room, and with trembling frame and streaming eyes spoke of the long years they had spent happily together, and expressed in strong terms his conviction that he would soon follow her."

In the spring of 1831 he visited New York, with a view of making his home with his daughter. He wrote to Madison that a cough was giving him much annoyance, and that he did not expect to live much longer. There was regret that Congress had not yet settled his accounts, and he expected to be compelled to force Oak Hill to a sale. This Madison deplored.

Monroe's apprehensions touching his health were soundly taken. He grew worse and died at New York on July 4, 1831, being the third of the Presidents to leave this world on the natal day they had done so much to make historical. He was buried with appropriate ceremonies. John Quincy Adams, ex-President, delivered a glowing eulogy at Boston, August 25, 1831, pronouncing the mind of Monroe to have been "anxious and unwearied in the pursuit of truth and right, patient

of injury, patient of contradiction, courteous even in the collision of sentiment, sound in its ultimate judgments, and firm in its final conclusions." Jefferson had always extolled him. Webster, Calhoun, and Benton joined their voices in praise of the dead statesman.

On the centennial of the birth of James Monroe, his remains were removed from New York City to Richmond, that Virginia, the mother of Presidents, might have her son in her own bosom. There is a book of 324 pages, by Udolpho Wolfe, with the following title: "Grand Civic and Military Demonstration in Honor of the Removal of the Remains of James Monroe, Fifth President of the United States, from New York to Virginia."

"On reviewing all that I have been able to read in print and in manuscript, and all I have been able to gather from the writings of others," says Daniel C. Gilman, "the conclusion is forced on me that Monroe is not adequately appreciated by his countrymen." "He died poor in money, but rich in honor." "If his soul were turned inside out," said Jefferson, "not a spot would be found on it."

The picture which advocates of liberty love best to remember is that one where James Monroe, coming directly before the hearts of the French people, reunited them to the hearts of the American people, though the bureaus of both Governments were hostile and little desirous of amity. The most august spectacle connected with American statesmanship is the literature and doctrine assembling about the name of President Monroe. "He builded wiser than he knew."

ANDREW JACKSON

1767-1845

OLD HICKORY

The remarkable man whom we shall next consider was welcomed by overwhelming masses of the people as the true representative of democratic institutions. He issued from the wilderness a hero; he returned to his Hermitage with a magnified fame. There was long a class of white-haired Americans, perhaps not all of them yet gathered to honored graves, who believed that political virtue left the earth with shining wings when Andrew Jackson breathed his last. He was the St. Paul of Jeffersonian doctrine; yet through the intricate network of his faults and foibles, it may be seen that like St. Paul he was first Saul, and fell under a great light. If we condemn Aaron Burr remorselessly for killing his enemy in a duel, Andrew Jackson killed also his enemy in a duel. Up to and through the eight years of Presidency, General Jackson thought that all persons ought without argument to stand at one side for him. In this he was like Napoleon. After he had reached the full term of office, however, he was well pleased to retire to Nashville, hearing the affectionate plaudits of a Nation, and he was doubtless at that time the best-loved man that our Nation had ever produced. His coming out of the unknown West was like Lincoln's; his success was equally great; he was the favored son of a united Nation, and the two men were of the same democratic fiber, toward whom the people turned magnetically, without either power or desire to question or criticise.

ANDREW JACKSON

Andrew Jackson was born March 15, 1767, at the Waxhaw Settlement, as he believed, in South Carolina, but, as many writers discover, in Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, on the upper waters of the Catawba River. The English penetrated the region, hoping to secure recruits. An officer wounded the boy Andrew because he refused to brush the officer's boots. He and his two brothers were taken prisoners to Camden, and the widowed mother died on her way to Camden. The two brothers lost their lives, and hatred of England was implanted in the heart of Andrew Jackson. At fourteen he was without relatives or means. He became a saddler's apprentice, and later a law student. After four years of study, in which it is said that he learned little, a friend appointed him public prosecutor in what is now Tennessee, but was then the Western District of North Carolina, and he arrived in Nashville at the age of twenty-one. The inhabitants had attempted to set up the State of Franklin, and were in a condition of disorder. It is probable that only a man who valued his life lightly would have accepted Jackson's task. He seems to have joined to his ordinary dangers the collection of bad debts. Therefore his life was continually at stake on every lonesome road, and in every new circle of acquaintances. That he should soon be a leading spirit in such a state of society may be considered an index of his character—he was sure, in the end, if he survived, to be a hero.

At Nashville Jackson boarded with a widow Donelson, whose daughter Rachel and her husband, Lewis Robards, also lived with her. Robards had been married in Kentucky under Virginia law. In 1791, three years after Jackson's arrival, Robards petitioned for

divorce, alleging that his wife had deserted him and was living with Jackson. The Legislature of Virginia passed a bill authorizing the Supreme Court of Kentucky to try the case with a jury, and grant a divorce if the facts were found to be as stated. Robards took no action for two years, but meantime Jackson married Mrs. Robards. Robards secured his divorce two years later, when Jackson and his wife were married again. It reflects ill on Jackson as a lawyer that he was put in this position. He remained through life extremely sensitive to criticism on this matter; he clung to his wife for thirty years, and mourned for her ever afterward in a noble and unaffected, almost romantic manner. We shall see that his fidelity to her was the most striking point in his career.

In 1796 Jackson was a member of the Constitutional Convention of Tennessee, and, it is said, suggested the naming of the State after the river. He was the first Congressman of the State, and, later, was made a United States Senator. At Philadelphia he appeared to Gallatin as "a tall, lank, uncouth-looking personage, with long locks of hair hanging over his face, and a cue down his back tied in an eel-skin; his dress singular, his manners and deportment those of a rough backwoodsman." "When I was President of the Senate," says Jefferson, "he was a Senator, and he could never speak on account of the rashness of his feelings. I have seen him attempt it repeatedly, and as often choke with rage."

As a Senator, Jackson was a Jacobin, and felt deeply embittered against General Washington for his friendliness to England. In 1798 the Senator resigned to become a Supreme Judge in Tennessee. In 1801 ex-Governor Sevier and Judge Jackson were candidates for the major-generalship of the militia; Jackson won by the

vote of Governor Roane. In 1803 Sevier became Governor, and when he casually met Jackson both men drew their pistols, but no blood was shed. Jackson, while Judge, was proprietor of a store, and resigned his position on the bench in 1804, but retained his office of Major-General.

General Jackson was sure to meet somebody in the wilderness who could not share it with him. He was ready to fight all comers, and it seems that the best shot of the settlements, one Charles Dickinson, set out to drive him out of Tennessee or kill him. Dickinson therefore aspersed the character of General Jackson's wife in order to stir up all the bad blood there was in General Jackson, and then the duel was arranged as falling out of a quarrel over a bet at a horse-race. Jackson challenged Dickinson. The meeting took place near Adairsville, Tenn., May 30, 1806. Dickinson, on his way to the rendezvous, amused his associates by displaying his wonderful skill with a pistol. Once, at a distance of twenty-four feet, he fired four bullets, each at the word of command, into a space which could be covered by a silver dollar. He repeatedly severed a string with a bullet, and at a tavern, where he had performed this feat of marksmanship, he said to the landlord as he rode off: "If General Jackson comes along this road, be kind enough to show him that!" At the meeting it was agreed that both parties should stand facing each other with pistol held downward. At the word, each man was to fire as soon as he should please to do so. On the word, Dickinson was quickest to fire. A puff of dust flew from Jackson's coat, and his second saw him raise his left arm and place it tightly across his chest. Meanwhile he began taking aim. "Great God!" cried Dickinson, "have I missed him?" Jack-

son's trigger snapped, but did not explode the load; Jackson drew the trigger back to its full-cock, again took careful aim, and fired. The bullet passed entirely through Dickinson's body. He lived until 9 o'clock that night. It was found that one of Jackson's shoes was full of blood. Dickinson's bullet had broken two of Jackson's ribs, and the wound weakened the General for life. "I would have lived long enough to kill him," said Jackson, "if he had shot me through the heart." Dickinson's friends alleged that Jackson, an uncommonly slight man, appeared that day in a coat that effectually concealed the location of his heart, and that he deceived Dickinson into firing at the wrong spot. With this bloody adjudication, however, popular opinion at once determined that Dickinson deserved death for gratuitously slandering a woman so upright as Mrs. Jackson had proved herself to be after her marriage to Andrew Jackson.

General Jackson thought he ought to be appointed Governor of Orleans, and became embittered against President Jefferson because of non-appointment. He readily made friends with Burr when that adventurer started on his scheme of a new Empire, Burr striving to make a tool of the backwoodsman. During this period it is not impossible that Jackson was a negro-trader, who defied the Indian agent, Dinsmore. Jackson wrote to the Secretary of War that unless he removed Dinsmore the people of West Tennessee would burn him in his own agency. Dinsmore, who had done right, was removed, and Jackson was ever afterward his rancorous enemy, although Dinsmore fell into poverty and sued for reconciliation.

Meantime the French cast to politics in Tennessee carried the people along with Napoleon, and he was

looked upon with awe by the bullies of the woods. As his arms prevailed, it became a fixed opinion that America must take sides with him against the world. When this policy was forced on President Madison, Major-General Jackson, now forty-five years old, came into a conspicuous position before the Nation. He offered himself with 2,500 volunteers and was ordered to New Orleans. At Natchez he was commanded to disband. He led home his little army, casting severe reflections on the Administration. Thomas H. Benton was an officer in the militia, and had a brother Jesse. Jackson had stood second for another man in a duel with Jesse, and there was bad blood with the Bentons. They met Jackson September 13, 1813. Blows and shots were exchanged, and Jackson was laid up with a ball in his shoulder. He carried this missile in his body for twenty years. While he was in bed from his wound the Creek Indian war broke out, and Jackson took the field as soon as he could. He quarreled with Cocke, the other Tennessee Major-General, but showed remarkable governing ability, and was a successful military man. The young men enlisted under him with enthusiasm. March 14, 1814, by his command, John Wood was shot for an assault on an officer. General Jackson defeated the Creeks at Tohopeka, and chased them out of the Hickory Ground, building Fort Jackson and winning his soubriquet of "Old Hickory." Major-General Pinckney, of the regular army, took command April 20, 1814, after covering General Jackson with the thanks of the Nation. May 31 General Jackson was appointed Major-General in the regular army, and given command of the Department of the South, with headquarters at Mobile. The English used Spanish territory in Florida as a base, and when Washington was captured, General

Jackson, in the face of orders, attacked his enemies wherever he found them. He, with 5,000 men, stormed Pensacola, Florida (in Spanish territory), and when the English retreated, he also withdrew to Mobile. He was now in a military position to defend New Orleans, and reached there December 2, 1814. Between that time and the 7th of January, 1815, he was enthusiastically busy making defences. The story of his use of cotton bales is familiar, but the cotton was easily set on fire, and had to be entirely removed. General Pakenham brought 12,000 British troops in a fleet, meeting entrenchments about five feet high, some miles below the city. The English advanced in the face of a heavy artillery fire, but when they came within range of the rifles of the backwoodsmen, they were slaughtered so rapidly that they wavered. Pakenham fell. Lambert, who succeeded, withdrew his men in the night. The English loss had been over 2,000; the American loss was but seven killed and six wounded. The battle of New Orleans was fought after the Treaty of Ghent had been signed. The engagement was needless, yet it was of priceless value to the Democratic party, who could show a victory at last, and it put the seal of everlasting ignominy on the Federalist convention at Hartford, where it was well said the New Englanders would have been in better business at war with their enemies. Yet at the moment when General Jackson might have deemed it wise to court popularity, he shot six more men at Mobile for mutiny. He thus had executed as many men as he had lost in the battle. He soon after defied a civil court and was fined $1,000 for imprisoning a Judge. It certainly did not seem that he possessed the arts of a demagogue. Yet the able politicians of Congress, noting the decadence of the Virginia power, the neutrality of

Monroe, the unpopularity of John Quincy Adams, Secretary of State, and heir apparent, all had an eye on General Jackson, whose hold on the people bade fair to exceed that of General Washington. When Monroe came in, General Jackson was at Washington to give advice and revenge himself on Crawford, under whose Secretaryship of War the victorious General was highly insubordinate. General Scott commented on this mutinous conduct. General Jackson challenged him. General Scott rejected the challenge on religious grounds. Jackson published the correspondence, posting Scott as a coward.

The wars had left as legacies bodies of pirates, filibusters, Indians, and negroes, mostly on Spanish soil, and when the Seminole War broke out Jackson had good reason to believe he had tacit permission to capture Florida. Briefly stated, he pillaged, captured, and devastated on Spanish soil. He hanged two Indian captives whose persons he had gained by a base stratagem. He hanged two Englishmen, on the ground that they were stirring up war—making eleven, and with Dickinson, twelve people he had sent to a violent death. He sent up to the Administration a very disagreeable entanglement with Spain and England, which John Quincy Adams, Secretary of State, took on himself to unravel. Calhoun secretly assailed Jackson. Henry Clay openly attacked the Administration as soon as it adopted Jackson, and there began the Clay-Jackson feud. But as for enemies of the United States in Jackson's purview, there were none. Success had followed him at every turn, and he had hanged or shot all who had opposed him if they fell into his hands. John Quincy Adams had no easy time clearing Jackson. A United States Senate Committee, February 24, 1819,

reported strongly against General Jackson on all the points, but no action was taken. He was on hand, doubtless ready to challenge the leader of his enemies. He went on to New York city, where his fame had preceded him. He was everywhere welcomed as a champion American, whom "all creation" must fear. The purchase of Florida put an end to the open questions growing out of America's assaults on Spain. General Jackson was appointed Governor of Florida under Spanish law and dropped from the army in order to prevent more trouble that was fast brewing. As Captain-General, the hot-headed Governor made more trouble for President Monroe, resigned, and went home ill and disgusted, and became a harsh critic of the Administration. In J. Q. Adams' diary it is written that Monroe asked Jefferson in 1818 if it would not be a good idea to ship off General Jackson as Minister to Russia: "Why, good G—!" cried Jefferson, "he would breed you a quarrel before he had been there a month."

Monroe was now to enter on his second term, Adams was to have eight years of the Presidency, and then the elderly Jackson, sick with the bullets of duellists, and the fatigues of a hard life, might harvest the manifest popularity that surrounded his name. But would that popularity endure? Where John Quincy Adams was, there would be no lack of factions, and clever leaders could not fail to perceive the favorable light in which General Jackson, idol of the new States, with no personal enemies in the old ones of the Northeast, now stood. It was the ill fate of Adams, a civilian, to stand in the way of a military hero. What the people especially liked about General Jackson was that, from his earliest vote against General Washington, he had done right as he saw it, utterly oblivious of policy or personal gain.

They were quick to believe that their own interests were to be advanced in almost anything he undertook.

William B. Lewis, a neighbor (Sumner calls him "the Great Father of the wire-pullers"), now grasped the opportunities offered by Jackson's popularity, and, as a move toward the Presidency, secured the General's nomination by the Tennessee Legislature, and his election to the United States Senate. General Jackson, thus a nominated Presidential candidate, was himself compelled to take the lesser place, because no Jackson man could beat the other candidate. He was all this time outside "the machine," and his opponents rarely used any other epithet than "murderer." But General Jackson had nothing sordid about him; he was simple, chaste, and domestic in his habits; he was not a demagogue; he did not drink liquor; he remained unrewarded by the people, although they seemed anxious to acknowledge the value of his services. Therefore, John Quincy Adams came so near losing his one term as President that General Jackson in the Electoral College had ninety-nine votes to only eighty-four for Adams. Clay kept up his feud when the election came to the House, and Adams was chosen. General Jackson shook hands with President Adams, but his rage against Clay, who had taken the "successorship" as Secretary of State, knew few bounds. General Jackson did not hesitate to repeat the charge that Clay had turned his votes in the House to Adams as the price paid for the Premiership in the Cabinet. Clay ran the charges down, but the people who were given as authorities denied having made the original assertions. Still Jackson would not retract, and, although he had not himself entered with spirit in the Presidential race, he now believed he had been wronged in some way, and therefore set out,

with all the earnestness of his tempestuous nature, to be chief of the Republic. The people were told that their will had been balked by a bargain between two minority candidates. Van Buren, of New York, was able to take the party lead in his State away from Clinton by announcing himself in accord with the democratic idea of Jackson—that is, that the candidate with the plurality of votes in the Electoral College should be adopted by the House as the one whom the people undoubtedly meant to advance in their favor. The rapid shifting of party lines left Adams and Clay with only a minority of Congressmen in their support. The Tennessee Legislature again nominated General Jackson for President, and he resigned his United States Senatorship in order, as he alleged, to escape the corruption prevailing at Washington. He suggested an amendment to the Constitution, making Congressmen ineligible to all offices within the gift of the President, the bar to run two years after their retirement from Congress. The people themselves were at first quiet and well satisfied with the election of Adams, but the tremendous ferment among the politicians gradually excited them. There was an absence of cause for disputation on every point except personal ambition, and neither side knew what ground to take on public questions. Sargent tells a story that a Senator in the Jackson party was rallied because of his defeat in a vote sending Commissioners to Simon Bolivar's Congress. "Yes," replied the Senator, "they (Adams and Clay) have beaten us by a few votes after a hard battle; but if they had only taken the other side and refused the mission, we should have had them."

As the Presidential campaign of 1828 came on, it was to be seen that personal slander was to go its full length. "Coffin hand-bills" were circulated, enumerating bloody

deeds that were charged against Jackson. Adams was pictured on bills as driving off with a horsewhip a crippled soldier who had dared to ask alms of him. Adams, although he received 508,064 popular votes to 648,273 for Jackson, still, in the Electoral College did not secure a single vote south of the Potomac or west of the Alleghanies. President Adams went out of office because the people believed nearly all of the false accusations made against him. He had failed to study the interests of politicians, and they had gone over to Jackson, who believed it was a duty to take care of his friends and punish his enemies, and this course, too, he was sure would purify the State.

On the 22d of December, 1828, the wife of Andrew Jackson died at the Hermitage. It is one of the saddest records of American politics that her name had been constantly in the public prints of the Presidential campaign. The day of the funeral General Jackson, President-Elect, feeble and heartbroken, walked slowly behind the coffin of Rachel, leaning upon a long cane that he was accustomed to carry on the farm. As he stood looking on her face for the last time, he lifted his cane and commanded the attention of all: "In the presence of this dear saint, I can and do forgive all my enemies. But those vile wretches who have slandered her must look to God for mercy." She was buried in the little garden near the residence. On a granite slab, in old Roman letters, is the following inscription, written by her husband: "Here lie the remains of Mrs. Rachel Jackson, wife of President Jackson, who died the 22d of December, 1828. A being so gentle and yet so virtuous, vile slander might wound, but could not dishonor. Even Death, when he tore her from the arms of her husband, could but transport her to the bosom of

her God." The Nation looked upon these simple obsequies, and took the sorrow deep into its own heart.

At Washington, the next March, when General Jackson was inaugurated, there was a Jeffersonian jubilee. Vice-President Calhoun prepared to follow Jackson as President, but Van Buren was ready to disappoint him. The President was jealous of Cabinet officers—he had made the word "Cabinet" a campaign cry. He advised with a "kitchen cabinet," composed of Lewis, Kendall, Green, and Hill. Van Buren was Secretary of State. Lewis, "the original Jackson man," now wanted to return to Tennessee, but "Old Hickory" would not let him go. A place as Second Auditor of the Treasury was made for Lewis, so that the President could consult him. Kendall, Fourth Auditor of the Treasury, came to be invisibly famous as the mainspring of the Administration. Hill and Green were editors of the extreme partisan type.

John H. Eaton, of Kentucky, was Secretary of War. His first wife was a niece of Mrs. Jackson, and he was one of the President's intimate friends. His second marriage was to create as much trouble for Andrew Jackson as Nullification or United States Bank. Mr. Eaton wished to wed a widow who had been well-known in Washington as Peggy O'Neil, and asked the President's advice and consent. The President, glad to defy public opinion in matters of the heart, urged Eaton to marry the woman if he loved her. The alliance followed, but to make the wives of the Cabinet officers call on Mrs. Eaton was impossible, and in the angry attempt that the President made to instate Mrs. Eaton at the White House, including a disciplining of his own feminine relatives, Calhoun was turned cool. Next, the General was led to know that Calhoun had never been a

Jackson man. Thereupon it was settled that Jackson must stand for reëlection, and must make a political testament asking the people, as they loved their liberties, to select Van Buren as the successor. The effort of Eaton's enemies to get Eaton out resulted finally in an utter disruption of the Cabinet, the new slate being a "unit" for Jackson and the successor on whom he had determined. Mrs. Eaton did not die till 1878.

All the previous Presidents together had removed seventy-four officers. Andrew Jackson began with a proscription of about 700. He made about 2,000 removals in all. He was the first of the Presidents to give compliant country editors post-offices. The cries of the functionaries who had been forty years in place were pitiful, and it is said some slight harm came to the public service.

The tariff of 1828 would be considered no protection to-day. But, at the time, it was lamented by the Southern States as a grievous burden. They exported cotton and tobacco and had no factories. They therefore held that all the expense of the tax fell on them. In their handling of the Tariff bill in Congress they made it as oppressive as they could, hoping to weight it down. When the South Carolina Legislature came to pass resolutions looking toward the "nullification" of the tariff of 1828, the word quoted was borrowed from Jefferson's resolutions of 1798 against the Alien and Sedition laws. South Carolina had been, up to this time, a good "Federal" State, surrounded by secessionist commonwealths. Supplemental tariff legislation in Congress gave added offense to the South. At a banquet on Jefferson's birthday, in 1830, General Jackson offered the toast, "The Federal Union: It Must Be Preserved." In June, 1831, Jackson wrote a letter to a

Charleston Fourth-of-July committee, in which he stated that customs would be collected at Charleston by Federal force, if necessary. Here we may see the question that Samuel Adams faced at Boston, in 1765, transferred to the inner workings of our own polity. The South Carolina Legislature denounced the expressions of the President as used in his letter.

Meantime, while the tariff trouble was increasing, the first National Convention met and nominated Jackson and Van Buren (dropping Calhoun); the National Republicans nominated Clay and Sergeant on a platform of tariff, bank, and river-and-harbor bill; there was an anti-Mason ticket (Wirt) which carried Vermont. South Carolina stood out, and cast her eleven votes for Floyd. Jackson and Van Buren were elected by popular and Electoral-College majorities.

In 1832 the nullifiers came in full control of the South Carolina Government, and proceeded to construct a metaphysical scheme of Constitutional secession. The Legislature itself, they held, might not have the power to disobey the Congress, but a State convention, called anew from the people, must possess a divine right (a little this side of insurrection) which all moral men must respect. The Legislature ordered a convention for November 19, 1832. This convention adopted an "ordinance" that the Tariff acts were null and void in South Carolina. The Courts of South Carolina were directed to permit no appeal to Federal Courts in cases arising out of the nullification. All officers were to take a new oath, and Carolina would secede if the Federal Government should act in a manner inimical to the new "law." The Legislature then met, and passed statutes in sympathy with the new ideas. South Carolina was to be put on a war-footing. Yet all was not smooth for the

nullifiers in their own State. A Union convention met at Columbia, and Union men were strong at Charleston. Civil war was possible within the commonwealth.

Now there sat in the President's chair a man, in General Jackson, who looked on all this as a mere invention of Calhoun—Calhoun, who had thought to ruin Andrew Jackson after the Seminole executions—Calhoun, who had testified friendship and taken office on the same ticket with Andrew Jackson. Andrew Jackson therefore beheld nullification as a purely personal affair—some more people to be hanged or shot, and it was not long before he began to study what grounds he might have for executing both Calhoun and Clay, if necessary. He ordered General Scott to Charleston, and began to mass troops. He sent two war vessels to Charleston harbor. Calhoun resigned the Vice-Presidency of the United States December 28, and was elected Senator from South Carolina. He introduced resolutions that the theory that the United States were one Nation was false in history and in reason. The Legislatures of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Delaware, New York, Missouri, Tennessee, and Indiana pronounced against nullification; North Carolina and Alabama against nullification and tariff; Georgia the same, but calling a convention of Gulf States; New Hampshire for lower tariff; Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Vermont, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania that the tariff should stand; Virginia offered to mediate between the United States and South Carolina. Thus South Carolina stood all alone, with signs of aid only from the cotton States. Clay, in the United States Senate, introduced a compromise tariff, and this passed with an enforcing act. The Legislature of South Carolina addressed General Jackson as a tyrant and usurper, and called another

State convention, which, however, repealed nullification and yet nullified the enforcing act. This, with some angry discussion, was the end of it. South Carolina paid a lower tariff, after annulling the enforcement act—that is, the annullment was legal bluster. Benton says Jackson would have hanged Calhoun, and it is possible Clay took alarm, for it is certain that Jackson had become accustomed to the disagreeable incidents attendant on a firm policy. Clay claimed he saved Calhoun; Calhoun claimed that nullification killed the tariff, and Clay saved himself by getting what tariff was possible; the manufacturers and "infant industries" were sure Clay had been a traitor to them. The action of General Jackson toward South Carolina made him a hero to millions of people who had hated him. They now believed a dictatorial statesman was a proper leader when a strong arm was needed, as it certainly was needed against Calhoun.

Next General Jackson, displeased with the growing power of the financial interests, singled out another man—Nicholas Biddle—his opposite in all things personal. Biddle had been a literary editor, but had taken to finance, with astonishing success. He was at the head of the United States Bank, whose showing of money was nearly $80,000,000. The United States was rid of debt, and was selling public lands and collecting tariff that it did not need. All this money was deposited with Biddle. The Secretary of the Treasury, under the Constitution, is ordered to report to Congress, and, from the beginning has exercised powers of a plenary character. General Jackson ordered McLane, Secretary of the Treasury, to take the Treasury's money out of the big bank, a private institution in which the Government held stock—(the bank was an imitation of the bank set

up by Hamilton, which Jefferson had opposed so bitterly). Jackson did not want the bank to get a new charter, soon to be applied for. He attacked all the "moneyed interests" as being dangerous to liberty. McLane refused to obey. The President thereupon transferred McLane to another portfolio and appointed Duane to the Treasury. The President went to Fredericksburg to dedicate the monument to the mother of Washington, where he made a speech ringing with Democratic faith and extolling Washington, who had laid down dictatorial powers.* The people everywhere (for he also went to Boston) received Jackson as a savior and champion. Taney (afterward the Chief Justice who decided that a negro had no rights a white man was bound to respect) wrote, encouraging the President to withdraw the deposits from Biddle's bank—about $9,000,000 at the time. General Jackson again ordered it. Duane refused. He also was transferred, and Taney was appointed Secretary of the Treasury. The withdrawal of the money created a small panic, the Wall street interests doing everything they could do to alarm the President. The Senate was strongly on the bankers' side. Taney's appointment was rejected—a blow that only angered Jackson the more. When Marshall died, a little later, Taney was made Chief Justice. Clay, in the Senate, brought in resolutions reciting and alleging usurpation by the President. The Democrats of the country were of a mind to abolish the Senate, and that body, secure from the ballots of the people, was looked on with the same ill will that the House of Lords at London has always evoked when it threw out popular bills. The Congressional session of 1833-4 was an exciting one. "Biddle aiming at the crown," "the moneyed

*See "Famous Women of the World," Mary Washington.

aristocracy," "corruption," and other phrases and terms lost significance through iteration. Against all this wickedness, it was said, stood "the old hero," who, according to our accounts, was the most popular man who has lived in America. The Virginia Legislature passed resolutions for Biddle. General Jackson next set out to have the Clay resolution of censure expunged from the records, and "expunging" became a party question. Virginia voted to expunge, and so Tyler, Virginia's Senator who would not vote to expunge, resigned. In this way it was thought the Senate could be made "representative." The Senate did vote, at last, that black lines should be drawn around the Clay resolution on the journal of the Senate, and the words "Expunged by order of the Senate, this 16th day of January, 1837," should be written across the record. This, General Jackson considered to be the greatest victory of his life. The bank did not fail when it had to pay the Government, but it could not get a new charter. It was re-chartered by Pennsylvania, failed three times in the great panic of 1837 (after General Jackson went out of office) and in 1841 went down with all on board. Biddle was blamed and arrested. He died insolvent. Even the Whigs, in the Whig Almanac, called "Nick Biddle a rascal" of a "corrupt bank." As for those who loved Jackson, they regarded his entire financial course as one strangely prophetic and inspired.

January 30, 1835, an insane man named Lawrence snapped a pistol twice at General Jackson. The President openly accused Poindexter, of Mississippi, as the instigator, probably without just reason.

Toward the end of his Presidential terms, the Locofocos took form in New York, splitting into Rumps and

Buffaloes. These parties represented Jackson's ideas in the extreme—no paper currency, equal rights for all, special privileges for none, suspicion of wealth, and fealty to the Union.

All this time John Quincy Adams in the House alone was disturbing the serenity of the slave-holders. It is not likely that Calhoun himself was inclined to deal with the question until nullification. Then his ready mind told him that the South must find its friends in the warmer latitudes. Thereupon the insurrection of Texas against Mexico was encouraged, and General Jackson was glad to acknowledge the young Republic, and to look forward to its admission as a slave State. At this time it was not possible to perceive in the United States outside of Calhoun's personal following, and a few Abolitionists in the North, a desire for the disintegration of the United States. It does not seem that Jackson thought often of the slaves, one way or the other. John Quincy Adams, at the time he hated slave-holders the most savagely, often stopped to save Jackson from defeat, which he would have done for nobody whom he regarded as a true friend of slavery. Still Jackson did not conceive that the slaves of the cotton States could ever become free.

He now had his party well drilled and disciplined on the modern plan. The delegates at Baltimore to nominate a successor were largely office-holders, and there was no objection to the General's wish that Van Buren should be President. The elections fulfilled the President's hopes, and on March 2, 1837, the proud old chieftain wrote to Trist: "On the 4th, I hope to be able to go to the Capitol to witness the glorious scene of Mr. Van Buren, once rejected by the Senate, sworn

into office by Chief Justice Taney, also being rejected by the factious Senate."

"The election of Van Buren," says Sumner, "is thus presented as another personal triumph of Jackson, and another illustration of his remorseless pursuit of success and vengeance in a line in which any one had dared to cross him. This exultation was the temper in which he left office. He was satisfied and triumphant. Not another President in the whole list ever went out of office in a satisfied frame of mind, much less with a feeling of having completed a certain career in triumph."*

March 7, 1837, Andrew Jackson set out from Washington for the Hermitage. He left his party in full control of the Nation by popular and electoral vote, on a platform of low taxes, no debt, no glory, no public works, no display at the expense of tax-payers. If slavery had been out of the way, it is difficult to see that this programme could ever have been out-voted. On his way home he met the same demonstrations of tender, popular affection that attended Washington's journey to Mt. Vernon. He, like Washington, was regarded as a strong man, who had been converted to the New World doctrine of freedom for all. There could be no doubt of the permanency of our institutions if the soil would produce such as he. He continued to be a never-failing oracle, and politicians did not hesitate to make long journeys in order to be seen by the people going under the sacred lintels of the Hermitage near Nashville. In 1843 he wrote a letter favoring the annexation of Texas.

He spent eight years in retirement, and saw Calhoun, Clay, and Biddle all defeated or ruined. The things he did were all approved by the people, and he was a polit-

*Prof. W. G. Sumner: Life of Andrew Jackson.

ical saint long before he died. There were many sides of his character that shone gloriously in the light of liberty, and the tenderness of his love for Rachel charmed many who would have been alienated by his taste for revenge. He was as true as he was terrible. He was as forceful as he was simple. He had the mettle of a dictator, and the fidelity of a democratical philosopher. His soul was as strong as his body was frail.

The Hermitage was approached through a long double row of cedars. It is a quaint old building, main rooms and shed rooms of brick, with wooden columns and copings in front. Here the old hero lived with Colonel Andrew Jackson, adopted grandson, his wife and mother, and two old negroes, man and wife. General Jackson every day visited the grave of her he had loved, whose enemies he would have killed to a man, whose name was revered to him, whose gentle graces he regarded as those of the angels. He joined the Church, at last, and, under the urgent arguments of his spiritual saviors, forgave his enemies en masse. He was not sour; he had not expected to escape the hatreds of evil persons, and easily believed all were evil who did not believe in the Union, with low taxes and hard money. If Rachel had been with him, his cup would have overrun with joy. He died on the 8th of June, 1845, and was buried beside Rachel in the little garden. His memory has been almost worshiped by a generation, whose oldest survivors are rapidly passing away. They have left their heritage to others, who in turn have exalted Andrew Jackson, while their party traveled almost forty years in the wilderness, looking ever for their third prophet in the line from Jefferson and Jackson. While the 8th of January (battle of New Orleans)

is not a legal holiday except in Louisiana, it is one of the few well recognized banqueting days in the entire Union, and many are the declarations of political policy now celebrated in our history, that emanated originally from post-prandial orations in honor of Andrew Jackson.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

1767-1848

"THE OLD MAN ELOQUENT"

"Must I go down to the grave and leave posterity to do justice to my father and to me?" Such was the despairing cry of a President of the United States, the son of a President of the United States. This was the son of John and Abigail Adams, doubtless the most intellectual pair and best-mated couple of the Revolutionary days. Their son was a great man, but he led a most stormy life. If he despised safe harbors, he could not complain that the seas he frequented were not sufficiently tempestuous. He fought to the end, died fighting, was excused by his enemies only on the allegation of insanity, and must be considered with John Randolph among the most eccentric men that the Nation has produced. He was the original black Abolitionist, or black Republican. After the most persistent campaign ever fought by one man against a body of men, he finally vindicated the right of a free people to send petitions to their lawmakers and to have them received and heard.

July 11, 1767, in the north parish of Braintree, Massachusetts Bay, two years after the passage of the Stamp Act, there was born to John and Abigail Adams, both Revolutionary characters of the first order, a son, John Quincy Adams. When this son was seven years old he, with his leonine mother, climbed to the top of a high hill, listened to the cannon of Bunker Hill battle, and

watched the flames that arose from the conflagration of Charleston. At nine he was post-rider. At eleven he made a voyage with his father to Europe and back, and immediately set out for the Old World again with his parent. They sailed in a leaking ship, seeking refuge at an out-of-the-way Spanish port (Ferrol), and going in winter across the mountains to France and onward to Paris—a bitter index of the life that fate had reserved for this lad, so soon thrust upon the public affairs of a well troubled world. He went to school at Paris, Amsterdam, Leyden—wherever his father happened to be. Then the Envoy to Russia, Judge Dana, took him to St. Petersburg as private secretary. When John Adams became Minister to England, he doubtless considered himself able to send the boy to college, and the son was offered the opportunity, which he seized, returning to America and entering Harvard. He graduated in 1787, and studied law at Newburyport, with Judge Parsons. When he was twenty-three, he was admitted to practice, and established his office at Boston. By this time he was well-fitted for service as a contributor to Federalist newspaper literature, and was able, as "Publicola," to give Thomas Jefferson many uneasy moments. He scored Citizen Genet, the French torch-bearer of Liberty, so effectively that President Washington was led to appoint the young man Minister to the Hague. It is about this time that he begins the celebrated diary, which ranks him as one of the great private annalists of the world. The diary continues from 1795 to 1848, and with that of his father, forms one of the richest historical treasuries that exist as the original work of only two men. He was at the Hague while the army of France was victorious in the Netherlands. Diplomatic business called him to London, and there, in 1797, he married

Miss Louisa C. Johnson, with whom he lived happily till he died. General Washington was well pleased with the young man, and probably extended the period of his foreign service, as John Adams, without the direct persuasion of General Washington would not have kept his own son in public office, fearing the charge of nepotism. John Quincy Adams was appointed Minister to Prussia, and it is said the lieutenant at the gate did not know there was any such country as the new Minister claimed to represent. He traveled through Silesia, viewed the battle-fields, made a treaty, and was recalled by his father when it was known that Jefferson was to come in as President.

John Quincy Adams returned to the practice of law at Boston, and a district judge made him a commissioner in bankruptcy. From this position President Jefferson removed him. April 5, 1802, the ousted Federalist was elected to the State Senate. In 1803 he was elected United States Senator. But his entry into official life at the Capital was most inauspicious. To him the capital city seemed, after Berlin, Paris, and London, as some capital city in an East Indian or South African region now appears to us. Not only did the rudeness of the surroundings depress him, but he was personally the victim of the incivility of both Democrats and Federalists. A motion which he would make would be lost; another Senator would repeat it, and it would be carried almost by acclamation. The environment rapidly put him upon his mettle. The mistreatment which he received from the expiring Federalist party opened his eyes to the good that was in their opponents, and toward the end of his third Congress, he was able to be of service to Jefferson in many ways, getting well on the side favored by the majority. His Legislature

avenged itself by forcing his resignation, and he was able to change parties at a favorable moment. He simply felt, with seven-tenths of the voters, that if we must have war with a foreign nation, it ought not to be with France.

When James Madison came to the Presidency, he found Mr. Adams thus out of office on principle, and was glad to nominate him as Minister to Russia. The Senate at first refused to consent, but on a later date confirmed the nomination. The statesman, once so unpopular, had been able to change his party, and yet greatly increase his standing among his colleagues—a feat not often recorded. The journey from Boston to St. Petersburg was accomplished between August 5 and October 23. The residence at St. Petersburg is important as giving a Russian aspect to the Diary of Mr. Adams, while Napoleon was carrying on the greatest wars the world has seen.

On August 7, 1814, Mr. Adams was at Ghent as one of the commissioners of the peace that ended our War of 1812 with England. The deliberations lasted four months. That John Quincy Adams should ever have figured as a peace-maker, in a peace that was made, seems incredible; yet it is probable that Henry Clay, at Ghent, opposed more numerous obstacles. All of the gentlemen were of irritable temper. The treaty at London was considered a great Yankee victory.

Mr. Adams was at Paris when Napoleon returned from Elba, but became Minister at London before Waterloo. When he was a young man, General Washington had foretold that John Quincy Adams would some day reach the head of the diplomatic service, and he was now in that proud official position.

When James Monroe entered on the Presidency,

Mr. Adams was invited to become Secretary of State, which put him in the direct succession to the chief magistracy. He left England June 17, 1817, a man only forty years old, who might well be regarded as one of the most fortunate of America's sons. In his advancement to the Cabinet's highest portfolio might be seen the transfer of the Presidency, by natural oscillation and just division of honors, to a Northern State. It might have seemed to a lover of the Constitution that the millennium was come. It would be beyond the realm of prophecy to accredit to the highly-favored statesman traveling toward Washington the sentiment that stands at the beginning of this notice. His ambition was to be gratified almost to the extent of free institutions, and yet he was afterward to consider himself ill used.

He was even a better fault-finder than his great father. He had evidently forgotten the sylvan aspect of things at Washington: "It is impossible for me to describe to you my feelings on entering this miserable desert, this scene of desolation and horror. My anticipations were almost infinitely short of the reality. I can truly say that the first appearance of this seat of the National Government has produced in me nothing but absolute loathing and disgust." The British had been there, and had not improved the good looks of the widely-scattering village. Such a mean opinion of what was dear to the Virginians was not advantageous to Mr. Adams, and he had only his position as senior Secretary to defend him against Crawford, Clay, and Calhoun, who each thought he ought to be President after Monroe. During the "era of good feeling" this was the inside aspect of Cabinet politics. The purchase of Florida by President Monroe did not come about at the first treaty,

for that instrument was not ratified by Spain, and Mr. Adams thought his colleagues made his path thorny, in order to cheat him out of the Presidency. But when Spain set about a new negotiation she was compelled to take the old treaty with a change that made it less tasteful than at first. Through all General Jackson's troubles Mr. Adams stood generously by him, and, on January 8, 1824, gave to a thousand guests, in honor of the hero of New Orleans, the most brilliant ball that had ever been seen at Washington. Mr. Adams would make no effort whatever to secure the office of President, yet stated that if the people did not elect him, he should consider it a vote of waning confidence. Here he betrayed too little adaptability to the necessities of democratic government, and made it easy for more complaisant candidates to displace him in the affections of the people. The Electoral College was not able to announce a choice, and the election went to the House, where the balloting was confined to the names of Jackson, Adams, and Crawford. The South had shown no generous desire to share the Presidency with the North, and seventy-seven of the eighty-four votes for Adams had come from New York and New England. For this act of supreme selfishness, the slave-holding States were destined to receive in return a payment in kind at the hands of John Quincy Adams that is memorable to this day. They would have been wiser if they had shown some other public man their ingratitude. Henry Clay, with only thirty-seven votes, could not come before the House as a candidate, and was therefore the arbiter between General Jackson and Mr. Adams. Mr. Adams would have been elected by a popular vote, and the counting of the slave population had operated also to his prejudice. Clay was a critic of General Jackson.

The logical result could only be the success of Mr. Adams, and that event followed on the first ballot in the House, thirteen States going to the New England candidate. At the inauguration of President Adams General Jackson shook hands with him, but this ended their friendly relations. One of the President's kindliest acts was to appoint to office relatives of President Monroe, whom that sensitive chief magistrate while in office would not appoint, from motives of delicacy. General Jackson considered himself in some manner wronged by the alliance of Clay with Adams, and when Clay entered the Cabinet as Secretary of State, the proponents and admirers of the General let fly every bolt of malice and slander that could be fitted to the catapult of party politics. A fellow named Kremer asserted that "Clay had sold his friends in the House to Mr. Adams as the planter does his negroes, or the farmer his team and horses." The Tennessee Legislature quickly nominated General Jackson for the next Presidency. The Adams-Clay slander was officially repeated. John Randolph alleged that there had been a coalition of "Puritan and blackleg." Clay and Randolph fought a duel, which, owing to the introduction of hair-trigger pistols, not understood by Randolph, turned out to be bloodless, and there would have been more duels, save that General Jackson's informants were run to earth, and forced to deny their statements.

President John Quincy Adams was the first Northerner to confront a solid South. There was an opposition of fourteen votes against even the confirmation of Clay as Secretary of State. Men had been strangely at peace under the gentle Monroe; they sprang into dissension at the sight of a man who had no deep aversion to almost any kind of a disputation or melée. He was the

first of the Presidents who had Congress aligned against him. Four of the seven on every committee desired to know what measure he favored in order to oppose it. Added to an untoward beginning, Mr. Adams now developed a case of mugwumpism, or indifference to the interests of his friends and party, that was fatal to his continuance in power. If his presence in office were to be a bar to the preferment of his friends, they wanted him out. General Jackson was ready to reward everybody. He could promise everybody, and he would fulfill as long as the offices should last. Besides, he was a brilliant fighter. It was to be seen that President Adams was in the line of defeat from the moment his first term began. He even felt disappointment that he had not been elected at the polls, while Mr. Calhoun had been easily elected Vice President. He meditated on his situation, and concluded that the South had not been true to the spirit of the Constitution, and that he was the victim of its unfair action.

Personally, he was short, stout, bald. His eyes were weak. His voice was shrill and irritating to his enemies. As President, he rose before daybreak, and often built and lit his own fire. He received an unbroken stream of visitors. He went to bed early, between 8 and 9 o'clock when it was possible. In the morning he swam in the Potomac River, and rode on horseback. He sometimes walked for exercise. He began the day by reading chapters in the Bible, with Scott's and Hewlett's Commentaries, being a profoundly religious New Englander.

The "Adams and Clay faction," as the Democrats now called the National Republicans, or Whigs, upheld tariff and river-and-harbor bills, and both these policies were finally forced on Congress by the people, thus fortifying and encouraging the President. But he could not

win a second term, mainly because he was his own political enemy. He demanded love and gratitude, while as President he could not see his way clear to exemplify those amiable traits. The disappearance of Morgan, the Freemason, was a disagreeable incident, with many attending slanders. The political forgers of those days would have done credit to our later campaigns. Mr. Adams himself was not without shot in his locker when it came to vituperation. He noted that "the skunks of party slander had been squirting falsehoods round the House of Representatives, thence to issue and perfume the atmosphere of the Union." He made many entries against John Randolph. "The agony of his hatred and envy of me, and the hope of effecting my downfall, are his chief remaining sources of vitality. The issue of the Presidential election will kill him, by the gratification of his revenge"—these words in effect. He does not seem to have had the terrible word-throwing power of his father—he could not mass adjectives together with the parental phonetic force—yet no man of his day—not even Jackson—equaled him in persistent rancor and steadfast resentment of injury.

In the next election, Calhoun, the Southerner, was again elected by 171 votes as Vice President, but Adams received only 83 to 178 for Jackson. While the Solid South had shown its policy to the North, Federalist Boston, as yet insensate, had only disgrace to offer to its son as a welcome, and did its best to make still more bitter a noble President's retirement. If he had replied to his traducers, he would have covered them with shame.

Now the "old man eloquent," as he was soon to be called, was to enter Congress as a Representative from the Plymouth district. Single-handed, he was to stand

between fire-eating and temporizing cohorts, for sixteen years, defying, defeating, baiting, maddening, and disparaging the Solid South that had proudly challenged the ill-will of all the North, and had aroused the unforgiving spirit of but one real champion. There is not in the history of legislation another campaign so long, by a single gladiator so full of fortitude, so careless of danger, so deaf to accommodation. Senator, Ambassador, Minister, President, as he had been—all his early public services dwindle into the deep shadows when he stands in the bright light that history throws on him after he became the hated-one of a slave-holding and planter-fearing Congress which he alone visited with unmitigated contempt. He had his private quarrel with the South. Because he had been a Northerner, he had been rejected. The North was his client. Now the case was well open. The Civil War was inevitable. He foresaw it. As his father would have decided, the sooner it came the better it would suit John Quincy Adams. When this stormy petrel appeared upon their horizon, little did the Southern people conceive what a tide of calamities he heralded.

In a word, he found that he could be a sharp thorn in the side of the South by merely presenting the petitions (for the enfranchisement of the slaves) that were everywhere in circulation in the North. When he raised his querulous voice, it was usually against the peacemakers of the North. He had not a friend in the House. He meditated on his singular position, so different from that of all other ex-Presidents, and, finding that the irritations of his position wore more sharply on others than on himself, came to enjoy his isolation. He was a second John Randolph, but, in addition, he was a black Abolitionist—a term of reproach fully as terrible as "an-

archist" in Europe. But when he was attacked, his face flushed, his eyes streamed, his hand shook with palsy, and his cracking voice emptied on his audacious opponent such a flood of argument joined with abuse as usually put to rout all but the most able and well-supported. He entered Congress in 1831. As no one could foresee the attitude into which he was to throw himself, he was made Chairman of the Committee of Manufactures, which would handle questions of tariff, on which South Carolina stood in legal rebellion, a position in which he gave his colleagues much offense. He came to the aid of General Jackson in his quarrel with France, but complained that the General returned him "only insult, indignity and slander." He had been the best friend Jackson ever had. Jackson's course in taking the Presidency away from the New Englander was avenged in many ways. When the General went to Boston, Harvard College made him a Doctor of Laws, although Mr. Adams, as one of the Board of Overseers, savagely opposed it. He "lamented the disgrace of his beloved Alma Mater," "in conferring her highest literary honors upon a barbarian who could not write a sentence of grammar, and hardly could spell his own name." He used to amuse himself by calling the President Doctor Andrew Jackson. The traveler became ill. "I believe much of his debility is politic. He is one of our tribe of great men who turn his disease to commodity. Four-fifths of his sickness is trickery, and the other fifth mere fatigue."

For the first two or three years Mr. Adams presented petitions as they came without stirring the emotions that lay beneath the surface of these discussions of slavery. When the annexation of Texas became a question at issue, the petitions came faster, the indiffer-

ence of the Southern members wore down to quicker sensations, and they made an attempt to shake off the incubus. The petitions usually appeared in the form of a prayer that slavery be abolished in the District of Columbia, where Congress had full authority. January 4, 1836, the Southern members joined against Mr. Adams. A report was brought in advising that no more slavery or anti-slavery petitions be received by the House. This, called the "gag," was adopted by 182 to 9, and 117 to 68. At each vote, when the name of J. Q. Adams was called, the old man rose and shrieked his objections to the act of the House, amid the most clamorous demands for "order" and "vote." To break down this "gag"—to bring odium on a free Congress of a free people that did not dare to hear petitions—now became a duty and a joy to the bitter and isolated representative. At the next Congress, when the rules were adopted, there was confronting the slaveholders the same necessity of rushing through a disgraceful and arbitrary ruling. In December, 1837, when his name was called to vote on the "gag," he shrieked in tones so shrill that an organized disorder could not render them less distinct: "I hold the resolution to be a violation of the Constitution, of the right of petition of my constituents, and of the people of the United States, and of my right to freedom of speech as a member of this House." The clerk omitted the name of J. Q. Adams in the record of the vote, this speech not being a vote. Mr. Adams called attention to the omission. The clerk thereupon called the omitted name. Mr. Adams moved that his answer as given be entered on the journal. The Speaker declared the motion out of order. Mr. Adams demanded a minute of the motion with the ruling. As this was not done, Mr. Adams made inquiry the next

day, and heated discussion was precipitated. A member declared that if "the question ever came to the issue of war, the Southern people would march into New England and conquer it." Mr. Adams made the immortal reply that it might all be so, yet he entered his resolution on the journal because he was resolved that his opponent's "name should go down to posterity damned to everlasting fame." The ultra-abolitionists who were not in Congress of course centered their attention on John Quincy Adams, and were a source of constant danger to him and his cause. His family, on the other hand, considered the burden too heavy for his years, and the rôle he had assumed unsuited to his fame. Had there been one member to take up his work, he would have ceased, but he was absolutely alone. The fidelity with which the Plymouth district stood to the business of reëlecting him, reflects additional glory on that birthplace of freedom. The petitions were now enormously large in number. One Gregory prayed to be declared an alien so long as slaves and Indians were wronged. January 3, 1838, Mr. Adams presented 100 petitions; on the 15th, 50; on the 28th, 31; February 14, 350; March 12, 96. By this time personal feeling against Abolitionists was at the acme of hatred. Preston of South Carolina invited them South to be hanged. When Mr. Adams would rise to explain a vote against the "gag," Waddy Thompson would come down the aisle and tauntingly offer his personal aid to the Speaker in quieting the piercing voice of the old New Englander.

When war was threatened, the ancient Yankee had a bitter method of showing that by such means only could slavery be abolished. In a state of war, the powers of the Constitution came into better play, and "a State burdened with slavery could be ceded to a foreign

power." Talk of secession did not originate at the South. The Hartford Convention of James Madison's time was a New England movement. The Nation was not yet welded with the fires of civil war. So now, under the lead of John Quincy Adams, there were more hints of secession by Boston than by Charleston. On May 25, 1836, Mr. Adams says he made by far his most noted speech. This was against the admission of the Republic of Texas as a State. He foresaw the Mexican War, with more slave States and wrong to a sister Republic.

March 5, 1838, he presented a petition that the House should forever expel John Quincy Adams. Waddy Thompson explained that he, too, had received such a petition numerously signed, but had not presented it. Enemies might amuse themselves in this way, but they could only rivet the more securely on the attention of the people the belief of John Quincy Adams that the right of petition was sacred, and was trampled upon in the House.

February 6, 1837, Mr. Adams presented 200 Abolition petitions. At last, in closing, he said he held in his hand what purported to be the petition of twenty-two slaves, and he would like instructions. The Speaker was at a loss for an answer. Mr. Adams, professing to doubt the genuineness of the paper, as so many slave-holding pranks were attempted, asked if he should send the petition up for examination. The Speaker asked the sense of the House. Members hurrying to their seats, not understanding what kind of mine their foe was springing, cried, "Expel him! Expel him!" Mr. Haynes moved the rejection of the petition. Mr. Lewis opposed this, believing that Mr. Adams should be disciplined. If he were not to be punished, "it would be

better for the representatives from the slave-holding States to go home at once." Mr. Alford said that, as soon as the petition should be presented, he would move that it should be "taken from the House and burned." A resolution of severe censure was offered, and, in his speech of support, Mr. Waddy Thompson threatened proceedings before the grand jury of the District, saying, if that body had the spirit, people should "yet see an incendiary brought to condign punishment." Another resolution stated that Mr. Adams' conduct was an incitement to servile insurrection. Mr. Alford was ready to stay "until this fair city is a field of Waterloo, and this beautiful Potomac a river of blood." This was indeed a storm, whereupon the sardonic statesman who had caused it revealed that the petition was *for* slavery, and that he had fooled the House to the top of its bent. The House next attempted to punish him for his levity, and started a debate on fresh resolutions. Yet, after they had emptied their stores of vituperation and sarcasm, and as they saw him replenishing his own, they strategically dropped the whole question before his time came to speak. In this they calculated to strike him their hardest blow. Yet in the end he made his speech—a long one—and was not formally censured.

January 21, 1842, while Mr. Adams was Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, he presented a petition from Georgia, praying that John Quincy Adams be removed from his Chairmanship. He requested to be heard on the charges made against him by "the infamous slaveholders." Mr. Smith, of Virginia, asked if Mr. Adams were defending himself against the charge of monomania. Some cried "Yes"; others "No; he is establishing the fact." This going on the table in a wrangle, Mr. Adams rose and presented the petition of

forty-five citizens of Haverhill, Mass., praying a dissolution of the Union. He asked for a report showing why the prayer could not be granted. The commotion was again as great as when the slave-petition had been suggested. Mr. Adams said Mr. Gilmer was playing second fiddle to Henry A. Wise. Mr. Gilmer said he was no fiddler, but was trying to stop the music of him who—

> "In the space of one revolving moon,
> Was statesman, poet, fiddler, and buffoon."

A caucus of forty slaveholders met and brought in resolutions indicative of their abhorrence of Mr. Adams' act. Debate on the resolutions took on a serious aspect. On the third day Mr. Wise (the same who was to hang John Brown) concluded his long speech, Mr. Adams being "determined not to interrupt him till he had discharged his full cargo of filthy invective." Mr. Adams then made "the preliminary point" that in trying his case his judges would be debating a question "on which their personal, pecuniary, and most sordid interests were at stake." Mr. Wise retorted that he was influenced only by the "personal loathing, dread, and contempt" he felt "for the man." Mr. Adams tortured Mr. Wise into crying out that a certain statement "was as base and black a lie as the traitor was base and black who uttered it." The protracted debate ended with nothing, and, after the last long vote to lay on the table, John Quincy Adams calmly rose to his feet and presented nearly two hundred petitions, or until the House adjourned. He was an old man of the sea. They could not shake him off.

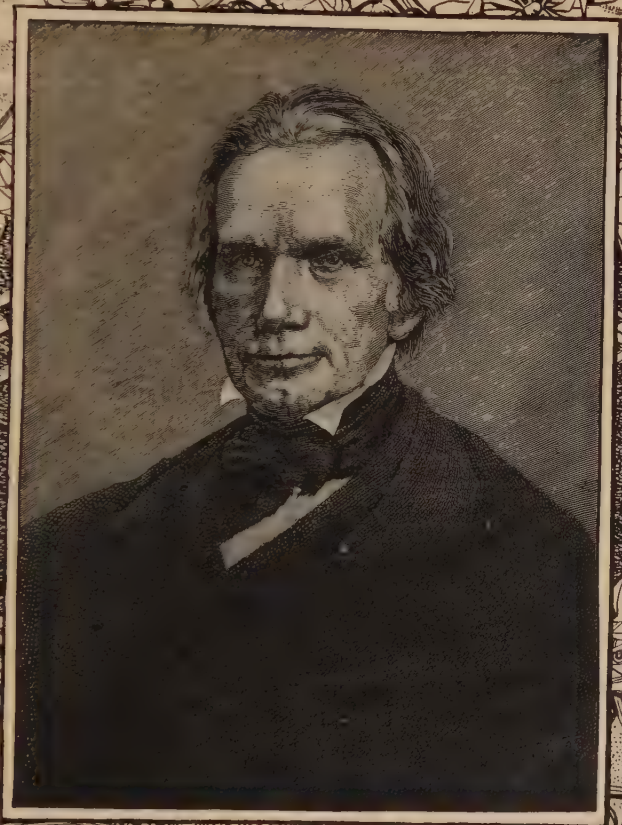
Now his labors bore fruit. Another member, Barnard, made bold to present a petition for a dissolution of the Union, and the House sat tamely under the ordeal.

Year by year the majority for the "gag-rule" had dwindled until, December 3, 1844, when Mr. Adams, as was his custom, moved to strike it out, he carried the day. "Blessed, forever blessed, be the name of God!" he wrote that night in his diary. His work was now done. And with success, respect and veneration came back, even to the hearts of those who thought him insane in his hatred of slavery. November 19, 1846, he was stricken with paralysis in Boston. When he reappeared in the House, the members all rose together. He was no longer an eye-sore. When he had carried his point, he was satisfied. On February 21, 1848, he appeared in his seat as usual. At 1:30 o'clock p. m., as the Speaker was putting a vote there were cries: "Stop, Stop! Mr. Adams!" The aged man was insensible. The House adjourned. He was taken to a couch in the Speaker's room. There, late in the afternoon he whispered: "Thank the officers of the House." Soon afterward: "This is the last of earth! I am content." He thereafter lay for forty-eight hours, and died February 23, 1848. He was buried under the portal of the church at Quincy, Mass., beside his immortal father and mother.

There was a good deal about him that Andrew Johnson afterward resembled, and the tempestuous careers of these two Presidents may be profitably compared. John Quincy Adams was a man whom his own age would be sure to esteem more grudgingly than the people of later days. He strove to be superhuman in his honesty and love of justice. The people loved Jackson better because he discovered so many faults, while John Quincy Adams revealed scarcely one that could be charged as growing directly out of his own initiative. He was as patient in his love of the right as he saw it

as Jackson was long-suffering in his personal hatreds and desire for revenge. He (Adams) considered that Clay, Jackson, Pickering, Bayard, Crawford, Calhoun, Webster, Randolph, Russell, Parsons, Otis, Giles and other public men, had "used up their faculties in base and dirty tricks to thwart (his) progress in life and destroy (his) character."

It is necessary to know how stubbornly and unfalteringly John Quincy Adams fought for the right of petition in the House of Representatives in order to understand the true causes of the Civil War in America. There afterward labored in the thorny paths he trod, Elijah Lovejoy, Charles Sumner, William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillipps. And then southward, alone by himself, even more terrible, more remorseless, more effective than John Quincy Adams, there strode John Brown, of Ossawatomie, a Man of Non-Resistance, suddenly transformed, as if by Divine power, into a Gorgon of Emancipation.



HENRY CLAY

From an old daguerreotype.

HENRY CLAY

1777-1852

"THE MILL-BOY OF THE SLASHES"

Few readers can follow the long career of Henry Clay without enthusiasm. "If any one desires to know the leading and paramount object of my public life, the preservation of this Union will furnish the key." These words, which are his, contain the essence of his biography. He was a man of ready adjustments, not easily led to extremes, who elected John Quincy Adams, effected the Missouri Compromise, and passed the compromise tariff which allowed the Nullifiers to retreat from their position of secession. Again, as the Civil War arose prematurely out of its lair in the future, Henry Clay, an old man close at the portals of the tomb, effected still another compromise, the greatest of all with which his name is connected in our history. Like all men of compromise, his life work settled nothing, except for his own time. A medal struck in his honor, with inscriptions revised by himself, noted the following points in his career: Senate, 1806; Speaker, 1811; war of 1812 with Great Britain and treaty of Ghent, 1814; Spanish America, 1822; Missouri Compromise, 1821; American system (protective tariff), 1824; Greece, 1824; Secretary of State, 1825; Panama instructions, 1826; tariff compromise (nullification threatened), 1833; public domain, 1833-41; peace with France preserved, 1835; compromise, 1850.

Henry Clay was the first of the American statesmen

who revealed to his followers his personal feeling that he ought to be President. He was the first of the statesmen to inspire great bodies of voters with a sense of public misfortune in his personal disappointments. He was one of three men—Clay, Webster, and Calhoun—whose names are heard as often as if they had been Presidents. He had no great subject for his oratory, yet he was so silvery in voice that the dying Randolph, a cynic to the death, was carried to the Capitol and raised from his couch that he might catch once more the cadence of the syllables, whose like he had never heard.

Henry Clay was born April 12, 1777, in Hanover County, Virginia, in a neighborhood called the "Slashes"—a place in the woods which had been "slashed," or cut over—the good timber taken, but the ground not cleared properly. His father was an eloquent Baptist preacher, and died when Henry, the fifth in a family of seven children, was only four years old. There is a tradition that, while the dead body of the minister lay in the house, Tarleton, the English raider, took some of the property of the place, and left a handful of gold on the widow's table. This money the mother of Henry Clay indignantly threw into the fireplace.

Henry Clay went to school in a log cabin with a hard clay floor. He went to mill on the Pamunkey River, riding a pony with a rope bridle, and carrying the "bread timber" in a bag. Hence he became the "Mill-Boy of the Slashes," and ran for President on that industrious and democratical recollection.

His mother married Captain Henry Watkins, who placed Henry Clay, by this time fourteen years old, in a retail store at Richmond, and afterward obtained for the stepson a clerkship in the office of the Clerk of the High Court of Chancery. At this time Henry Clay

was an awkward country boy. His companions made some sport of his appearance, but he was studious and earned the good will of George Wythe, famous as the benefactor of brilliant young men. After four years of clerkship, Henry Clay entered the law office of Robert Brooke, Attorney-General, and was indulgently admitted to practice. The Tory lawyers had disappeared; there was need of legal counsel, and young advocates had excellent opportunities. In 1797, at twenty, he left Richmond, already a promising young man, and joined his mother and step-father at Lexington, Ky. He at once entered on a successful course of criminal practice, and afterward admitted that his power over juries had not improved the tone and character of Kentucky society. He became incomparable as an orator in his region, by a method worthy of relation: He read a passage from history each day. Then, seeking an audience of domestic animals, he spoke to them, in an off-hand manner, the ideas which he had gathered from the passage. He would speak aloud in forest, corn-field, hayloft, or stable, growing in strength of voice, fortitude, and readiness of thought while making an address.

In 1799 he married Lucretia Hart, who became the mother of eleven children. He soon was able to purchase Ashland, an estate of 600 acres near Lexington, which became his future home. Like all great orators, he was extremely easy to come toward; he was a pleasant man to meet. This characteristic never deserted him, and he early became a favorite with his neighbors, a favored son of his State, and anon the idol of a National party. In the discussions attending the making of a Kentucky Constitution, Mr. Clay was ardently against slavery, without effect, although his fame as an orator became so well established that he was elected to the

Legislature in 1803. Burr came through the country, bent on some kind of a filibustering enterprise, and was arrested. Clay appeared as Burr's counsel. Nine years later, meeting Aaron Burr, Clay refused to take his hand. When Clay spoke at one end of the State House, the other end would be emptied of its legislators, so widespread was the desire to hear his oratory, and in 1806 the State proudly sent him on to Washington as United States Senator for an unexpired term, to bring honor to Kentucky in the debates of Congress. He was not quite eligible as to age, being less than thirty years old. He also received retaining fees of $3,000 to appear at the Supreme Court at Washington for clients. He was already a fortunate man, but his commentators noted that he "declaimed more than he reasoned." He had been used to addressing large bodies; the Senate was a very small gathering. He returned to Kentucky with pleasure, and at once became Speaker of the House. As hatred of England increased, he suggested that Kentuckians, particularly the legislators, should wear only such clothes as were the product of home manufacture. For this, Humphrey Marshall denounced Clay as a demagogue, and a duel followed. The men met near Lexington with pistols, and both were touched at the second fire. This is said to have been the first blood shed in America in the cause of "protection."

In 1809 Henry Clay filled another unexpired term as United States Senator, and spoke with earnestness in behalf of home manufactures. He opposed, and possibly defeated, the recharter of the Bank, and was outspoken against England. At the end of his short term he was elected to represent the Lexington district in Congress. The lower House at Washington was the debating club of the Nation. The Senate was still

regarded more in the light of a privy council. So great was Clay's fame that he was elected Speaker by a large majority. A new member, however famous, could not be expected to achieve that eminence nowadays. As Speaker, too, he did not withdraw from debate, but, in Committee of the Whole, rather led the discussions. At that time the Speakership had not acquired the astonishing legislative powers that pertained to it as early as 1884, and when Henry Clay carried President Madison to war he did it entirely by the force of eloquence, as a result of Western feeling. Young America, led by Henry Clay, carried a vote for war by seventy-nine to forty-nine. Fifteen States were against it. The opponents of war called themselves "friends of peace, liberty, and commerce." Clay was so enthusiastic and active in getting recruits that President Madison desired to appoint him Commander-in-Chief, but he was needed in Congress. There Josiah Quincy, Federalist, made a remarkable fire-in-the-rear speech. Of "the buccaneering expedition against Canada," he said that its failure was a disgrace, "but the disgrace of failure was terrestrial glory compared with the disgrace of the attempt." The elder fixed his eyes on young Henry Clay: "Those must be very young politicians, their pin-feathers not yet grown, and, however they may flutter on this floor, they are not yet fledged for any high or distant flight."

To this attack Clay replied with one of his greatest speeches, in which a eulogy of Jefferson, living renowned on his mountain top, sent a thrill through the country and took a permanent place in the school-books. The war went ill, despite Clay's eloquence, and after he had been a second time elected Speaker he resigned to take a place on the Peace Commission in Europe. It

is thought it was his object to interpose objections against a humiliating treaty. It is usually said of him that he alone made the English resign the right of navigation in the Mississippi. The labors at Ghent lasted for five months. The war ended as it began, yet Clay declared in Congress afterward that he would have acted the same way again. At Paris he met Madame de Staël. He went to London on diplomatic business. He returned to America greatly honored in September, 1815, and again became Speaker of the House of Representatives. He was offered the mission to Russia, and later the portfolio of War. Both offers were too small. It already seemed that merit and popularity must raise him to the Presidency as soon as he should reach the proper age. He wished to be Secretary of State, so as to get into succession, but his colleague at Ghent, John Quincy Adams, was chosen for the coveted place. Thus, as early as 1816, his hopes were dimmed. Nevertheless he again became Speaker and was for the time being a much greater officer than the Secretary of State. He became the eloquent proponent of taxes for roads and canals and protection of home industry. He viewed President Monroe with enmity, and that peaceable chief magistrate grieved daily at the opposition that was rising against an Administration that deserved no enemies.

When General Jackson came before Congress as a high-handed commander in the Seminole War, Clay led the debate against him. The resolutions of censure on the hero of New Orleans were lost, and Henry Clay, previously a man for war, was politically placed in the attitude of a critic of the only successful soldier in his own war. If he had at this time abandoned hope of the Presidency and come into the support of General Jackson, it is not impossible, by that means, he might have

unwittingly accomplished the wish of his life. On the lines which he chose, he could never be elected to the highest office, because too many men stood in the way. Owing to the good nature of President Monroe, Mr. Clay was, for the fourth time, elected Speaker, but there would have been opposition of a considerable character had any desire for retribution resided in the hearts of either Monroe or Adams. He was still regarded as a remarkable orator and a brilliant if somewhat erratic public man. It was deemed to be good statesmanship to keep the Speakership in the West. He made many speeches in behalf of the South American Republics, and his political reputation, somewhat shaken in the ill-advised attacks on Monroe and Jackson, was rapidly reëstablished. He possessed, by all accounts, many more natural gifts than he made diligent use of. He allowed slower and less promising athletes to outrun him over the course. His next great appearance as a legislator was in the Missouri Compromise. A forty years' debate on slavery had begun in Congress. Slaves had increased in value. They were bred like the lower animals, Virginia and North Carolina leading in this industry. With exports of $20,000,000 of cotton each year, all wrung from the ill-paid toil of slaves, the South had lost the philosophical desire for emancipation that had been indicated in its early history. The cancer of slavery was well rooted in the body politic. But the North and West were increasing in population more rapidly than the South, and the South could only hope to maintain slavery by keeping its hold on the Senate. If a free and a slave State were admitted together, the *status quo* could be assumed. The Missouri Compromise came when the bill authorizing the State of Missouri was passed. Henry Clay helped the slaveholders

with all the arts so soon learned in the chair of the Speaker, and at last Missouri was made a slave State, but the line of her Southern border, projected westward to (what was then) Mexico, was to be the extreme northern limit of slavery—there were to be no slaves north of latitude 36.30. The Missouri Constitution came to Congress in a most objectionable form; free negroes could not enter the State. To leave this clause in the Constitution and yet admit Missouri seemed a difficult feat even for the metaphysicians of those days, but Clay accomplished it, greatly exalting his fame. At the same time the Southern members were taught that a little talk about the sword would alarm Mr. Clay into almost any compromise or retreat that the South might be willing to accept. To this point Henry Clay had first been antislavery, then proslavery; first hot for war and then compliant to the slaveholders who threatened war; anxious to let Major-General Jackson loose against the English; then too quick to criticise Major-General Jackson for whipping the English wherever he could find them. Meanwhile his finances had suffered. He could earn great fees; he resigned his Speakership in order to repair his shattered fortunes. It will be seen that his Presidential hopes, or some unknown reason, had led him into a public course that was not logical, for he was bent on pleasing the North with protection and river-and-harbor bills, and the South with slavery, so that he was more than likely to offend both sections. He was now called "the great pacificator." It was in these days he said he would "rather be right than President."

In Kentucky his fame was secure. The State lost the Speakership to Virginia in his absence, and the pressure on him was heavy to return to Congress. On his reacceptance of a seat in 1824 he was again elected

Speaker by an overwhelming vote, and became an open candidate to succeed Monroe as President. He now developed his high-tariff policy, christening or rechristening it "the American system," and the infant industries of the Union, largely in the North, were encouraged with the thought that they were to be fattened on the pap of taxation. As Monroe's Presidential term ended, it was seen that the dynastic idea of succession through certain offices was in danger. General Jackson, an outsider, was looming over the scene, and Clay had as good right to be President as Jackson or Crawford. But, at the elections of 1824, Jackson led, Adams was second, and Crawford third. Clay, being only fourth, could not be voted for in the House, and yet became President-maker—a strange addition to the peace-making chapters of his life. He elected Adams, and took the portfolio of State, evidently still under the belief that tradition would continue to give the Presidency to the Secretaries of State. This acceptance of an office that he had coveted in 1816 he regarded in after life as a critical error of his career. The cry of bargain-and-sale went up from Jackson's friends, making Clay's last days in the Speakership bitter, with challenges to mortal combat and scandal. Yet Clay retired with the record of being the ablest Speaker America had produced, and his course in the House is still the subject of widespread technical study.

When the appointment of envoys to the Panama Congress was debated, John Randolph said Clay and Adams had made "a coalition of Blifil and Black George —the combination, unheard of till then, of the Puritan and the blackleg." Clay challenged Randolph. They met on the Virginia shore of the Potomac, above the Little Falls bridge, at 4 p. m., April 8, 1826—a Saturday.

Randolph was a dead shot, but not used to the hair-trigger. It is said that he was not inclined to kill Clay. The first fire was made too quickly by Randolph, but Clay's bullet went through Randolph's loose flannel gown or coat. At the second shot, Randolph fired in the air, while Clay's bullet again went through Randolph's coat. Seeing that Randolph had not wished to kill him, Clay was overwrought with fraternal feeling, and went forward saying that he would not have hurt Randolph for a thousand worlds, knowing all as he at last did. "You owe me a new coat," said Randolph, dryly. "I am glad the debt is no greater," answered Clay. Benton gives eight pages to the "interview." He says: "It was about the last high-toned duel I have witnessed." The effects of the duel on Clay's political reputation were bad, for Jackson had the advantage of him if both were to stand on a platform of man-killing; and Clay, too, the ardent denunciator of the code duello, had thus fought a battle. For years the proud Kentuckian was bent on running down the slander that he had sold out to Adams, but Jackson kept entirely out of his way, nor did he single Clay as an enemy who should be killed in a duel, as he had full opportunity to do. It may be said that Clay proved convincingly that every man who alleged the bargain, as a matter of fact known to him, was a deliberate liar. But, in the election for President in 1828, every Clay vote of 1824 went for Jackson, and Adams was overwhelmingly defeated. Even Kentucky voted for Jackson, against the Administration of which its favored son, Clay, was the Premier. Mr. Clay's health and pride both suffered while he was Secretary of State. He did not like the office nor its labors. The sacrifices he had made to take it had been fruitless of good. What he had thought would be a

step to the Presidency was a stumbling block. He went into private life at fifty-two still a great party chief—to the ordinary apprehension the greatest man in the Union. By this time he had grown imperious, and was a man whom lesser souls would delight to disappoint, thinking he needed stern discipline. There was no one to challenge his sway among men save a broken-hearted old backwoodsman, newly elected President, whom Clay thought would soon be enmeshed in trouble and stultified through incompetency to fill a great office. For a time this owner of Ashland lived at home as a farmer, striving to cultivate the agricultural and pastoral graces that had broadened Jefferson's hold on the people. He refused seats in Congress and the Legislature. He was a lover of good horses. He found his personal fame still very great. Turnpikes would take no toll; innkeepers were jealous one of another in towns where he sojourned. On the whole, he was flattered, and prompt to arouse himself out of his disappointment. The example of the ex-President, in taking a seat in Congress, made a profound democratic impression, not only on Clay, but on the Nation. Clay made a journey through Ohio, with brass bands and cannons, with wagons full of young women representing the States, and with banquets. His protection theories were considered good for a new country. He began to talk and feel that there was a Cæsar at the Capitol with pretorian guards—it could all be stopped if Henry Clay were elected President. But, just at this moment, Morgan, the Free Mason, disappeared, there arose a hatred of Free Masons, it became a political question in the largest States, and Clay's forces were split in twain. He reappeared at Washington in December, 1831, as Senator from Kentucky and candidate for Congress on a

platform of antagonism to "spoils," and favoring high tariff, river-and-harbor bills, and United States Bank. Clay's party was called the National Republican. It met at Baltimore and nominated him for President by acclaim. But the debate on Bank and high tariff went on in the Senate, where Clay had to compromise on the tariff to please the South, thus maddening the "tariff barons" at the North, and Jackson vetoed the recharter of the Bank with the certainty that there were more debtors than creditors, each with a single vote. Clay was beaten before he entered the race; yet Jackson had seemingly committed an unheard of number of political errors. His mistakes never hurt him; Clay's never failed to be vital—for instance, in Jackson's veto of the Bank, he relied on Clay's former arguments *against* the Bank. In the elections Jackson polled 687,502 votes; Clay, 530,189; in the Electoral College Jackson had 219 and Clay 49; Wirt, the anti-Mason, had 7, and South Carolina gave 11 for Floyd, nullification being well on as a question. It was Clay's compromise tariff bill that offered the South Carolinians an opportunity of retreat, and, although buried under defeat, he was still more than ever "the great pacificator," with 530,000 voters behind him, so that he could make a progress through the country with nearly as much eclat as Jackson. In July, 1833, Mr. Clay went by way of Buffalo to New England, and wrote to a friend that he seemed to pass through scenes of enchantment. In the winter he waged war on President Jackson in the Senate, but the Bank was doomed and Clay went on to certain defeat. Yet his leadership was unquestioned. Clay passed a bill distributing the surplus National taxes among the States as a "loan." Nobody could deny that it was bad government to thus deal with the people's money. The

original tax must have been unjust because it was unneeded.

In the winter of 1835-6 the slavery question, in Benton's words, "was installed in Congress." Clay favored the right of petition, a question which John Quincy Adams, with Spartan fortitude, was keeping alive in the House. When Jackson came near the end of his second term, the Whigs began to question the wisdom of putting up their leader for President—whether this were good tactics. This keenly touched Clay. The result was that he let his party flounder, and it held no convention at all. Van Buren was triumphantly elected, and General Jackson went home the victor at all points, even expunging from the records of the Senate the resolutions of censure which Clay had put there with so much labor. Against this crowning defeat Clay made an eloquent and even chivalrous resistance, and was reawakened to political life by the activities of the session of the Senate, which closed with Jackson's public career. The institution of a real National Treasury did not begin until this time, and Clay opposed it. A National Treasury, like a National postoffice, tax collection, city gasworks, waterworks, street cars, would be one more step away from private proprietary rights; there would naturally be a party opposed to it on principle, and this force could count with certainty on the aid of many who would have reasons purely sordid. Calhoun, with Jackson out of the way, came back into alliance with Van Buren, and there was a notable debate between Clay and Calhoun. Thus the twain who had joined against Jackson were now bitter opponents. Calhoun brought proslavery resolutions into the Senate and asked for a test vote. Clay tried to compromise. Calhoun declared that the difference between his views and

those of Clay was wide as the poles. Calhoun did not want anybody to be legally able to assert that slavery was "wicked and sinful"—he thought that was a libel, or he pretended to think so. Yet Clay managed to soften the Calhoun resolutions. He wrote privately: "Their professed object is slavery; their real aim, to advance the political interests of the mover, and to affect mine." Thus, like Jackson, Clay regarded all public questions as being smaller than the personal one—even slavery itself, that was to cost the greatest war the world had seen. "The Abolitionists," wrote Mr. Clay a little later, "are denouncing me as a slaveholder, and the slaveholders as an Abolitionist, while both are united on Mr. Van Buren." Mr. Clay thereupon went over to slavery in a speech which began with the statement that he was no friend of slavery, and Calhoun at once rose and congratulated him.

The Whigs met in National convention at Harrisburg, Pa., December 4, 1839, a date that nowadays would be considered strangely early in the campaign. If Clay were to be defeated in this convention it must be done by chicanery. He stood exactly as Blaine so long appeared before the country in after years. The astute leaders in New York, with Weed at their head, did not want a Free Mason like Clay, and needed a General. They desired to turn the tables on the Democrats and pit a General against a civilian. General Harrison was nominated while Henry Clay was at Washington waiting to receive the nomination. He arose to take the dispatch, announcing the result, and stamped in rage on the floor: "My friends are not worth the powder and shot it would take to kill them." "If there were two Henry Clays, one of them would make the other President of the United States." "It is a diabolical intrigue,

I know now, which has betrayed me. I am the most unfortunate man in the history of parties—always run by my friends when sure to be defeated, and now betrayed for a nomination when I, or any one, would be sure of an election." From that time it came to be said that the man was unfortunate who got the Presidential bee in his bonnet, because the course of events was often a pure lottery, and he, as a rule, who went to the convention with most ballots was precisely the one who could not be nominated. Clay entered the campaign as a Speaker, and was its central high light. The victory was startling. Harrison offered to Clay the portfolio of State, which Clay declined. In the Senate he moved the repeal of the sub-treasury measures, in a proud speech, stating that the elections gave him his mandate. Silas Wright's rejoinder is one of the wittiest replies ever made—namely, that "after such a Presidential campaign as the country had witnessed, the election might also be interpreted as a mandate from the people to tear down the Capitol and erect on its site a log-cabin, ornamented with coon-skins." The resolution failed. The Albany Regency (Weed) that had defeated Clay at Harrisburg now inspired President Harrison with the ignoble idea of writing to the fallen leader not to come to see him, but to write, so that people could not say Clay was directing the Administration. To this Clay responded feelingly. It was a cruel incident. Henry Clay was sixty-four; for over twelve years he had led his party until it came to power; then it was the first to treat him with contempt. Harrison died almost as soon as Clay reached home. John Tyler, Vice-President, was President.

Tyler was not in sympathy with the party that had elected him—he had been put in the Vice-President's

chair to vote with the slaveholders if they should need him. Clay said at Ashland: "I will drive him before me," and came on to the Senate with renewed life. He would abolish the Treasury, establish a private Bank again, sell bonds, raise the tariff, and distribute the land moneys. He was made chairman of Finance, and of Bank. He abolished the Treasury and sold the bonds, but Tyler stopped him at the Bank, vetoing the bill twice and killing it. Clay also distributed more land money to the States. He supported a bankruptcy bill which let the debtors off on their own terms, but such a measure is a consequence of every widespread panic, and cannot be blamed on Clay. When Tyler vetoed the Bank, all his Cabinet resigned except Webster (Secretary of State). When Tyler heard Webster say he would stay, he said: "Give me your hand on that, and now I will say to you that Henry Clay is a doomed man from this hour." But Tyler, not Clay, was isolated. For years the word "Tylerize," meant to betray. When Clay came to make his farewell speech in the Senate, in the spring of 1842, the hall was crowded and the scene was singular in our history. As he closed the Senate adjourned. Even Calhoun shook hands with the departing Chief. "This valedictory," says Benton, in his "Thirty Years," "was the first occasion of the kind, and, thus far, has been the last; and it might not be recommendable for any one except another Henry Clay —if another should ever appear—to attempt its imitation." "Clay's leaving Congress was something like the soul's quitting the body," wrote Crittendon, the successor, another compromiser, because a Middle State like Kentucky, where the battles must be, would dread an internecine war.

At Ashland Henry Clay, now called the "Old

Prince," was received with an enthusiasm exceeding all his previous popularity. Minor orators vied with each other in covering new terms of panegyric. Aristides, Cincinnatus, Washington, "unrivaled orator of the age," "illustrious abroad, beloved at home"—these were the compliments cheered to the echo, that met him everywhere. He was nominated as Whig candidate for President all over the country, and made a progress northward, southward to New Orleans, and southeastward. Texas was annexed by treaty, and the treaty came to the Senate. Approval meant war with Mexico. This obtrusion of an unexpected question at a moment when Henry Clay was safe on the old questions, was a repetition of his former experiences. There were enough Abolitionists to defeat him on a slavery issue. It was gossip of that generation that both Clay and Van Buren agreed to drop Texas as an issue. Clay was unanimously nominated at Baltimore, May 1, 1844, and Daniel Webster came back into the Whig camp. He was received perhaps a little too coolly by Clay. Van Buren's plans were upset, and Polk was nominated because he was warm for Texas; this put Clay against Texas. The campaign was a hot one. "Poor Cooney Clay is lying low—Polk and Dallas are all the go!" On that cry the expansionists and the slaveholders won a victory, the Abolitionists defeating Clay. He retired to Ashland again a defeated man, and began to blame everything on General Jackson. His sorrows were the personal burden of no fewer than 1,299,068 electors who had cast their votes for him. He had more than doubled his vote, and yet was again in defeat. He was sixty-seven, and Ashland was mortgaged. He appeared at the Bank of Lexington to discuss his distressing financial situation. There he learned that "Henry

Clay owed nothing." "Who did this?" "Not your enemies."

In January, 1845, he spoke at Washington, in the hall of the House. Acres of people were turned away. "Shepperd," says Alexander H. Stephens, "who was more Whiggish than Clayish, said that Clay could get more men to run after him to hear him speak, and fewer to vote for him, than any other man in America."

As the arms of the United States soon put Mexico hors de combat, Clay came out in a ringing speech against the extension of slavery, and meetings of unparalleled size in the eastern cities demonstrated that the old politician had once more, with unerring instinct, struck a keynote. Thurlow Weed learned that the victorious General Taylor had always admired Henry Clay and worn home-made clothes. What better Whig than that could there be? It also happened that General Taylor had never voted. What more perfect candidate to defend? This was Weed's argument. Henry Clay, in anger, went East. At seventy-one he held the hand of the dying John Quincy Adams. He went forth to extraordinary ovations. The people were ready to nominate him, but the politicians were tired—they were afraid of his luck if he lost and his temper if he should win. In the convention of Whigs at Philadelphia, June 7, 1848, Clay received only 97 votes to 111 for Taylor on the first ballot. On the fourth, only 32 to 171 for Taylor. Meanwhile Congress had authorized slavery in free territory conquered from Mexico, and passed congratulatory resolutions to the Revolutionists of 1848 in Europe who had "thrown off slavery." The Whigs had no platform. Clay was deeply mortified. He did not go into the canvass. Taylor accepted Democratic

nominations, and thus Clay kept in a logical party attitude.

At seventy-four he was sent by unanimous voice of his Legislature to the United States Senate, and thither he went, to the extreme disappointment of Jefferson Davis and Stephens. Davis was the son-in-law of the President. In this Senate sat Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Benton, Jefferson Davis, Cass, Douglas, Corwin, Hamlin, Seward, and Chase. On January 29, 1850, to this company of great statesmen, Henry Clay unfolded his "comprehensive scheme of adjustment." Jefferson Davis demanded more slave territory. On February 5, the day Clay was to speak, he found an extraordinary attendance outside the Capitol. His speech lasted two days. Often the clamor outside was so great that he could not be heard in the Senate. He was feeble, but his voice had not lost its charm. It is said that, when he finished, a great throng gathered to kiss and embrace him. He implored peace—concession on each side that would avert war. Through the great debate on the compromise of 1850 Clay grew in genuine statesmanship. After he threw off the hope of the Presidency he was truly an American to boast of. He alone had the eye to see what was possible. He made the pending bills all into one—an "Omnibus" it was called. California was to come in free; Utah and New Mexico were to be open to either policy; the District of Columbia was to be free; fugitive slaves were to be given up under a stringent bill. Taylor died, and Clay was influential with Fillmore. August 2, thinking the Omnibus defeated, he defied the enemies of the Union, declared his willingness to fight even his own State for the Union, gave up his leadership, and retired, ill, to Newport.

While he was gone, all his measures passed in detail. In the autumn he returned to Ashland with the greatest success of his life, and he had done exactly right.

Although very infirm, he reached the Congress of December, 1850. The Great Rebellion, the "irrepressible conflict," was hurrying forward. The slaveholders were only sorry they had waited so long. They now hated the Union. And their hatred had enkindled sentiments as hostile in the North. The Fugitive Slave law could not be executed. To a statesman so great and so hopeful as Henry Clay, the tide of events as he neared the grave must have revealed to him the criminality of many statesmen in whom he had once believed. Yet it may truly be said that America had theretofore fought so feebly that no one could foresee the deluge of blood that was anon to flow. He went to Cuba for his cough. At Ashland, in 1851, the old man was repeatedly tempted by others to consent to run for President. "The ambition of others," says Carl Schurz, "pursued him when his own was dead."* He made a few addresses in New York, having been called, like Patrick Henry, to sacrifice his feeble life for his country. He was a good Union man. When he arrived at Washington in December, 1851, he was too ill to go to the Senate. He received Kossuth, of Hungary, in his sick chamber at the National Hotel. He was on his deathbed when the Whig convention nominated Scott, June 10. Both parties adopted his platform, and he saw himself the moulder of the promises of all the politicians. No other political prophet of his skill has lived, and there was universal satisfaction among his worshipers that he survived to behold this triumph. He said, on his bed

* Carl Schurz: Life of Henry Clay.

of sharp distress, "Was there ever man had such friends?"—for the solicitude of the Nation was as astonishing as it was gratifying. "He remained," says Carl Schurz, "a winner of hearts to his last day," and died on June 29, 1852, in the seventy-sixth year of his age.

On July 1, both Houses of Congress, the civic officers, the military, and citizens in great numbers, carried his remains to the Senate Chamber, there meeting the President, the Cabinet, and the officers of the army and navy. After funeral services the funeral cortege started for Ashland, passing through Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Albany, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Louisville, to Lexington. The multitudes that gathered to pay the last tribute to Henry Clay could not be numbered. On July 10, with imposing ceremonies, his body was entombed, and a grand monument now marks his resting place.

Love for Andrew Jackson, in his admirers, was intellectual; for Henry Clay, it was from the heart, and purely personal, united, however, with flattering feelings that the end had been splendid and ideal. We cannot deny that Henry Clay was personally the most interesting politician who has lived. He probably was not quite the equal of Patrick Henry as an orator, but he had the scent of parliamentary leadership keener than it has been developed in any other statesman. In eloquence much like Henry; in perception like Jefferson; in fidelity to the Union, like Washington; in endurance, like John Quincy Adams. The lesson of his life is that parliamentary institutions evolve compromise, and that equal rights work out, not the best that is imaginable, but the medium of the best that is attainable. It was only at the portals of the grave, when compromise was no

longer the theme of his argument, that Henry Clay became truly noble and great, and then his compromises grew perceptible to others as the discourse of reason, patriotism, and expediency. The almost universal affection for Henry Clay, too, was a tribute to human nature, gently presenting our race as it is not too often seen.

DANIEL WEBSTER

1782-1852

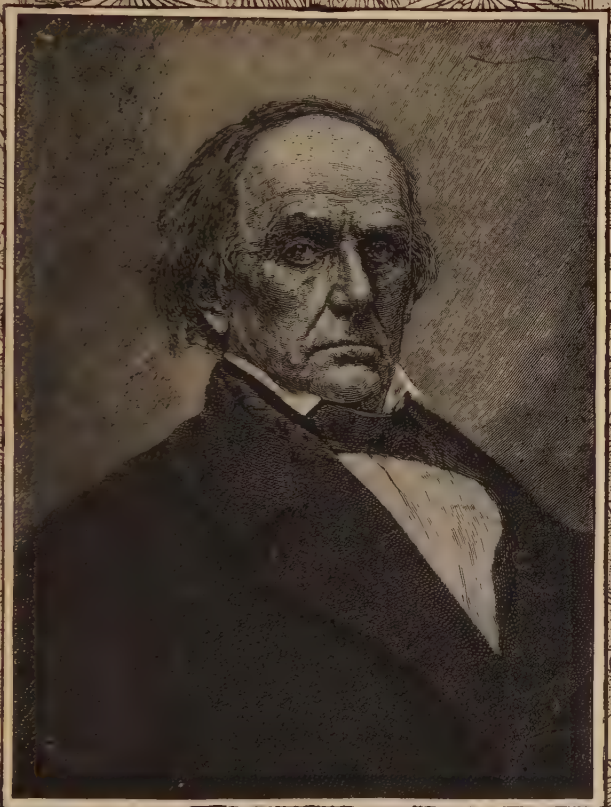
THE EXPOUNDER OF THE CONSTITUTION

A man of herculean frame, rotund delivery of speech, and long life; a large institution by himself, so that when small shopkeepers heard that Daniel Webster was in Boston, they naturally postponed business and went out on the sidewalk to see him come down the street; a man whose fifty principal orations, gathered in a heavy volume, with introductory eulogy by some great scholar, still form a textbook in colleges of declamation; a Senator for twenty-five years, the very ideal of the patrician under our Constitution; yet withal a whole-souled man, so quick with pity for the poor that he could not pay the rich; thus morally somewhat lacking, and likely to see a question as a lawyer who would first choose his side and study his cause afterward; not sure footed, like Andrew Jackson or Thomas Jefferson; declaring, at the end of his life, that he had spent his years in vain—this, perhaps, is Daniel Webster. In his day, he was the recognized stately spokesman at dedications. He started and finished Bunker Hill Monument; he laid the corner-stone of the addition to the National Capitol. As an oratorical functionary he had no peer. His first success, however, lay in proving to a compliant court that a private corporation was of equal life with the power of the people who made it, and such an argument, being erroneous and false to common sense, was a bad beginning.

Daniel Webster was born at Salisbury, N. H., January 17, 1782. As a boy he was sickly, and could not speak in school, lacking the confidence of an orator. His people, by dint of affectionate sacrifice, sent him to Dartmouth College. After this he studied law in the office of Christopher Gore at Boston, and was admitted to the bar of Massachusetts in 1805.

He opened his first office at Boscawen, near his early home, but soon removed to Portsmouth. He married Grace Fletcher, whom he devotedly loved. His practice was gradually established, and as a result of the oratorical talent which he displayed, he was elected to Congress in 1813, as a Federalist, and lukewarm proponent of the war with Great Britain. Yet he aided Calhoun nobly. The almost seditious Hartford Convention threw him into obscurity, and he removed to Boston.

There he entered, as a brilliant lawyer, into a society of college-bred men, who were earning large fees or harvesting ample profits as merchants. The city, at first cool, was soon forced to receive him as one of its leading inhabitants. His argument of the rights of Dartmouth College, carried to the Supreme Court with triumph, was to give kingly charters to corporations until it should be brushed away sixty years later. To the astonishment of States and people, they found that Daniel Webster had tied them with thongs; unless they prudently entered into the text of a charter the proviso that it could be altered, it was irrevocable, immortal, and paramount. We may imagine how valiantly Thomas Jefferson would have assaulted any such corporate defense. To accomplish his end in this case, Daniel Webster had recourse to sentiment. His little college, his alma mater, was like Cæsar in the Senate house,



DANIEL WEBSTER

From an old daguerreotype

surrounded with enemies. Should he, her son, also advance to stab her? This appeal, it is said, brought tears to the eyes of the Judges in New Hampshire, and when again applied, before the bench of the Supreme Court at Washington, wrought equally on the magistrates who thought of their own boyhood days. On such foundation of law, American corporations thrived until the eighth decade of the century.

Another law case exhibited the agility of the great advocate. Stephen Girard endowed a college at Philadelphia on condition that all theological teaching should be forbidden. Priests, ministers, Deic teachers of all kinds, should be excluded. Webster attacked the bequest on the ground that the Christian religion was an essential part of the common law—no gift could be charitable that was not Christian. Story wrote to Kent that "Webster did his best for the other side, but it seems to me altogether an address to the prejudices of the clergy." It was, indeed, admired by the churches, and widely circulated as a theological tract. Early in life Daniel Webster was proud to be a substantial pillar under the temple of established things. In his old age, when that temple was falling, he doubted the wisdom of his early days.

We catch a view of the man himself in a story of the Rhode Island case before the Supreme Court. In the court below, young Bosworth had elaborated a point which his seniors in the law firm rejected as trivial, and sent Bosworth up to Washington to instruct Daniel Webster, who was to plead their case before the Supreme Court. Bosworth went on to state his cause. "Is that all?" asked Webster, dissatisfied. Then Bosworth told of the "trivial" idea, and its rejection.

Webster was startled. "Mr. Bosworth, by the blood of all the Bosworths who fell on Bosworth field, that is *the* point of the case!"

By this time he was attracting large audiences in dry cases, the great were seeking him, and the little were about him like the children of Israel at the foot of Mt. Sinai. Under the influence of unchastened adulation, his method of address became pompous and conventional, and the school of old-style oratory waxed and magnified into law, custom, doctrine, dogma.

The Massachusetts Constitutional Convention met at Boston in November, 1820. All the learned magistrates and advocates of the commonwealth were called upon to serve, and the brunt of debate fell on Webster and Story. Webster represented the interests of property and was the advocate of the patrician classes, but without narrowness. He found reason, however, to vote to remove the religious test, and after the Girard argument, was ingenious in his conclusions. He demonstrated that a Constitutional Senate could not be established without property representation. To the joy of his clients he carried his cause, yet it was not many years ere the work was undone, and people became legally superior to the stored results of their toil. He tried to make the Judges more secure from possible popular anger, but totally failed. He came out of the convention praised by all who had property, office, and standing, as a most noble law maker.

On Friday, December 22, 1820, he delivered the address on the landing of the Pilgrims, an effort which gave him instantly a national fame as an orator of the occasion—a man capable of foreseen effects. These, of course, could never rank with the unforeseen lightnings of Patrick Henry's eyes, and the charmed periods of his

inspired voice, yet their influence on Ticknor, who had traveled in Europe, was worthy of record. "Three or four times I thought my temples would burst with the gush of blood." "When I came out I was almost afraid to come near him." These are passages in Ticknor's diary. Old octogenarian John Adams wrote—he who was the best of all the Continental Congress debaters: "If there be an American who can read it [the oration] without tears, I am not that American." Thereafter Daniel Webster, when he spoke by appointment, was sure of "a sea of upturned faces."

The pressure upon him to enter political life grew stronger, and in 1823 he again went to Congress from Boston. Clay made him chairman of judiciary. He was twice returned by an overwhelming vote. His first speech, on Greece, was a triumph, but without other than rhetorical result. He was from a protection town, yet he spoke against protection—but it was then a theory. When it became a fact, in later years, Webster was for it. He advocated internal improvements. It may be seen that he was overturning Jeffersonian doctrine, and was rapidly getting where Andrew Jackson could hoist both him and Clay, especially when he should accept protection in full, with Bank and surplus taxation. He was a good supporter of the Administration in the House, and the leader of that body while Clay was Secretary of State. His elevation to the Senate was regarded with misgivings by the President, who dreaded his absence from the popular branch of Congress. He was to sit a quarter of a century in the upper House, with only a slight intermission, when he should be Secretary of State. With the physique and countenance of Danton and Mirabeau, Webster lacked their love for the masses; he belonged in the Senate, and there he

made a figure that students of government will always gaze long upon.

Already some thoughts of the Presidency must have assailed Daniel Webster. He had aided Crawford against John Quincy Adams. He did not want to aid Clay. He was, as a lawyer, the advocate of corporations before the great courts, the logical foe of Jackson. At Webster that keen-eyed champion would hurl a javelin the first time he saw him. At the same time Webster would have been flattered to go to London as Minister, where his banquet speeches would make a most polite stir. But Mr. Adams would not conciliate or forgive him—put it either way. Webster was at his prime. His Bunker Hill speech had again thrown Ticknor, the diarist, prone upon his idolatrous face, and a party of English lords had joined their compliments with the plaudits of worshipful Boston. Nothing was ever lacking to spoil Daniel Webster; yet his herculean frame, his slow and majestic nature, was generally proof against his greatest dangers—he could not become inglorious.

Mrs. Webster died at New York, January 21, 1828, while on her way to Washington to share her husband's new honors. The blow fell on the great orator with crushing force. He returned to his duties as a surcease of sorrow, and was in the mood that would easily bear the animadversions caused by his support of the high tariff of 1828, which made Calhoun rebel. When Hayne opened his attack on New England and Webster, the Senator vouchsafed a fine reply, and when Hayne answered that reply, Webster made his immortal speech —"When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on

a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood." This glorious day was January 26, 1830. It was then he cried: "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!" On that slogan Grant took Buckner, Pemberton, Lee; Sherman marched from Chattanooga down and up the Southern Confederacy. It is justly called the summit of Daniel Webster's fame. We have a description of the man by the king of thinkers, Thomas Carlyle, who calls Webster the most notable of all our notabilities, "a magnificent specimen." "The tanned complexion; that amorphous, crag-like face; the dull black eyes under the precipice of brows, like dull anthracite furnaces, needing only to be *blown;* the mastiff mouth accurately closed; I have not traced so much of silent Berserker rage that I remember of in any man. 'I guess I should not like to be your nigger!' Webster is not loquacious, but he is pertinent, conclusive; a dignified, perfectly bred man, though not English in breeding." What a leonine man must Daniel Webster have appeared to be, to extort such admiration from the crabbed Scotch critic! As Webster grew older, the sleeping lion in him increased, and it required more and more to awaken him, set him on fire, and make him the roaring lord of the forest that he easily could be.

Two years after the death of his first wife Webster married Catherine Bayard LeRoy, of New York. His loving brother Ezekiel died. He seemed to part with the past, and the remainder of his career offers less delectable ground to his admirers. At first Webster opposed both Clay and Jackson. He advocated the Bank's interest against Jackson, and, of course, met personal defeat and turned the people against himself. He should always have supported Clay, as it is impossible for a practicing legal advocate to gain the hearts

of the masses. Clay had the grace; Jackson the right; the people could be ranged under each; there was no front place for Daniel Webster, because his original ambition had been confined to the bar, where only contentious, wronging, or wronged people ever come. We may best dispose of Mr. Webster's Presidential aspirations as a whole: When Clay let his party flounder in 1836, Webster received fourteen votes from Massachusetts. In 1840 Clay could only be sidetracked by Weed with the use of Harrison's name. In 1844 Webster had stayed behind with Tyler, and was out of the question. In 1848 Clay was again thrown over by Weed, but it took another hero, Taylor, to beat him, and Webster shared Clay's disgust. In 1852 Webster advised voters to favor Pierce, the Democrat. Webster was disappointed, because he thought the masses had a natural liking or obedience toward the great, who, in their turn, might comport themselves as the shepherds toward their flocks. With Andrew Jackson and Henry Clay in the world, only political nobodies could rise to the surface when those lords of votes were in retirement or eclipse, and the great Daniel Webster was anything save a nobody. He never was proper Presidential timber in his own age.

When Andrew Jackson thought he ought to move toward the hanging of Calhoun, he asked Webster's aid, and received it—a most happy circumstance in Webster's life. For the rest he fought Jackson all the way through, meeting defeat at every turn. Calhoun came down out of the Senate's chair, and began his seventeen-year duel with Webster—Clay, Webster, Calhoun, such was the order of their merit; euphony and human judgment have joined in the verdict. They were three huge lights in a Senate where all were brilliant. Mr. Web-

ster made a short trip to Europe in 1839, and was glad to speak for Harrison in 1840, some of his addresses giving him broad opportunity to dress the wounds Jackson had given him and his doctrines. He accepted the State Department under Harrison, and was deep in the Ashburton treaty when Harrison died and Tyler came in as President. When Tyler killed the Bank, as Jackson would have done, all his Whig Cabinet took leave save Daniel Webster. Henry Clay's music was too quick in step for him; he stayed with Tyler, and for other than Senatorial and oratorical purposes was politically as dead as Tyler. But he made an admirable Secretary of State, and his professional sense informed him that his country needed him at the post he held. When his work was done, in May, 1843, he resigned, which was fast enough to meet his views of dignity and proper procedure, retiring to his farm at Marshfield, Massachusetts. He spoke for Clay in the campaign which elected Polk, practiced law, and was reëlected United States Senator to oppose Texan annexation and war with Mexico, taking his seat in 1845. His career in the Senate was to culminate with the 7th-of-March speech, which was to indorse Henry Clay and becloud the setting of his own sun. In the first place, the Democrats, expanding on every side, were crying "54:40 or fight." This parallel on the North American continent might have added to our granaries more wheat than has so far been raised in the world, outlandish as that declaration may seem, but Webster was for the forty-ninth parallel, which is 340 miles south. There is no other potential wheat field so large as the one we gave up by Daniel Webster's advice. His action aroused a retaliatory investigation of his financial accounts, which were always in bad order, and friends thereafter took his pri-

vate business in charge. He spoke bitterly against Texas, with its new slave-holding Senators, saying that the annexation would "turn the Constitution into a deformity"; and certainly a Northerner who did not desire that the Union should grow on the north did not wish to see it spread on the south at the expense of a sister Republic that had abolished slavery.

In 1847 he visited the Southern States, which doubtless affected his views on the race question. His son was killed in the Mexican War, and his daughter died in 1847. The son's body arrived from Mexico only three days after the daughter's funeral.* He then prepared at Marshfield a tomb for himself and his family. Clay would not support Taylor's candidacy for President, and when the Achilles also sulking at Marshfield was allured from his tent, he could give to Taylor only such support as Hamilton once gave to John Adams.

We next approach the 7th of March, 1850—that historical time when the silvery-voiced Clay, easily first in any circle of men that would gather where he might be, came up to Washington, a feeble-bodied statesman, and carried the olive branch that no one else could make acceptable to all. In the 7th-of-March speech, Daniel Webster accepted Clay's views. Why was this action so ignoble in Daniel Webster, if it were patriotic in Clay? It dimmed Webster's great fame—why did it not tarnish Clay's?

Probably the view of Webster's course is sectional, while Clay is considered from a broader field. Clay was a Southern slaveholder, who had put his ear to the ground and heard the anti-slavery swell. Clay knew John Quincy Adams, and the slow but awful ruin he had

*Daniel Webster's third child, afterward Colonel Fletcher Webster, was killed in the Battle of Bull Run.

wrought in the House on slavery. Webster had put his ear to the ground, too, but he had heard nothing. He considered Abolitionists criminals; he could not conceive that there could ever be a party of them larger than a large jail would hold. He did not grasp as good an idea of the advance of the anti-slavery cohorts, living among them, as Henry Clay did in hearing slaveholders curse John Quincy Adams. Nobody had told Daniel Webster what to do about Clay's great speech, because Webster was a leader himself. New England was in the attitude of war, and expected marching orders—unconscious of that attitude until Daniel Webster accepted the command of the South that slaves must be marched in gyves and manacles past Faneuil Hall and the grave of Samuel Adams, to be subserviently delivered by such as William Lloyd Garrison and John Brown, of Ossawatomie, to the overseers who stood, goad in hand, to drive them back to slavery. When Daniel Webster sat down in the Senate that day, Massachusetts awoke to the fact that Daniel Webster would not do. He had outlived his usefulness. But Daniel Webster had not changed. He had the law. He shut his dull eyes under his shaggy brows, and could make no sign. It was the people who were flying against the law—not he. When he saw both parties accepting Clay's prescription as the only possible balm for the bleeding wounds of the Nation, he might well hope the masses would be quiet.

Out of the discomforts of these closing days came a happy diversion. Millard Fillmore, suddenly President, called Webster to be Secretary of State, an office which was accepted July 23, 1850. December 21 he wrote to Hülsemann, an Austrian diplomat representing his empire at Washington, a rebuke for his impudence in holding that America had no right to ascertain the true ex-

tent of Kossuth's insurrection, and Hülsemann sailed away in wrath. It was a good letter, sound in every sense, but it has kept many a dollar's worth of our goods out of Austria in revenge.

In 1852 Mr. Webster was left undeceived by his friends, and disputed with his chief the honors of the Clay compromise, but Fillmore had 133 to Webster's 29 ballots in the Whig National Convention, and Scott beat Fillmore. So deep was Daniel Webster's chagrin that he advised electors to vote for Pierce, which led politicians to believe that the great orator had lost his head altogether.

He was a sufferer from hay fever, and his health was impaired. In May, 1852, at Marshfield, he was seriously hurt in a runaway accident. In August he was able to return to Washington, but remained there only until the 8th of September. He consulted a physician at Boston on the 20th. This was the last time he was ever there. He failed rapidly in his sick room at Marshfield. On the evening of October 23, 1852, the aged and sleeping lion, as if questioned or doubted, shook himself out of his lethargy, as of yore, and cried: "I still live!"—his last words, which have linked him in memory so firmly to the minds of Americans.

He was buried on a beautiful day in autumn, when his body might, before its sepulture, be viewed on an out-doors catafalque of flowers and crimson leaves. Of other public form or ceremony he had begged there might be none, and his wish was respected. Of all the great men here considered, his ashes lie nearest to the sounding waves of the sea.

With Clay and Webster both departed in one year, it seemed to wise men as if the national house were suddenly in ruins. Fast-coming terrible events did not controvert their judgment.

JOHN C. CALHOUN

1782-1850

THE ARCH-PROPHET OF SLAVERY

The attention of the reader is here invited to the consideration of a career in which the personality of the statesman entirely vanishes, and by that fact alone we may see that we enter a field of undiminishing intellectual interest. The life of John C. Calhoun was itself the Koran of Slavery; it was a chapter on logic. What is logic? It is a working theory of the truth. A meets B, who convinces him; A meets C, a logician superior to B, who unconvinces him; A meets D, a still better logician, who reconvinces him—and so on, ad infinitum. It is vital, in reading of John C. Calhoun, to know that he was, in his own opinion at least, the best logician alive in his time, and that, beginning with the generally-accepted premise of the Caucasian world, that Labor and Capital were two things, he wrought out what he regarded as a perfect theory showing, (1) that slavery was right and good, and (2) that Abolitionists were wicked and bad; furthermore, slavery was a natural condition, so that he who lamented the servitude of the negro must also deplore the fact that the dog could not speak, nor the horse escape from his captivity. These were Calhoun's views. No other statesman of America, accepting his premise, destroyed his conclusions. A poem or rhyme has recently appeared, to startle the world, describing "the white man's burden," which is the rejuvenation of the logic of John C. Calhoun. To overcome the force raised up by the

prophecy and teachings of Calhoun required 100 battles; and the ideas of the South Carolinian were then uprooted previous to the making of an ideal basis on which to logically account for the actions of the white race. As a matter of fact, slavery stood in the way of the development of the Caucasian; this was instinctively conceived; its abolition in the New World by war was the sternest and most radical proceeding history has witnessed.

Inasmuch as there is but one aspect to the life of Calhoun, we shall not go far amiss in giving his chief utterance at the beginning. It must be read carefully: "I hold that there never yet has existed a wealthy and civilized society in which one portion of the community did not, in point of fact, live on the labor of the other. I might well challenge a comparison between them (the other methods of distribution) and the more direct, simple, and patriarchal mode by which the labor of the African race is, among us, commanded by the European. I fearlessly assert that the existing relation between the two races in the South, against which these blind fanatics are waging war, forms the most solid and durable foundation on which to rear free and stable institutions. It is useless to disguise the fact. There is, and always has been, in an advanced stage of civilization, a conflict between labor and capital. The condition of society in the South exempts us from the disorders and dangers resulting from this conflict; and explains why it is that the condition of the slave holding States has been so much more stable and quiet than that of the North. The advantages of the former in this respect will become more and more manifest if left undisturbed by interference from without, as the country advances in wealth and numbers. We have, in fact, but just entered that condition of society where the

strength and durability of our political institutions are to be tested; and I venture nothing in predicting that the experience of the next generation will fully test how vastly more favorable our condition of society is than that of other sections for free and stable institutions, provided we are not disturbed by the interference of others, or shall have sufficient intelligence and spirit to resist promptly and successfully such interference."

It is also proper to say that Calhoun gave his entire life and services to the South; that while he amassed an estate that enabled him to entertain all comers in patriarchal style, he was not sufficiently wealthy to accept an Embassy to London. He despised the accumulation of money as an art, or aim in life. His private life was blameless, and he laid down his chances for Jackson's successorship because he would not command Mrs. Calhoun to visit Mrs. Eaton, while Van Buren, a bachelor, was more than a good Samaritan, and sat daily with publicans and alleged sinners —for a consideration, namely, the Presidency.

Very little is known of John Caldwell Calhoun's early life, and not much more of his personality in later years. His doctrines swallowed all interest in the man. He was born of Irish Presbyterian parents in the Calhoun settlement, Abbeville District, S. C., March 18, 1782, a third son. His father died when the son was a boy, and he lived on the farm with his mother till he was eighteen. His power to peer into the nature of things was born with him. At eighteen, his brother-in-law, Dr. Waddell, a Presbyterian clergyman, prepared him for Yale College, whence, in 1804, he graduated with high honors. He then attended the Litchfield Law School and was a lawyer in 1807, practicing at Abbeville, S. C. English outrages on the high seas were frequent. He drew up fiery resolutions, supported them with a speech, and was elected to the

Legislature. In 1811 he was sent to Congress, and for the rest of his life was rarely out of the public service. He married Floride Calhoun and removed to Bath, on the Savannah River. His wife brought him a small fortune. Under the customs of his region, he was fitted for continuous Congressional life. He was for war, and Henry Clay, the Speaker, appointed him (in effect) Chairman of Foreign Relations. He thus made an entry as remarkable as Clay's. December 12th he delivered his first speech. He was never guilty of the hectoring or bullying tone attributed to Southern leaders; rather, he served as the caisson from which the hectors and bullies obtained all their ammunition, save their boasts. His New England education at this time was reflected in his views, which were essentially those of Clay as to internal improvements and Bank. These were changed afterward.

President Monroe made Calhoun Secretary of War, and he was praised for his efficiency in the department. This created jealousy, and the partisans of both Clay and Crawford, Presidential candidates, united to harm Calhoun by investigations and abuse. John Quincy Adams was charmed with the South Carolinian—then chilled. "I anticipated that he would prove an ornament and a blessing to his country," jotted down Mr. Adams. "I have been deeply disappointed in him, and now expect nothing from him but evil." Calhoun had been "selfish," with "cold-blooded heartlessness." Mr. Adams had peered down deep into the great impersonal doctrinaire. Story wrote: "I have great admiration for Mr. Calhoun." He was easily elected Vice-President of the United States, while there was no election between Jackson and Adams, for President. Calhoun favored Jackson's election as President, in the House, and was a bitter opponent of Adams, whose final election he scouted as counterfeit. In

1828 the Vice-President was reëlected with Jackson as President. All this time slavery had been on Calhoun's mind. Adams diarizes, as early as 1820: "I had some conversation with Calhoun on the slave question." If the Union were dissolved, the South must go to Great Britain. "I said that would be returning to the colonial state. He said, Yes, pretty much, but it would be forced upon them."

In 1828 came the tariff and the South Carolina Exposition (a manifesto). In that address Calhoun spoke of the "staple States" (the South) as being essentially agricultural. "Our soil, climate, habits, and peculiar labor are adapted to this, our favorite pursuit"—these words in effect. Hence, South Carolina ought to "veto" a high tariff. Webster, in 1828, became convinced that a "Southern Confederacy" was hoped for in the South; this was thirty-three years earlier than it was set up at Montgomery, Ala. It was at this time that the breach was made between Jackson and Calhoun over Peggy O'Niel (Mrs. Eaton); it was said it was engineered by Van Buren, and that Crawford also told things that made Jackson angry on account of the old Seminole War and summary executions.

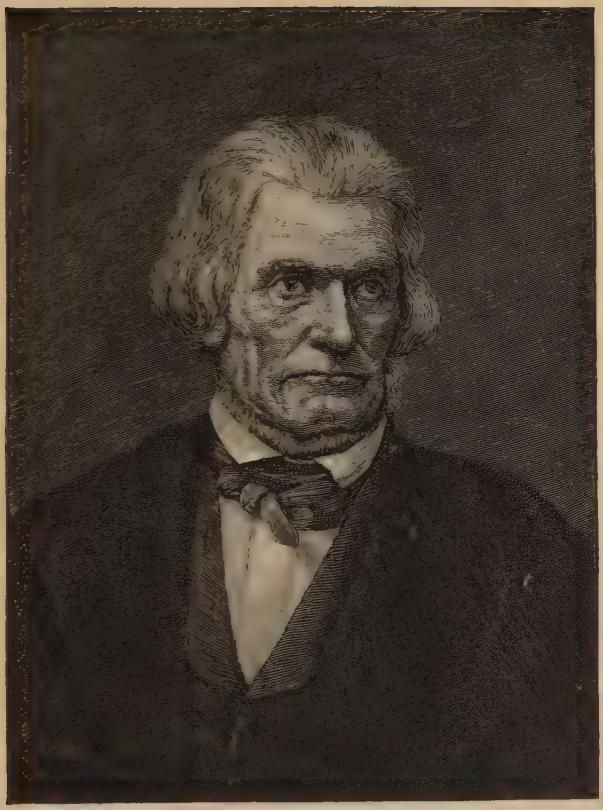
When Andrew Jackson denied to Calhoun a further national career, all personal matters went out of the South Carolinian's mind. He became a pro-slavery fanatic, as powerful in conviction as John Brown on the other side. Calhoun believed reason directed him; John Brown believed God sent him. Such are the men whom the ages respect.

It is notable that the first clash between the sections did not come on slavery, but tariff, slavery being the hidden reason, as when men have fought duels over women, mutually alleging some slighter cause. Calhoun declared that, "so far from the Constitution being the work of the

American people collectively, no such political body, either now or ever, did exist." Nullification* went forward in South Carolina. As soon as the convention passed the ordinance of Nullification, which was to apply February 1, 1833, Calhoun resigned the Vice-Presidency, in order to take the Senatorial seat vacated by Hayne, who became Governor of South Carolina. It is said that Jackson threatened to hang Calhoun higher than Haman. Clay entered the breach with a compromise tariff that took off the New England "fat." South Carolina was of a mind to boast, and the manufacturers complained as if Calhoun were actually the victor, which he thought he was as to the tariff. But Jackson's Force Bill (to collect the customs) stung him to the quick. Probably he hated the Union from this time forth, as he had once hated England, for he wrote in August, 1833, to the citizens of Newton County: "I utter it under a painful but a solemn conviction, that we are no longer a free people." "So long, then, as the act of blood (Jackson's Force Bill) stains our statute book, and the sovereignty of the States is practically denied by the Government, so long will be the duration of our political bondage."

He was now at the head of a South Carolina party. As to isolation, he was where Adams was in the House, but there was about Calhoun in the Senate a moral power and influence that a Nation still feared. Even Jackson was glad not to have to try to hang him. Adams would stay all alone; where Calhoun stood would always be the citadel of attack, and it would rapidly fill with the besieged, going to the relief of their natural chief. William Lloyd Garrison was now publishing the *Liberator* at Boston, and the doctrinaire of South Carolina solemnly fixed his attention on "the fanatics and madmen of the North

*See Andrew Jackson and Henry Clay, in this Volume.



JOHN C. CALHOUN

From an old daguerreotype

who were waging war against the domestic institutions of the South under the plea of promoting the general welfare."

Before the perfection of Calhoun's doctrine of slavery, in 1836, it had been the Southern policy to treat slavery as a private matter, not under discussion. But at that session of Congress, to the discomfort of his followers, Calhoun came forward with his revelation that slavery was right, and asked the passage by the Senate of resolutions refusing to receive petitions for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia—this being the constitutional door through which Garrison could enter on the discussion. These were "incendiary petitions" in Calhoun's language. They would compel him to sit in silence to witness the assault on his character and institutions. Thus he sounded the alarm that awoke the South, and finally inspired its people to fire on Fort Sumter. "The work (of the Abolitionists) is going on daily and hourly. The war is waged not only in the most dangerous manner, but in the only manner that it can be waged. Do they expect that the Abolitionists will resort to arms, and commence a crusade to liberate our slaves by force? The war which the Abolitionists wage against us is of a very different character, and far more effective. It is a war of religious and political fanaticism, mingled, on the part of the leaders, with ambition and the love of notoriety, and waged not against our lives, but our character. The object is to humble and debase us in our own estimation and that of the world in general; to blast our reputation while they overthrow our domestic institutions." The front portal of the Capitol was the Thermopylæ. There was no middle ground that was tenable. Mr. Calhoun could not discuss his honor or his humanity. He begged his fellow slaveholders not to permit a discussion of theirs. He

would have had two Presidents elected, one from the free, the other from the slave States, who must both consent to a bill of Congress in order to make it law. Garrison was pouring hot shot into slavery, and of course, had singled Calhoun as the heart of the cause. The slave-breeding, the slave-auctions, the overseer's bloody raw-hide, the tears of heartbroken mothers, parting from their young—all these aspects of "the peculiar institution" were served daily and hourly for the attention of Mr. Calhoun, who had not the slightest desire to retreat under fire. "Slavery involves our liberty, our existence," he said. "The relation is two centuries old. It has grown with our growth, and strengthened with our strength. It has entered into and modified all our institutions, civil and political. None other can be substituted. We will not, cannot, permit it to be destroyed. Come what will, should it cost every drop of blood and every cent of property, we must defend ourselves; and, if compelled, we would stand justified by all laws, human and divine; we would act under an imperious necessity. There would be to us but one alternative—to triumph, or perish as a people. I ask neither sympathy nor compassion for the slaveholding States. We can take care of ourselves. It is not we, but the Union which is in danger. We cannot remain here in an endless struggle in defense of our character, our property, and institutions." He repeatedly averred that the North was not careful enough about the Union; slavery was a paramount question; why, then, did the North push the conflict? Why did it not silence Garrison? The South would not yield, because it could not; nature and history had fixed its course. "Calhoun," jots Adams in the diary, "looks like a man racked with furious passions, and stung with disappointed ambition, as he is." Calhoun kept saying: "Abolition and the Union cannot

coexist. As the friend of the Union, I openly proclaim it." "But let me be not understood as admitting, even by implication, that the existing relation between the two races in the slaveholding States is an evil; far otherwise, I hold it to be a good, as it has thus far proved itself to be to both, and will continue to prove so, if not disturbed by the fell spirit of Abolition." The blacks had improved; the whites had not degenerated.

There is little interest attaching to Calhoun's career outside of slavery. Briefly, he wanted more State's rights; retrenchment and economy; he thought Money-and-State worse than Church-and-State, and therefore was against the Bank; free trade; no bond-selling; no "spoils." It was not this part of his career that brought on the Civil War, and fuller information may be found in the six volumes of his works published by R. K. Cralle, his secretary, in 1853-4.

December 27, 1837, Calhoun, in the Senate, offered his resolutions beginning, that the Union was purely a confederation of sovereign States; that the intermeddling of States, or of "a combination of their citizens with the domestic institutions or policy of the others, on any ground, or under any pretext whatever, political, moral, or religious, with a view to their alteration or subversion," was unconstitutional. He was requested to strike out the word "religious." He answered that "the whole spirit of the resolution hinged on that word." The word "moral" also stood the test of a separate vote. The fourth resolution declared attacks on slavery manifest breaches of faith—"a violation of the most solemn obligations, moral and religious." The fifth resolution declared Garrison's petitions, and all of that order, to be dangerous attacks, inasmuch as those petitions recited that slavery was "immoral or sinful." The sixth resolution held that slavery

must be extended, or the rights of the States would be denied.

"Many in the South," said Calhoun, "once believed that slavery was a moral and political evil, but that folly and delusion are gone. We see it now in its true light, and regard it as the most safe and stable basis for free institutions in the world. The blessing of this state of things extends beyond the limits of the South. It makes that section the balance of the system; the great conservative power, which prevents other portions, less fortunately constituted, from rushing into conflict." The Senate passed his resolutions, yet he lamented the time wasted on "banks, loans, stocks, tariffs, distribution, and supplies."

England was beginning to cast reflections on our "free institutions." She was setting our slaves at liberty when she could. Adams notes: "Calhoun crows about his success in imposing his own bastard law of Nations on the Senate (resolutions of March 4, 1840) by his preposterous resolutions, and chuckles at Webster's appealing to those resolutions now, after dodging from the duty of refuting and confounding them then." Calhoun was ready to fight the world. When the United States and England joined to prevent the African slave trade, Calhoun, in voting for the treaty, swallowed a bitter dose, because he thought it reflected on his moral nature. Adams' entry in his diary here, is one of his bitterest sayings: "There is a temperance in Calhoun's manner, obviously aiming to conciliate the Northern political sopranos who abhor slavery—and help to forge fetters for the slave." The reader must keep in mind that Adams, an ex-President, was making himself a pariah in the House by acting as the sole agent or Consul of the Abolitionists.

Nullification was forgotten, and South Carolina nominated Calhoun for President in the campaign of 1844.

He resigned his seat in the Senate, to be ready, if called; but he was not called. A Southern man was chosen in Polk, but the country would not support a Senator who, like Calhoun, put the Union second in all his calculations. As Tyler neared the end of his ad interim term, a curious thing happened. In a word, Calhoun entered the Cabinet as Secretary of State, in order to secure the annexation of Texas as another slave State, with two Senators—in time, if need be, six States with twenty-four Senators. On such a procedure he looked with joy. It offered a counter-irritant to the Westward-ho and star-of-empire movement that was daily diminishing the importance of the South. It was called "an intrigue to obtain Texas." The Senate revolted at the treaty of annexation, but it was ingeniously carried by joint resolution of Congress. It caused war with Mexico, which was a sorrow to Calhoun, because that war brought also free California, and the admission of every new free State gave him almost death-like pangs of sorrow. He could not stop his followers; they rushed on past him. They declared he had "federalized" slavery, and began to vaunt their strength, where he had forever lamented their weakness. So little did the Northern Democrats catch the drift of Calhoun's plans, that they made Polk's nomination depend on his promise "to discard Calhoun," from an office that Calhoun ever regarded as a clerkship—which he took only to obtain Texas. When Polk became President, there was no South Carolinian who would sit in the United States Senate while his Prophet had no seat, and Calhoun, equally loyal to the situation, accepted the seat which his fellow citizen had resigned. Without Calhoun, it seems, we should not have had Texas or California.

North of Louisiana was Oregon; where did Oregon begin and end? It was Calhoun's advice that we should

maintain "a wise and masterly inactivity"—let our country grow up till we could push out the British. This "masterly inactivity" was the prod with which many of the commanding Generals were afterward harrassed by editors in the Civil War. Calhoun had no desire to obtain more free territory. He was in an odd position during the Mexican war; he had stirred it up; he, with grief, saw it entered on, because he had secured all he wished, in Texas; the rest of the Mexican booty would ruin his cause. When the Senators would remind him of the fruit his policy had borne, they seemed to strike under his armor for the only time. But when the new territories came on, he again addressed Slaveland, imploring its satesmen to follow him. The South could make it politically dangerous to court Abolition votes. Note the word "sound," in an address where Calhoun raises the banner of slavery to carry it into the territories: If the South would stand solid, "that large portion of the non-slaveholding States who, although they consider slavery as an evil, are not disposed to violate the Constitution, and much less to endanger its overthrow, and with it, the Union itself, would take sides with us against our assailants; while the sound portion, who are already with us, would rally to the rescue."

"Calhoun," says Dr. Von Holst,* "shares with the Abolitionists, the merit of having always probed the wound to the bottom, without heeding in the least the protesting shrieks of the patient."

As the territories which had been pillaged from Mexico began to show free-State proclivities, Calhoun, in December, 1848, held a Slave caucus of sixty-nine Southern Senators and Representatives in the Senate Chamber. From this caucus issued an "Address of the Southern Delegates in Congress to their Constituents." With that, Calhoun's

* Dr. H. Von Holst: "Life of Calhoun.

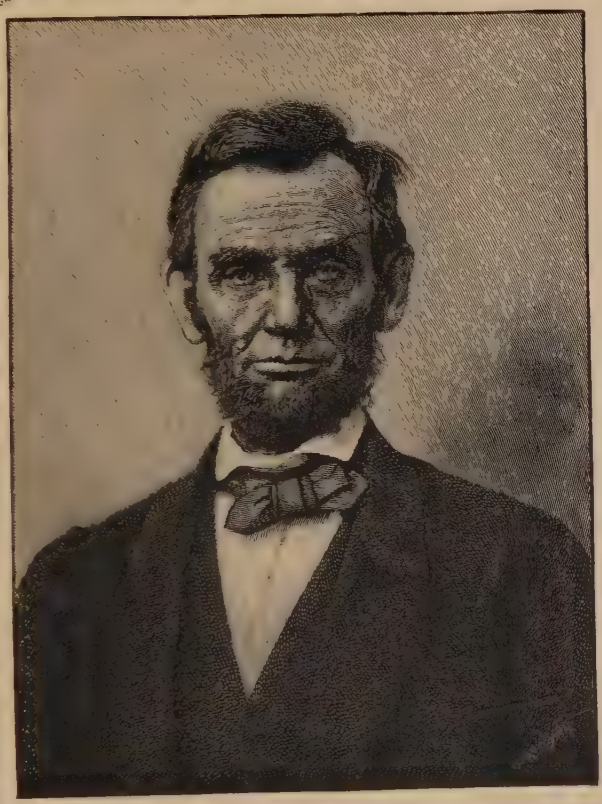
work was done. He had erected a Solid South. Yet so few (forty) signed the Address that Calhoun was sorely distressed.

The Solid South came to Washington at the opening of Congress in December, 1849, expecting that session would be the last. California was to come into the Union free, because it was "full of black Abolitionists." The North was running an underground railroad with a thousand tracks. There was a political party of black Abolitionists, all out of jail, and seemingly likely to stay there. It was in Southern opinion, full time for war, and only the genius of Henry Clay stayed it. Massachusetts wished war; Calhoun thought every day made the South relatively weaker. There has never been but one other parliamentary crisis so sharp that has passed without immediate conflict.

Calhoun was dying. He entered the Senate, leaning on friendly arms. His speech of March 4, 1850, was read by Mr. Mason. He spoke *against* Clay's compromise, and thus was to die revered in the South. Daniel Webster, three days later, spoke *for* the Compromise, and Massachusetts indignantly repudiated his love of Union-with-Slavery. The three great Senators—Clay, Webster, Calhoun—stood together at the brink of the grave. Their difference was again settled for the nonce. They sank to their eternal sleep, and there arose their heirs, who inherited one hundred battle-fields—Shiloh, Stone River, Chickamauga, Manassas, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Antietam, Gettysburg—Grant slaying Lee all the way from the Rapidan to Petersburg and Fort Hell.

And only one of the three saw it clearly. All the rest of the seers were as yet humble and almost-hated men outside of Congress. As Calhoun spoke to the Senate, through Mason's aid, on the Compromise of 1850, he said:

"The cry of 'Union! Union!—the glorious Union!' can no more prevent disunion than the cry of 'Health! Health! —glorious Health!' on the part of the physician, can save a patient dangerously ill." He did not live until the end of the great debate, but spoke, says Webster, as late as March 13, "and in a manner by no means indicating such a degree of physical weakness as did in fact possess him." He died March 31, 1850. One of his last speeches was in these words, uttered feebly: "The South! The poor South! God knows what will become of her!" It would seem that with clairvoyant eyes the dying man beheld rising into the empyrean, the tornado-like genie which he, with his own once-resolute hand, had let loose when he uncorked the little vial of War.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

From an unretouched negative in the possession of
Mr. Rice, Washington, D. C.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

1809-1865*

THE GREAT LIBERATOR

The pages immediately preceding in this volume have shown the heights to which, in 1850, the dogma of Slavery had been exalted. "The peculiar institution" had become doctrinally essential to the pride, welfare, religion, and existence of the Southern people. On that point, all white men who owned slaves were of one mind. No such solidarity of sentiment could be found on the antagonistic side of the controversy in the North, and yet the great fray was close at hand.

We are now to look upon the career of Abraham Lincoln, the plainest and sincerest of men, who uprooted the religion of Calhoun and all its fruits. Too much stress cannot be placed, first, on the fact that Calhoun had made the *extension* of Slavery a vital question; second, that Abraham Lincoln united once discordant forces that were finally potent enough to sweep the whole plague away forever. It will be the spirit of this article to attempt to show that no other man could have accomplished the deed.

There were not many voters in the United States, in 1860, who spiritedly hoped and wrought for the extinction of slavery. This comparatively small body of reformers was itself swallowed up in the great Republican party, whose members, like Lincoln, were sorry for the

* Like Washington, Lincoln towers at the head of a group of Americans. We have therefore slightly displaced his name in the chronological order ruling in this volume, in order to begin the period of Civil War with his revered name.

slaves, but saw no constitutional method of emancipation The vote of these Republicans, all told, might be represented by eighteen; the Northern Democrats, who would oppose any invasion of the slaveholders' constitutional rights, or any reform of the Constitution looking to that invasion, would be thirteen; those who would sacrifice everything to Union—that is, make the Nation all slave territory rather than to disunite it, would be five; the slaveholders themselves would be eight; probably the item of anti-slavery inside the Republican figure of eighteen might not be larger than three—so the irrepressible conflict lay between three and eight out of forty-four—eleven were at outs, and thirty-three were looking on.

Abraham Lincoln was raised up for the purpose of welding the fragmentary sections of the North. It is the belief of men that his imperturbable and patient nature was requisite. The peace-at-any-price feeling was so strong behind him, and the Calhoun dogma was so firmly established in front of him, that his moral and physical triumph is now the marvel of history. He knew men by heart; he slowly learned the art of war; he held off ambition and slander; he placated some, he rode violently over others; he let slip his dogs of war, and, in a cataclysm of blood, the dogma, religion, and vice of Slavery perished.

He was a man like Samuel Adams, Patrick Henry, and Andrew Jackson—and greater than any of them. He was big, plain, slow, irresistible, immutable. He was nearer to the people than even Thomas Jefferson, and that lover of man would have blessed his every act. He was a poet by nature, an untutored child of the prairies and rivers, and his chief light weapon in the conquest of men was humor; opponents rarely saw his heavy armament, of force, anger, vengeance, for the intuitions of the race

were sufficient to warn all persons of their dangers in that direction. He was a sleeping volcano. He was, nevertheless, the kindest man who ever underwent four years of continuously increasing supplication. It was not believed, early in 1865, that the worst of malefactors, as a personal matter, could afford to see Abraham Lincoln die. There had been years when little statesmen had prophesied that the tender nature of the President must be the ruin of the Nation.

We would perhaps do well to consider him a well-known lawyer of the firm of Lincoln & Herndon, at Springfield, Ill. This was his standing at the bar. But he was famous among the people as Abe Lincoln. It was the keen delight of the masses to meet him familiarly and to hear him talk—not to hear him tell stories, but to hear him point what he was saying with a parable. In one town where he had stopped for a month in earlier years to build a flat-boat, there was a peeled log, called "Abe's log." It was said the log had been worn smooth by men who would roll off when Lincoln ended a story. Not only was the story sure to be inimitably funny, but its application was irresistible. No common man who met Abe Lincoln ever forgot him. He was born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Ky. He had lived in log cabins on the Ohio River. His mother had died when he was eight; his father married Sally Bush, toward whom, as stepmother, Lincoln nurtured the warmest love until he died. At nineteen he went on a flat-boat to New Orleans. On his return, in 1830, he split the timber for a rail fence around ten acres of ground, and built a log cabin, in Macon County, Ill. Soon after, he built the flat-boat, as above, floated it down the Sangamon, the Illinois, and the Mississippi to New Orleans. He then returned and served as clerk in a country store at New Salem, Ill. In 1832, he

was a captain in the Blackhawk War, and became celebrated in the frontier army as a strong man and the best story-teller anybody had ever heard. He read the Lives of Washington, of Franklin, and of Clay. He was postmaster at New Salem, and learned to survey land with instruments. At last, he studied law and was elected to the Legislature (at Vandalia) as early as 1834, serving until the end of the session beginning in 1840, and declining further election. He tried to read Shakespeare thoroughly, but the deep interest he took in living people made mimic life seem trivial to him. In the year 1835 occurred the tragedy that changed the most joyous to the saddest of men. He fell in love with Anne Rutledge, a beautiful young woman, who accepted him, after a painful chapter of love with another man. In her troubles she fell ill, and called constantly for Lincoln. He reached her before she died, and her death shocked him so that it was believed his reason would be unseated. A noble friend, Bowlin Greene, took Lincoln to his cabin, and brought him back to a sense of duty and manhood, after weeks of careful nursing. When Greene died, in 1842, Lincoln spoke at his funeral in the Masonic lodge: "His voice was choked with deep emotion; he stood a few moments while his lips quivered in the effort to form the words of fervent praise he sought to utter, and the tears ran down his yellow and shriveled cheeks. Every heart was hushed at the spectacle. After repeated efforts, he found it impossible to speak, and strode away, bitterly sobbing, to the widow's carriage and was driven from the scene." It was at this time he learned the piece which the people call "Lincoln's poem"—"O why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" The Legislature removed to Springfield, and Lincoln went into legal partnership with John T. Stuart. The Lincoln and Douglas leadership began in the Legislature in 1836,

when both statesmen were young. The rivalry passed over the metes and bounds of politics and entered the realm of love, for when Lincoln again fell under the charms of a beautiful woman—this time Mary Todd, whom he married—Douglas carried on a striking flirtation with the same lady, and was with difficulty persuaded to leave the field to Lincoln. On this, Lincoln attempted to recede, but failed. The wedding was fixed, the mansion was lit, the feast was spread, the guests assembled, but the groom came not. The feast was left untouched, the guests departed, the house was darkened. Lincoln was again in the hands of his friends, who feared his gathering humiliations would make life intolerable. Strange as it may seem, the haughty belle and the eccentric lover were brought together afterward, and were married November 4, 1842. A legal partnership was formed with Stephen T. Logan, and, soon after, a final one with William H. Herndon, Lincoln's principal biographer, whose attitude toward Mrs. Lincoln must be carefully considered, because his unrelenting hostility may have grown out of a mutual antipathy strengthened by business relations, and aggravated by a partner's playful children. There can be no doubt that Mrs. Lincoln loved Abraham Lincoln, and made him a faithful wife. His tragic death, when she sat by his side, beclouded her remaining years. In 1846 Lincoln was elected to Congress over the celebrated Peter Cartwright, but failed to satisfy his constituents, as he opposed the Mexican War too emphatically after it was well begun. Doubtless this very experience fitted him to be patient with Butternuts and Copperheads afterward in the deep gloom of 1862-3. He did not seek reëlection because he could not have succeeded, and he would have accepted a moderately good Federal office had it been within his reach. He made one or two speeches in Congress, but caused

only a small ripple in the wide stream of politics at the Capital, and it is the only chapter in his public life where he did not rise far above mediocrity.

We are therefore briefly introduced to the Hon. Abraham Lincoln, of the firm of Lincoln & Herndon, lawyers, at Springfield. The astonishing fecundity of the story-teller, as remembered in earlier days, was not so noticeable in Mr. Lincoln now, and, instead, periods of the deepest melancholy settled over him at unforeseen moments. The testimony is without contradiction, that the famous entertainer, weaned from pleasant scenes or company, would at once fall into an abyss of sadness very trying to the nerves of those who loved him. But so vast was his power to suffer, that he never conveyed to another soul the precise character of the thoughts that were afflicting him.

United with marked eccentricity and deep occasional melancholia, was the fact that Abraham Lincoln was usually accounted the homeliest man one would ever see. He told this story himself: "One day a stranger accosted me on the cars: 'Excuse me, sir, but I have an article that belongs to you.' 'How is that?' The stranger took a jack-knife from his pocket. 'This,' said he, 'was given to me several years ago to give to the first man I should meet who might be considered homelier than myself. From this on, the knife is yours.' " It will be well to give Herndon's careful description of Lincoln when he was President-elect: "Mr. Lincoln was six feet four inches high, fifty-one years old, having good health and no gray hairs, or but few, on his head. He was thin, wiry, sinewy, raw-boned; thin through the breast to the back, and narrow across the shoulders; standing, he leaned forward—was what may be called stoop-shouldered, inclining to the consumptive by build. His usual weight was 180 pounds.

His organization—rather, his structure and functions—worked slowly. His blood had to run a long distance from his heart to the extremities of his frame, and his nerve-force had to travel through dry ground a long distance before his muscles were obedient to his will. His structure was loose and leathery; his body was shrunk and shriveled; he had dark skin, dark hair, and looked woe-struck. The whole man, body and mind, worked slowly, as if it needed oiling. Physically, he was a very powerful man, lifting with ease 400 and in one case 600 pounds. His mind was like his body, and worked slowly but strongly. Hence, there was but little bodily or mental wear and tear in him. When he walked, he moved cautiously but firmly; his long arms and giant hands swung down by his side. He walked with inner tread, the inner sides of his feet being parallel. He put the whole foot flat down on the ground at once, not landing on the heel; he likewise lifted his foot all at once, not rising from the toe, and hence he had no spring to his walk. In sitting down on a common chair, he was no taller than ordinary men. His legs and arms were abnormally, unnaturally long. It was only when he stood up that he loomed above other men. His head was long, and tall from the base of the brain and from the eyebrows. His head ran backward, his forehead rising as it ran back at a long angle, like Clay's. The size of his hat, measured at the hatter's block, was 7 1-8, his head being from ear to ear 6 1-2, and from the front to the back of the brain 8. Thus measured, it was not below the medium size. His forehead was narrow but high; his hair was dark, almost black, and lay floating when his fingers or the winds lifted it, piled up at random. His cheek-bones were high, sharp, and prominent; his jaws were long and up-curved; his nose was large, long, blunt, and a little awry toward the left eye; his chin was

sharp and up-curved; his eye-brows cropped out like a huge rock on the brow of a hill; his long, sallow face was wrinkled and dry, with a hair here and there on the surface; his cheeks were leathery; his ears were large, and ran out almost at right angles from his head, caused partly by heavy hats and partly by nature; his lower lip was thick, hanging, and under-curved, while his chin, up-curved, reached for the lip; his neck was neat and trim, his head being well balanced on it; there was a lone mole on the right cheek, and Adam's apple on his throat. Thus," concludes Herndon, "walked, acted, and looked Abraham Lincoln. He was not a pretty man, nor was he an ugly one; he was a homely man, careless of his looks, plain-looking and plain-acting. He had no pomp, display, or dignity, so-called. He was a sad-looking man; his melancholy dripped from him as he walked."

What was there, then, in 1850-2, when Clay, Webster, and Calhoun had made their compromise and descended into their graves, that should cause gigantic events to center around Mr. Lincoln, of the firm of Lincoln & Herndon, a man for whom his intimate friends were infinitely compassionate? It was, plainly, the fact that he was the most interesting man whom the common people had met; they told each other so, and it spread over the North. The man was as natural as a new-born babe. At a pathetic passage in a woman's speech at Springfield, Abraham Lincoln, in the middle of the audience, burst into a hoarse laugh, and was frightened to think the audience did not all laugh; nobody could guess why he had done this; nobody could tell what he would do next; but the masses came toward him as if he were father, brother, companion, fellow-blunderer. His very humiliations increased his hold on the hearts of the lowly. But, again, why did the people single him? Because, first, of his battery of outpouring human-

ity-rays; because of his deep love of the race, and all its individuals. "God," said he, "must have liked common people, or he wouldn't have made so many of them." Yet his wit was keen, too. A windy orator closed his oration. "That young chap reminds me of a steamer I once saw on the Ohio River. It had an eight-foot boiler and a twelve-foot whistle, and every time the whistle blew, the boat stopped." "These people who argue State sovereignty," he said, "remind me of the fellow who contended that the proper place for the big kettle was inside the little one." Lincoln's client had been attacked, and had acted in self-defense. "My client was like the man with the pitchfork on his shoulder; out came a fierce dog from a farm-yard. In parrying off the brute with the fork, its prongs stuck into the dog, and killed it. 'What made you kill my dog?' cried the farmer. 'What made him bite me?' 'But why did you not go at him with the other end of the pitchfork?' 'Why didn't he come at me with *his* other end?'" With this, Lincoln whirled an imaginary dog in his hands, on the floor, and pushed it tail-first at the jury, who gave him the verdict with uproarious merriment. A commercial agency requested a report on the financial standing of a neighbor of Lincoln's, and Lincoln replied: "I am well acquainted with Mr. A— and know his circumstances. First of all, he has a wife and baby; together, they ought to be worth $50,000 to any man. Secondly, he has an office in which there is a table worth $1.50 and three chairs worth say $1. Last of all, there is, in one corner, a large rat-hole, which is worth looking into." If Lincoln were in talking mood, men could not afford to miss what he said, neither could anybody repress Lincoln's desire to talk. It is averred that Lincoln's best friend of all was Judge David Davis. In court Lincoln was telling yarns, and Judge Davis cried out: "Come, come, Mr. Lincoln,

I can't stand this! There is no use trying to carry on two courts at the same time. I must adjourn mine or yours, and I think yours will have to be the one." This brought things to rights at once. "What was that Lincoln was telling?" anxiously asked the Judge, as soon as court was out for dinner.

Nor was he all fun, as impertinent people were sure to learn. A woman wrote asking for a "sentiment" and his autograph. He replied: "Dear Madam: When you ask a stranger for that which is of interest only to yourself, always inclose a stamp; there's your sentiment; and here's your autograph. A. Lincoln."

Neither was it his wit nor his keen defense that attracted men. The photographer, Hesler, of Chicago, testified: "I wondered who on earth could want a picture of such a singularly homely man, but before the sitting was over I was charmed by his wit, so fascinated by his genial humor, and the noble personality of the man, that I forgot his physical peculiarities. Long before I was aware of his identity, I knew that he was great and good, with a soul as sweet and pure as a child's." Horace Greeley said: "I doubt whether man, woman, or child, white or black, bound or free, virtuous or vicious, ever accosted or reached forth a hand to Abraham Lincoln and detected in his countenance and manner any repugnance or shrinking from the proper contact, any assumption of superiority, or betrayal of disdain." Frederick Douglass, the orator of his race, testified: "Mr. Lincoln is the only white man with whom I have ever talked, or in whose presence I have ever been, who did not consciously or unconsciously betray to me that he recognized my color." And it is not at all certain that he *did* note the color of the man, if the affair were between only the twain.

It is not necessary to believe that one after whom all

common people followed, or rather one with whom all common people went alongside, was at all oblivious of his power. He said the best natural politician he ever met was an Illinois Democrat, whose political creed was: "Find out what Abe Lincoln wants you to do, and don't do it!"

To these qualities in Lincoln was added the great gift of poetry. He spoke in figures, and they were tropes that, while they might shock the polite, never failed to illustrate and ornament what he was saying to the humble. His letter to James S. Conkling, to be quoted anon, offers a fine example of his happy expression, in simple and homely political terms, of sentiments that only a hero could hold so steadfastly as they were held by Abraham Lincoln. It is to be deduced from what has been narrated, that, first, the people, gathered in a village post-office, then a county, then a valley, then a State, would expect to see Lincoln prominent in the Nation. When it became a matter of State pride, the Presidency was none too good for him. He made no personal impression on the country at large until his name was at the front among Presidential candidates of the new Republican (not yet Anti-Slavery) party.

He was probably best fitted to be President of the common people of all the statesmen who have held the office. He studied the elements of the population with unremitting delight. A new face was a new friend to set laughing—to impress with the superiority of the story-teller—for here was a man who could not hide his greatness of soul under either an exterior uncouth, or a striking familiarity of speech. Major G. M. McConnel narrates how, as a boy, his father sent him to ask Mr. Lincoln, the lawyer, the particulars of a case in court. The lad met Mr. Lincoln on the street. The tall man sat down on the curb, put his silk hat between his knees, and, out of a miscellaneous

collection of documents, found the particular case. Then he talked to the lad so fraternally about it, that young McConnel carried away an idea as perfect as if it had been an account of a fishing expedition. For the nonce, Lincoln was a lad, too, explaining the case in a lad's language, with all the fraternity of youth. Thus, it is sometimes avowed that Abraham Lincoln seemed essentially different to every man he met. This judgment must be restricted to common people. Toward those who entertained aristocratic ideas, he was cold and enigmatical. His son Robert was going to a banquet given to Professor Longfellow, the poet, by many eminent scholars. "Go, my son, but if you are able to maintain a respectable conversation with those distinguished gentlemen, you'll do more than your father was ever able to accomplish."

As the fame spread of this approachable and unapproachable man, this simple and profound mind, there was no lack of self-appointed political managers and stablemen, to caparison the steed and watch over the Presidential provender. The secret sagacity of the man; his utter inability to ask for favors, to lean for advice on "wise men," was a maddening phenomenon to a host of politicians. "Lincoln had the people"; now how to so minify and belittle Lincoln as to fit him into a smaller office and let a figure-head go in front? That was the problem of the scholarly Senators, and they could not solve it, because Lincoln was great enough to desire the chief office for himself. When Lincoln canvassed the State with Douglas, in joint debate, he took grounds that would defeat him (Lincoln) for the Senatorship in the conservative Legislature of Illinois, in order to make Douglas assume counter-positions that would defeat him for the Presidency, two years later. Lincoln was as quick politically as

Henry Clay, and was on the right side of Mason and Dixon's line.

When the Senatorial campaign was over, and Douglas was elected, he was called into Ohio, and thither Lincoln followed in the autumn of 1859. At the moment of the John Brown raid, Lincoln was in Kansas. He became, with events, hardly more radical in his utterances, and it was readily believed that he had sacrificed his political interests in his slowness to exhibit a strong repugnance to slavery in the South.

Early in 1860, at the State House in Springfield, Ill., a meeting of Hatch, Judd, Peck, Grimshaw, and others modestly launched the Presidential candidacy of Abraham Lincoln—Seward, however, being looked on as the chief aspirant for party honors. In October, 1859, Lincoln had been invited to speak at Cooper Institute, New York City, the action being an unsolicited friendly move by Bryant, the poet, and others. The address was made to an overflowing house in February, 1860. Lincoln appeared there as rustic as the early Patrick Henry. The audience was agog to hear the witty stories he was now famous for telling, but he, warned by the Senators and political magnates, kept close to his arguments, which made a deep impression. His speech here, and other addresses in New England, where he got near to the people in his own inimitable way, made tremendous political hits, and when he returned to Springfield, it could not be concealed from Mr. Seward's friends that Seward was to be opposed by a powerful rival. On May 9 and 10, the Illinois State Convention met at Decatur. To that convention John Hanks, a cousin, brought two of the fence-rails that Lincoln had split in 1830, and as America, from the Alleghenies westward, was still a primeval settlement, the idea of "Lincoln,

the Rail-Splitter," awakened the frantic enthusiasm of the pioneers. But the time was short, and it looked as if Lincoln's candidacy were too young—he must wait. There were not enough Lincoln States in the East. The National Convention met a week later, May 16, 1860, at Chicago, in a Wigwam, built purposely large, where local talent could delegate itself to create an atmosphere favorable to Lincoln's interests. David Davis opened "Lincoln headquarters" at the Tremont House. The Wigwam was a little over four blocks west of the Tremont House, where Lake Street turned obliquely into Market Street—a "broken corner." Mr. Lincoln, still of the firm of Lincoln & Herndon, was at home in Springfield. It is usually understood that David Davis made voting arrangements with Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania, but the candidate was not willing to be bound by contract—not if it cost the nomination, such was his astonishingly cautious, secretive policy. He approved Seward's idea of an "irrepressible conflict," but refused to indorse his "higher law"—that is, Seward was too radical. Thus, while it would have been the easy part of the demagogue to go out beyond Seward, Lincoln, at a moment when it was deemed fatal to him, took the stand that nominated him. He was considered a safer man—a little nearer the South—born in Kentucky —a Mississippi flat-boatman—a rail-splitter. The people, too, must fight; let them choose their leader, and so far as mere popularity seemed to go in Chicago, of course Lincoln overtopped all other candidates put together. Mr. Seward did not arrive with enough votes to nominate him, and when his political machinery broke down, he had no remaining resource. Lincoln was chosen on the third ballot (May 18), and the whole West was wildly delighted; the elder East was gravely pleased to see its children so happy. Mr. Lincoln was not nationally known. At

Springfield, Lincoln was in the public square, tossing town ball. He took the message announcing his nomination, and said: "I guess I will tell a little woman down the street the news." The Republican platform was in these words: "That the new dogma, that the Constitution carries slavery into all the territories, is a dangerous political heresy, revolutionary in tendency, and subversive of the peace and harmony of the country." Lincoln himself had gone a little further: "That the spread of slavery should be arrested, and it should be placed where the public mind shall rest in the belief of its ultimate extinction." The Abolitionists, forced to accept the sop offered in the platform, had joined the Republican party, and formed its extreme Left, with Lincoln next to them, but no one knew how sternly he considered himself as yet not one of that extreme Left. He saw the people were for Union; he knew that attitude meant eventual Abolition; so he saw no necessity of taking a stand out ahead of the people; if the Union could be saved with slave States and free territories and free new States, he was willing to save it that way. The Eastern people soon grew cool. Mr. Weed, who had so often defeated Henry Clay, desired to be visited, but Lincoln held aloof; when David Davis went East, it was with a most slow consent on Lincoln's part. Lincoln did not like to act, and he was stubborn to lead. He was usually right in his apprehensions of future events. As soon as the Eastern men saw he was not worrying, they themselves bestirred. When they came to Springfield, making loud reproaches, but offering no good suggestions, he told them the story of the man who was traveling on horseback in a wild region, during a thunderstorm. "The peals of thunder," said Lincoln, "were frightful. One bolt, which seemed to crash the earth beneath him, brought him to his knees. Not being a praying man, his petition was short

and to the point. He said: "O Lord, if it is all the same to you, give us a little more light and a little less noise!"

In those days, three large States held their local elections in October, while the Presidential election in those States was a special polling of the voters in November. When Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana went Republican at their State elections in October, 1860, it could be seen that Lincoln would win. Both Indiana and Pennsylvania had gone against the Republicans in 1856. Though he was encouraged, it is likely he knew the conspiracy of the Southern leaders began from that very day. Floyd, of Virginia, who had received the Nullifiers' votes for President, years before, was Secretary of War, and immediately lent his department to the service of the plot.

From the moment Lincoln's candidacy assumed the importance of a probable election, his gloomy forebodings of personal ill increased. All but three of the Springfield clergy opposed his election, and this gave him deep affliction, for he thought the profession of the ministry ought of itself to impel a minister to support the cause of freedom; and such exhibitions of political feeling shocked his innate respect for religion. In the North the campaign was between Lincoln and Douglas—the Rail-Splitter and the "Little Giant." In the South, it was everywhere averred that Lincoln was not a human being at all—that he was an anthropoid ape. In the election on November 6, 1860, he received a plurality of nearly 600,000 votes, and, in the Electoral College, he had a majority over all, as follows: Lincoln, 180; Breckenridge, 72; Bell, 39; Douglas, 12. Douglas carried but one entire State—Missouri. Lincoln carried seventeen entire States. The slaveholders carried eleven entire States. Lincoln was constitutionally and popularly the President, having received

very nearly as many votes as any two of the other three candidates.'

After some persuasion, Mr. Lincoln, President-elect, invited Thurlow Weed to visit Springfield, and that celebrated "boss" of New York politics arrived, as was understood, in the interest of Mr. Seward. John Brown's expedition had suddenly precipitated the entire Slavery question, and his execution was regarded not only as a martyrdom, but a challenge. It was seen in the East that all depended on "the unknown Rail-Splitter who told stories." Letters poured in on Herndon, asking what manner of man this Lincoln was. December 21, 1860, Herndon wrote, summarizing eighteen years of knowledge of Lincoln: "Lincoln is a man of heart—aye, as gentle as a woman, and as tender—but he has a will strong as iron. He therefore loves all mankind, hates slavery and every form of despotism. Put these together—love for the slave, and a determination, a will, that justice, strong and unyielding, shall be done when he has a right to act, and you can form your own conclusion. Lincoln will fail here, namely, if a question of political economy—if any question comes up which is doubtful, questionable, which no man can demonstrate, then his friends can rule him; but when on justice, right, liberty, the Government, the Constitution, and the Union, then you may all stand aside. He will rule then, and no man can rule him—no set of men can do it. There is no fail here. This is Lincoln, and you mark my prediction."

Late in January, 1861, Mr. Lincoln wrote his inaugural address. He asked Herndon for Henry Clay's great speech of 1850,* Andrew Jackson's proclamation against Nullification, and a copy of the Constitution. He locked himself in an empty room over a store, and, under

* See Article Henry Clay, in this Volume.

those untoward circumstances, prepared a paper which is treasured among the noblest utterances of the Fathers of the Nation.

In the first week of February, 1861, he visited his aged step-mother at Farmington, and went to the grave of his father, Thomas Lincoln. He was deeply impressed with the idea that it would be his last opportunity to see the persons and things he loved. He was a prophet. The causes that led to his death were blind and slow in acting —he was a keen judge of cause and effect; he himself knew his value and power as an opponent of Slavery. In the last weeks of his stay at Springfield, nearly all his old friends of the settlements came in to bid him good-by—a touching testimony, which nerved him to the task before him, for now the Southern Confederacy was well under way. At last, he stood on the car-platform, at the little railroad station: "Friends," he said, "no one who has never been placed in a like position can understand my feelings at this hour, nor the oppressive sadness I feel at this parting. I go to assume a task more difficult than that which devolved upon Washington. Unless the great God who assisted him shall be with and aid me, I must fail; but if the same omniscient mind and almighty arm that directed and protected him shall guide and support me, I shall not fail, I shall succeed." Lincoln had now become and remained a devout Deist. His burden had grown heavier than he could bear, and he appeared to have looked trustfully to Heaven for guidance. As battle after battle of our Civil War piled up in American history afterward, and the bloody business grew familiar alike to men of peace and war, this marked public religious attitude of the pilot of the ship of state was a never-failing source of satisfaction to the devout in the North. His route to Washington was planned to evoke patriotic feeling on the way.

Allan Pinkerton, a detective, of Chicago, discovered a plot of assassination at Baltimore, and his tomb at Graceland Cemetery, Chicago, commemorates his services to the Emancipator at this time as the chief of Pinkerton's works. The run into Washington from Harrisburg was secret. General Scott was ill in bed, but the veteran swore a round oath that Lincoln should be inaugurated, and took admirable military precautions. Among the Radicals of the North, the bitterest contempt was felt for the out-going President, Buchanan, whose easy submission to the insults of the South was considered as imperiling the Nation. These sharp fault-finders asked Mr. Lincoln if he intended to ride to the Capitol with Buchanan, or to go alone. "That reminds me," said Lincoln, "of the witness in a lawsuit, who looked like a Quaker. When he arose to take the oath, he was asked by the Judge (who seemed puzzled) if he would swear, or affirm. 'I don't care a d—n which,' was the reply."

President Buchanan called at Willard's Hotel for Mr. Lincoln on the morning of March 4, and, a few minutes later, Honest Old Abe was President, to the very general satisfaction of the North, because love for the man covered the land. At this time, war was inevitable, but nobody in authority believed it would last ninety days. It was thought the South would fight a little, and recede from the dogma of slave-extension. The Nation was still under the spell of slaveholding orators; the South claimed all the chivalry and respectability of the Union. In his inaugural, the new President merely said the Government would not strike the first blow.

Premonitions of strife had no restrictive effect on the office-seekers, and the hordes of each State now beset the Chief Executive. A delegation asked the appointment of a man in delicate health to go to the balmy latitudes of the

Sandwich Islands. "Gentlemen," said Mr. Lincoln, "I am sorry that there are eight other applicants for that place, and they are all sicker than your man!" The Austrian Minister presented an Austrian Count, who devoted much time to proving beyond peradventure that he was a person of noble lineage and high standing. Mr. Lincoln laid his hand on the office-seeker's shoulder, and said: "Never mind, you shall be treated with just as much consideration, for all that!" A crowd of office-seekers informed the President that he had been exposed to the small-pox. "I'm glad of it," said Lincoln, "for now I'm going to have something that I can give to everybody."

He began his War Administration with his accustomed modesty. When General McClellan was busy organizing the army, the President would sit in the General's ante-room, and the General would send out word that he was too busy to see anybody. Lincoln would go away, apparently satisfied. This is on the testimony of General Sickles. Such a condition of dependence lasted till after Bull Run. Robert L. Wilson, an old friend, was anxious for news, and Lincoln and Nicolay were coming from the War Department. "These war fellows are very strict with me," said Lincoln," "and I suppose I must obey them till I get the hang of things." "But can't you tell me whether the news is good or bad, Mr. President?" He grasped Wilson's arm like a vice, and whispered shrilly in his ear, "It's d—d bad!" And so it was, but it was necessary it should be bad in order to stir the North and awaken Lincoln to the dangers that surrounded him from incapables. He had not yet appointed Stanton; and Grant, Sherman, Thomas, McPherson, Hancock, Meade, Sheridan, were not yet on the scene.

The Great War settled on the land. Calls for troops—75,000 volunteers, then 300,000, again 300,000, again

300,000—came fast and faster. The dreaded draft struck alike the coward and the courageous, the Copperhead and the Abolitionist. The taxes doubled, tripled, quadrupled. Bonds sold down, down, down, in greenbacks; gold rose upward, to 290. Patriotism might make a feeble cry, but the voice of the substitute-broker was loud in the land. Gamblers, cormorants, contractors, fattened. For one thing the Nation hungered—victory! And victory did not come. The summers of 1861, 1862, and till July 4, 1863, were seasons of the saddest and most humiliating history. The great man in the White House gradually shifted the entire load on his own shoulders, and at last the machine of war began to wreak havoc on the slaveholders.

John Hay, one of his two chief secretaries, describes the President: "He did not sleep well, but spent a good while in bed. He was extremely unmethodical. He would break through every regulation, as fast as it was made. Anything that kept the people themselves away from him he disapproved, although they nearly annoyed the life out of him by unreasonable complaints and requests. He wrote very few letters, and did not read one in fifty that he received." He sent Nicolay or Hay on long journeys rather than to write. "Sometimes, though rarely, he shut himself up, and would see no one." "He was very abstemious—ate less than any man I know. He drank nothing but water," not from principle, however. A temperance committee told him the army was drinking so much whisky it was bringing the curse of the Lord on the North. He said the other side was drinking more and worse whisky. He did not read the newspapers. "I know more about it than any of them," he said sadly. The kid-glove people never understood him, and could not learn. "I," said Hay, "consider Lin-

coln to be Republicanism incarnate—with all its faults, and all its virtues. As, in spite of some rudeness, Republicanism is the sole hope of a sick world, so Lincoln, with all his foibles, is the greatest character since Christ."

He studied Calhoun, and set his great mind at work to overthrow Calhoun's logic. Of all public men, perhaps, Calhoun effected the deepest impression on him, because Calhoun made a fearless presentation of his facts. Mr. Lincoln particularly admired that sentence of Calhoun: "To legislate upon precedent is but to make the error of yesterday the law of to-day."

The Abolitionists set out, one way or another, to make him free the slaves, on John Quincy Adams' prescription that it could be done as a Presidential war-measure. Generals Frémont and Hunter, and Col. Donn Piatt, all felt his rough hand when they audaciously assumed the power of emancipation in their military districts. His own plan was State emancipation with compensation to owners. Horace Greeley, Wendell Phillips, and all the great New Englanders, thought he went far too slow. A committee of ministers, from a General Assembly, certain that they came to him inspired of God—who had made that point very clear—were answered: "Well, gentlemen, it is not very often that one is favored with a delegation direct from the Almighty." James Gordon Bennett, with his New York Herald, was daily handicapping the Administration, and stood ready to edit a Lincoln organ, if the President would especially invite him to the White House. Mr. Lincoln said the doors were open to all. Neither godly nor diabolical contrivances could move Abraham Lincoln. "I can see that emancipation is coming. Whoever can wait for it will see it. Whoever stands in its way will be run over by it." Yet this man who could not be coaxed nor driven, was the easiest-

going and friendliest of men. Leonard Swett said, of his marvelous skill in dealing with sentiment in Kentucky, Missouri, and the border States generally: "He was a trimmer, and such a trimmer the world has never seen." Swett thought Lincoln had never asked for advice in his life. Anything he needed counsel about, he would let others do. It was Swett's sentence regarding Lincoln: "He retained through life all the friends he ever had, and he made the wrath of his enemies to praise him." Not only did he require indomitable will to defer the emancipation proclamations until the majority of the soldiers and people wanted them, but he was the first strong supporter of Grant and Sherman against Halleck and Stanton, and as the people saw him always in accord with their views, they began to revere him. The soldiers told his stories on the battle-field. That keen desire to hear about the man himself, which has lasted until this day, took hold upon mankind, and, when some magnate would obtusely complain of Lincoln's methods and manners, such a critic was thereafter a well-marked character. What astonished men the most was that, while defeat sickened the President, and each battle left him looking older and still sadder, the kind manner never changed, nor did the stream of wit flow low. A notorious bully ordered an officer to flee. The officer arrested the bully, who struck with all his force at the officer, missing him. The officer, in return, struck the bully so hard with his fist that the senseless victim was taken to the hospital—it was said, to die. The officer ran to the White House, for counsel and explanation. "I am sorry," said the President, "you had to kill the man; but these are times of war, and a great many men deserve killing. This man, according to your story, is one of them; so give yourself no uneasiness about the matter. I will stand by you." But the officer had sought Father Abraham for spiritual consolation.

His conscience was stricken. Lincoln looked upon him again: "Well, go home now, and get some sleep. But, if you want some advice; hereafter when you have occasion to strike a man, don't hit him with your fist. Strike him with a club, or a crowbar, or something that won't kill him!"

A man wanted a pass into Richmond. "Happy to oblige you, if my passes were respected. The fact is, I have given passes to 250,000 men to go to Richmond, and, as yet, not one has reached the place." Fairfax was raided, and a brigadier-general and a number of horses were captured. "Well, I'm sorry on account of the horses. I can make a brigadier-general in five minutes, but it is not an easy matter to replace a hundred and ten horses." A troublesome visitor demanded exact statistics showing the number of Confederate soldiers in the field. "Twelve hundred thousand, according to the best authority." The questioner cried: "Good heavens!" "Yes, sir, twelve hundred thousand—no doubt of it. I have no reason to doubt our generals, and every time they are whipped, they say the rebels out-numbered them from three or five to one. We have four hundred thousand men in the field, and three times four makes twelve. Do you see?" Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of the Confederacy, met the President outside of Richmond. He was a very small man in a large overcoat. Lincoln asked Grant if he had seen Stephens in his overcoat. Grant had. Had Grant seen Stephens take off the overcoat? Grant had also seen that. "Well, didn't you think it was the biggest shuck and the littlest ear you had ever seen?"

The Nation touched the tender chord in their President's nature when they put the power of life and death in his hands. He said to Swett: "Get out of the way, Swett; to-morrow is butcher-day, and I must go through

these papers and see if I cannot find some excuse to let these poor fellows off." Stanton believed in military capital punishment, and plenty of it. Stanton sent Holt, the chief military prosecutor, "to put a case strong," to Lincoln. Soldiers had run back from line of battle at Chancellorsville. They were now under sentence of death. "Holt, you acknowledge these men have a previous record for bravery. They shall not be shot for this one offense." Holt knew Stanton would "explode with rage," so he made another argument for blood. "Holt, were you ever in battle?" "I have never been." "Did Stanton ever march in the first line, to be shot at by an enemy, like these men did?" "I think not, Mr. President." "Well, I tried it, in the Blackhawk War, and I remember, one time, I grew awful weak in the knees when I heard the bullets whistle around me, and saw the enemy in front of me. How my legs carried me forward, I cannot now tell, for I thought every minute that I would sink to the ground. Who knows but these men's legs refused to carry them? Send this dispatch, ordering them set free." And they were set free that day.

As "the war to free the negro" grew more perceptible in its logic, the complexities of draft-riots, Butternut and Copperhead Conventions, unlicensed newspaper invective, and sharp military criticism, seemed overwhelmingly numerous. The President delivered up Mason and Slidell to England; encouraged Juarez in Mexico; set down Vallandigham of Ohio within the Confederate lines; moderated the tone of Seward's documents; made peace as often as war. Finally, when the time was sufficiently ripe, he issued the preliminary Proclamation of Emancipation. On September 22, 1862, he informed all regions in rebellion, naming them, and excepting certain counties, that their slaves would be free January 1, 1863, unless

they ceased to defy the authority of the United States. It was not Abolition as a principle—it was emancipation in rebellious regions as a threat, and measure of war.

He called the members of the Cabinet, and, summarizing his thoughts and feelings, he told them this Proclamation and no other would be issued. Governor Seward (Secretary of State) suggested a slight change, which was adopted; a day or two later he suggested still another, which was likewise adopted. The President asked the Governor why he had not mentioned both changes at once, but Governor Seward did not seem to give a satisfactory answer. "Seward," said Lincoln, "reminds me of a hired man who came to a farmer and told him one of a favorite yoke of oxen had fallen down dead. After a pause the hired man added: 'And the other ox in that team is dead, too.' 'Why didn't you tell me at once that both the oxen were dead?' 'Because I didn't want to hurt you by telling you too much at one time.' "

As soon as the responsible head of the Government was well under the burden which the original Abolitionists had first taken up, it seemed as if all parties turned to make that burden heavier. The South was hit hard, and it nerved itself "to deadlier and more ungenerous blows." There also formed parties of "Unconditional Union men" in the North, who claimed to be perturbed with fear of disunion. These patriots cheerfully invited the President to leave the war and come to address them at Springfield. The "letter to James S. Conkling" in reply to such an invitation is immortal and unanswerable, warning all men, for all time, to get out of the attitude of Tories, or fire-in-the-rear agitators under any name whatsoever. "You desire peace, and you blame me, that you do not have it." The writer (Lincoln) names "three conceivable ways to attain peace." "First, to suppress the

rebellion by force and arms. This I am trying to do. Are you for it? If you are, so far we are agreed. If you are not for it, a second way is, to give up the Union. I am against this. Are you for it? If you are, you should say so, plainly. If you are not for force, nor yet for dissolution, there only remains some imaginable compromise." The President gives his proofs that compromise is impossible. "No paper compromise to which the controllers of Lee's army are not agreed, can at all affect that army." No word of compromise from that army had ever reached the President. Should such an offer come, it should not be rejected, nor should it be kept secret. "But, to be plain, you are dissatisfied with me about the negro. Quite likely, there is a difference of opinion between you and myself upon that subject. I certainly wish that all men could be free, while I suppose you do not." "I suggested compensated emancipation, to which you replied that you wished not to be taxed to buy negroes." He then argues the constitutionality of the Emancipation Proclamation. "Some of you profess to think a retraction of the Proclamation would operate favorably for the Union. Why better after the retraction, than before the issue? There was more than a year and a half of trial to suppress the rebellion before the Proclamation issued, the last one hundred days of which passed under an explicit notice that it was coming, unless averted by those in revolt returning to their allegiance. The war has certainly progressed as favorably for us since the issue of the Proclamation as before." The President next shows that his military men are pleased with the military effects of the Proclamation. "You say that you will not fight to free negroes. Some of them seem willing to fight to free you. But, no matter. Fight you, then, exclusively, to save the Union. I issued the Proc-

lamation on purpose to aid you in saving the Union. Whenever you shall have conquered all resistance to the Union, if I shall urge you to continue fighting, it will be an apt time then for you to declare you will not fight to free negroes. I thought that, in your struggle for the Union, to whatever extent the negroes should cease helping the enemy, to that extent it weakened the enemy in his resistance to you. Do you think differently? I thought that whatever negroes can be got to do as soldiers, leaves just so much less for white soldiers to do in saving the Union. Does it appear otherwise to you?"

At this point in Father Abraham's greatest letter he begins to be eloquent, and we quote the closing pages in full: "The signs look better. The Father of Waters again goes unvexed to the sea. Thanks to the great Northwest for it; nor yet wholly to them. Three hundred miles up, they met New England, Keystone, and Jersey, hewing their way right and left. The Sunny South, too, in more colors than one, also lent a hand. On the spot, their part of the history was jotted down in black and white. The job was a great National one; and let none be barred who bore an honorable part in it. And while those who have cleared the great river may well be proud, even that is not all. It is hard to say that anything has been more bravely and well done than at Antietam, Murfreesboro, Gettysburg, and on so many fields of lesser note. Nor must Uncle Sam's web feet be forgotten. At all the watery margins they have been present. Not only on the deep sea, the broad bay, and the rapid river, but also up the narrow, muddy bayou, and wherever the ground was a little damp, they have been, and made their tracks, thanks to all. For the great Republic—for the principle it lives by and keeps alive—for man's vast future —thanks to all.

"Peace does not appear so distant as it did. I hope it will come soon and come to stay, and so come as to be worth the keeping for all future time. It will then have been proved that, among free men, there can be no successful appeal from the ballot to the bullet; and that they who take such appeal are soon to lose their case and pay the cost. And then there will be some black men who can remember that, with silent tongue, clenched teeth, and well-poised bayonet, they have helped mankind on to this great consummation; while I fear there will be some white ones, unable to forget that, with malignant heart and deceitful speech, they strove to hinder it."

When Mr. Lincoln next stood on the east steps of the Capitol, he had been endorsed by an overwhelming majority of the North. He had Grant at Richmond; he had Sherman ranging up and down the Confederacy, their cities flaming behind. He had Memphis, Natchez, New Orleans, Mobile, Savannah, and the realm of Slavery was cut in twain. Father Abraham now wore a beard, and looked twenty years older than when he left Springfield. Peace was coming with victory. It was then that he grew even more gentle. It was then that he said:—"With malice toward none; with charity for all"—those magical words that seemed to leap with poetry out of the example of his life of sorrows, an inimitable inscription over his catafalque anon, and a precious legacy to the language that he spoke.

In spirit he had not really changed. All other things seemed unstable, but Father Abraham was the same—far better understood now, even by the people who had always believed in him. A widow, whose husband had fallen in battle, implored that one of her three soldier-sons might come home to support her. "Certainly," said Father Abraham, "if you have given us all, and your

prop has been taken away, you are justly entitled to one of your boys." But the soldier whom Lincoln had thus discharged was killed in battle before the order could reach him. Again the afflicted mother and widow came to Lincoln, whose face was very grave as he wrote another discharge. "Now," he said, "you have one, and I have one of the two boys left; that is no more than right." These mothers in Israel never failed to assure Abraham Lincoln that the next time they should meet him, would be in Heaven, and it gladdened his heart to know they felt so.

He was like Shakespeare, in that light and shade, pathos and humor, played across his nature as light winds on summer seas. He stood with Grant at Petersburg, where Smith's colored troops had glorified their race. "I want to take a look at those boys," said the President. "I read with greatest delight how gallantly they behaved. Dana said they took six out of the sixteen guns captured that day. I was opposed on nearly every side when I first favored the raising of colored regiments, but they have proved their efficiency. When we wanted every able-bodied man who could be spared to go to the front, and my opposers kept objecting to the negroes, I used to tell them that at such times it was just as well to be a little color-blind. I think, General, we can say of the black boys what a country fellow, who was an old-time Abolitionist in Illinois, said when he went to a theater in Chicago and saw Forrest playing 'Othello'. He was not very well up in Shakespeare, and didn't know that the tragedian was a white man who had blacked up for the purpose. After the play was over, the folks who had invited him to go to the show wanted to know what he thought of the actors, and he said: 'Waal, layin' aside all sectional prejudices and any partiality I may have

for the race, derned if I don't think the nigger held his own with any on 'em.'" A Tennessee wife implored the release of her husband, a rebel prisoner, on the ground that he was a religious man. "Tell him when you meet him," said the President, "that I say I'm not much of a judge of religion, but that in my opinion the religion which sets men to rebel and fight against their Government because, as they think, that Government does not sufficiently help some men to eat their bread in the sweat of other men's faces, is not the sort of religion upon which people can get to Heaven."

As he entered Richmond, the picture of the freed slaves gathering about him and hailing him with sharp cries as their deliverer, would have convinced anybody that freedom is a precious thing in the opinion of those who have been denied it.

It seemed, in April, 1865, that the real troubles were passed. A dozen armies had been raised, $3,000,000,000 had been borrowed, battles, prison-camps, cemeteries, rendezvous, navy yards, military governments, politics, draft, conspiracies—all, all, had gone by, and Slavery was blotted out; its champions were prisoners of war, its arch-prophets fugitives and exiles. On what a home-returning might Abraham Lincoln look—he who never forgot a face. In 1840, he had taken dinner with a Sangamon county farmer. Now, this "embattled farmer" shook hands with the triumphant President. "Yes," said Lincoln, "I remember you. You used to live on the Danville road. I took dinner with you when I was running for the Legislature. I recollect that we stood talking together out at the barn-yard gate while I sharpened my jack-knife." "Ya-as," drawled the old soldier, "you did. But say, wherever did ye put that whetstone? I looked for *it* a dozen times, but I never *could* find it after the day you

used it. We 'lowed as how mebby you took it along with ye." "No," said Lincoln; "no, I put it on top of that gate-post—that high one." "Well, mebby you *did,* now. Couldn't nobody else have put it up there, and none of us ever thought to look up there for it." The soldier was soon after at home. He wrote at once to his friend Abe Lincoln, that he had found the whetstone on top of the tall post, where it had lain untouched for fifteen years, and he did not think it would ever be lost again.

About the 7th and 8th of April, the towns of the North were alive with music and bright at night with bonfires. "Swamp Angels," "Fantastic Companies," fire brigades, and all the mechanism of festive joy were in movement. The Nation was one; Father Abraham had supported Grant and Sherman in the dark hours; he had been mountain-like among the molehills. Even in the highest moments of jubilation, the thought of the Greatheart at the White House would come upon the people, and some latest tale would be told, in imitation of his unrivaled art. Early on a crisp Saturday morning, about a week later, there was placarded at the railroad stations, in the post-offices, at the taverns, the incredible intelligence that Abraham Lincoln had been assassinated and was dying.

As when the perverse shaft of lightning thwarts an inky sky, and shivering nature bids the cheek to blanch, so came that bolt of destiny upon the people. They had been schooled in blood; the ghastly deeds of war were come to be familiar. But that Father Abraham was no more!—that an assassin, instead of bearing away the aid and consolation of Father Abraham, had slain him!—it surpassed even the infernal realities of war. There settled over the land a period of such gloom as history does not record of other epochs and ages. On the Sun-

day following, on the Wednesday following, through the slow weeks thereafter, men heard the passionate sobbings of their eloquent of speech, and truly were broken-hearted in the general woe. It was like the Last Day is painted. It seemed the air was thick and sulphurous. Men were too sick with sorrow to call for vengeance, or pronounce the name of the wretched man who had betrayed his race. It was truly an awful crime against Charity, Mercy, Peace—all the sweet angels!

It was nearly 10 o'clock before the peculiar name of Booth was written on the bulletins. Lincoln was no more. Particulars came at noon, with the trains from the large cities. The little theater, with its alley behind and beside it, like a carpenter's square, was as well fixed on the mind that baleful day as it was in after years when it fell upon its inmates on an anniversary day, and closed the darkest chapter in our chronicles. We could see the stage-hand holding the saddled horse; we could see the insane actor, the crushed tragedian, vaulting on the horse, pushing to the corner of the alley, and rattling at right-angles to the left, up the rest of the alley, past the startled negro's window, out beside the theater-front, up the hilly street, over and out of sight, but with loud clattering hoofs upon the cobblestones.

Mr. Lincoln, Mrs. Lincoln, Major Rathbone, and a young lady had entered the double box at the right, at 9:20 p. m. Mr. Lincoln had sat at the left in the wide space, drawing the curtain so the audience could not see him after he bowed to it. Booth entered the theater at 10 o'clock, made his way directly to the box, shot the President from the rear, leaped over the box-railing to the stage, caught his spur in the flag that decorated the box beneath, hurt his ankle badly, rose, stalked across the

stage, with a knife in hand, crying "Sic semper tyrannis! —The South is avenged!" met Withers, the orchestra leader, stabbed him slightly in the neck, and escaped out the door into the alley, where the fellow-conspirator held the horse.

A night-clerk from the hotel opposite ran in with an army officer, and the insensible form of the President was borne to the Petersen residence, across the street, which shows the tablet commemorating the event. In the theater, when men realized that the first American President had been assassinated, they themselves became like insane men, crying for wild havoc. About the dying form of the martyr the chief men of the Nation gathered, and saw him breathe his last at 7:22 a. m., April 15, 1865. Business ceased throughout the land until after Wednesday. Bells tolled more generally than they have ever tolled since. A singular and significant literary fact is the paucity of early record concerning the assassin. It was only of later years, with new generations, that the "sacred terror" passed away, and full particulars of the night at Ford's Theater, with every survivor's narrative and Booth's career, were given to the world, or sheltered in our libraries.

The body was taken from Mr. Petersen's home to the White House, where it was embalmed, and funeral services were held. Then it lay in state in the rotunda of the Capitol. On Wednesday the Nation fasted in prayer. On Friday the funeral train advanced through Baltimore, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, to New York. "And now," said Henry Ward Beecher, "the martyr is moving in triumphal march, mightier than when alive. The Nation rises up at every stage of his coming. Cities and States are his pall-bearers, and the cannon speaks the

hours with solemn progression." The scene in New York was unparalleled. The white letters of Charity for all, of Malice toward none, glittered entrancingly on the eye. Millions wept, and repudiated as inhuman the deed which one of their race had done. The stately cortege passed on to Albany, Buffalo, Cleveland, Columbus, Indianapolis, and Chicago. At Chicago the catafalque was erected in the rotunda of the Court House, while the deep bell overhead pulsed the moments. The stream of weeping human beings never dwindled, nor were all the mourners able to see their dead.

On the 3d of May the catafalque was placed in the State House at Springfield, to which came forth the ancient sons of Illinois, cabin-builders, rail-splitters, crippled soldiers, fellow-citizens, fellow-pioneers—those who had admired Abraham Lincoln the longest, who had, to the extent of their feeble might, lightened his herculean burden, and gained no sordid end in his mighty elevation. All day and night this inner circle also came and looked on their own hero of their own kind. At 10 o'clock on the morning of the second day a great choir of voices sang "Peace, Troubled Soul!" while the lid of the casket was closed to the eyes of the world. The military cortege moved, the Bishop spoke his words of faith and renunciation, the vault-door opened, the choir chanted "Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb!" and the body of Abraham Lincoln was at rest, beyond the hurts of life.

From that day to this, the Savior of the Nation, the Emancipator of a race, has gained in the admiration of man. He demonstrated that when freemen settle a matter by the ballot, it is useless for the minority to appeal to the bullet. He said it first; he made it true afterward. He, more than any man of whom the books preserve long

narratives, was a living example of the efficacy of gentleness and moral suasion, as auxiliaries of force and arms. In all our catalogues of men he stands as the foremost personal exemplar of patience and forebearance. Orphans considered him their father; patriots considered him their savior; slaves considered him their liberator.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD

1801-1872

ANTI-SLAVERY CHAMPION

A year before the Civil War William H. Seward was the most distinguished American Statesman who opposed the extension of Slavery and lamented the authorization of "the peculiar institution" in our organic law. Of all the living public men, he had longest been the most radical. For many years, as the representative of but a comparatively small group of thinkers, and in the presence of Clay, Webster, and Calhoun, he made but a sorry impression on National affairs; yet he fought the good fight and kept the faith. It seemed to the adherents at large of the new coalition called the National Republicans, that injustice was done to him when first Fremont and then Lincoln was made the standard-bearer of the new party rather than to intrust its leadership to the man who for ten years, beginning with the rebukes of Calhoun, had sustained all the insults that Freedom received from Slavery at the hands of Jefferson Davis, Henry A. Wise, Toombs, Stephens, and the rest of the slaveholding Secessionists.

Time proved that Mr. Seward, even as late as 1860, was far ahead of his age. The slower Lincoln, peace-loving by nature, was required to curb the impetuous Seward, who might have had us at war not only with ourselves, but with half the rest of the world beside.

Mr. Seward was defeated at Chicago, in 1860, when Lincoln was nominated for President, mainly because of

the complexities of New York politics. Hamilton, Burr, and Clinton left a seemingly imperishable legacy of schism to their political heirs. It is idle to briefly attempt to untangle the history of factions in New York. It is a habit of the ruling party in that State to almost immediately form into at least two wings. We will name some of the New York parties or factions up to the time of the Civil War: Federalists, Republican-Democrats, Independent Democrats, Barn-Burners, Bucktail Tammany, Loco-focos (Buffaloes and Rumps), Masons, anti-Masons, Clay, Webster, and Seward Whigs, Silver Grays, Woolly Heads, etc., Liberty Men, Abolitionists, Know-Nothings, Douglas Democrats, Free Soilers, Breckinridge Democrats, Union Men. The Know-Nothings split several times. The split which damaged Governor Seward at Chicago came from the disappointment of Horace Greeley and the advancement of Raymond, a rival New York editor. Greeley was an Oregon delegate to the Chicago Convention of 1860, and busied himself by laying bare the sore spots in New York politics, and warning delegates to go outside the State for a national candidate. Slavery had not been brought home to the people of the North. It was a foreign question—a little too altruistic to shed blood for. Lincoln's waiting, drifting policy was requisite. Seward's propagandism finally brought the issue.

William Henry Seward was born nearly eight years earlier than Lincoln, in Florida, Orange County, N. Y., on May 16, 1801, and was the fourth of six children. His father, a physician, had three slaves who were domestic servants. He was sent to Union College, Schenectady, and, because his father would not dress him as fashionably as the other students were clothed, he ran away to Savannah, Ga., where he obtained a teacher's position in

a new academy. The father secured the return of his son by writing an irate letter to the trustees, and William studied law six months at Goshen, N. Y. He then was permitted to join the senior class at Union College, and graduated in 1820 with honor. He was admited to the bar in 1822, and was taken into partnership by Elijah Miller, of Auburn, N. Y., whose daughter Frances he married October 20, 1824. William H. Seward was not, up to this time, a favorite with his father.

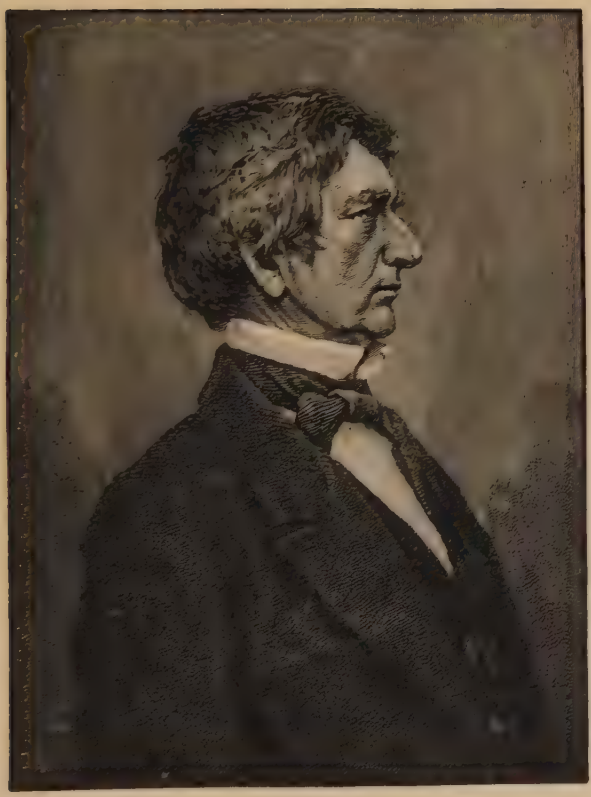
The State's prison was, and is, at Auburn, and Seward distinguished himself, when a discharged convict was arrested for stealing agair before he got out of town, by proving that the garment stolen was sewed, not quilted, and jean, not calico, as charged in the indictment, thus accomplishing the acquittal of the prisoner. This was his start in public life.

He was, nevertheless, a fearless young man in politics, and lost an office on principle as early as 1828. Governor Clinton had appointed him Surrogate of Cayuga County, and he went to Albany. There he attended a John Quincy Adams meeting; Clinton had declared for Jackson; so Seward's appointment was rejected by the State Senate. The Jeffersonian Democrats had split into Bucktails (Tammany) and Clintonians. Seward's father had been a Jeffersonian; Seward gradually veered about to Clinton, high tariff, and Erie Canal, and became friendly with Thurlow Weed, who was so often to dim the political hopes of Henry Clay. When Morgan, the Freemason, disappeared, it was soon learned that Masonic lodges in Western New York were acting as political bodies. Outside candidates for local offices would be defeated where there had been no rival known. On this, Weed formed the great Anti-Secret Society party, which soon took on national aspects, running Wirt for President. The Anti-

Masons were opposed to Jackson, Van Buren and Calhoun. Seward was elected State Senator on this ticket in 1830. He was twenty-nine, small and slender, with blue eyes, light sandy hair, a smooth face, and a youthful air. He seemed like a boy among the elderly men who sat in the Senate, a body which, at that time, was also the court of last resort, like the English House of Lords. Seward gave much attention to the judicial work of the Senate.

In 1833, Dr. Seward, the father, invited William H. Seward, the son, to accompany him to Europe. They visited Lafayette at La Grange. When the Whig party formed in 1834, Seward ran for Governor, a hopeless race, which, however, made him a future leader. For four years he was a land agent or attorney in Chautauqua County. In 1838, the Whigs again nominated him for Governor, and he was triumphantly elected. But the Legislature was in the hands of the Democrats. During his administration a clash between Canada and New York State (the wreck of the steamer Caroline and the McLeod arrest) resulted in diplomatic complications between England and America. Governor Seward did not think Secretary of State Webster treated him with courtesy. Similar questions have come up since (as in the Italian affair at New Orleans), and are always difficult. Here ensued the public discord between Seward and the Webster Whigs, and from this time Webster leaned to Clay, compromise, and Slavery. It is thought Webster had kept Seward out of General Harrison's Cabinet.

Governor Seward started the Slavery question between New York and Virginia by refusing to deliver to Virginia a citizen charged with helping fugitive slaves. The Governor of Virginia retorted by refusing to honor a requisition for a New York forger. The two magistrates fell to letter writing on a grand scale, and Seward became well



WILLIAM H. SEWARD

Photo from life

hated in the South. The Virginia Legislature even taxed vessels going to or coming from New York. John Quincy Adams thought Seward had the best of the argument, but he foresaw that the Whigs of New York would sacrifice their Governor to the South. The Democratic Legislature of New York resolved: "Stealing a slave, contrary to the laws of Virginia, is a crime, within the meaning of the Constitution." The Governor was requested to transmit this "doughface" resolution to the Governor of Virginia. His refusal was the last important communication or act of his term, which expired in January, 1843. He ever after popularly bore the title of "Governor."

He returned to Auburn in reduced private circumstances, with his party disorganized. Tyler, elected on the Whig ticket, was acting with the Democrats, and the Whigs blamed Seward for their ill-fortune. In 1844 he spoke for Clay and against Texas, receiving many marks of honor from the anti-Slavery voters. It was generally seen, when Clay made the move toward the annexation of Texas, that Governor Seward was not so far ahead of the true Whigs, after all, and the rich members of his party felt far better disposed toward him. He continued the practice of his profession until 1848, when he entered the Taylor campaign and "stumped" New York, New England, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, and Ohio. At Boston he first met Abraham Lincoln. The twain agreed that Slavery was the real question of the future. Governor Seward made it the keynote of all his speeches. The success of his labors was rewarded in New York in February, 1849, by his election to the United States Senate. He arrived at Washington as the curtain was falling on Clay, Webster, and Calhoun, just in time to behold that last and greatest act of compromise that made the dying Clay's name immortal. For Seward it was an untoward entry.

After the excitement attending the speeches of the three Senatorial magnates, the Senate would be naturally empty when the unmajestic and uncompromising Seward rose to make his address of opposition. Clay wrote to his son: "Mr. Seward's late Abolition speech has eradicated the respect of almost all men for him." It gave the Southern Senators the utmost offense to hear Slavery discussed in their presence as a moral question. His statement of a "higher law" than the Constitution was the corollary of Calhoun's appeal to the same tribunal, and Jefferson Davis responded that Slavery was "a blessing, established by God's decree, and sanctioned by the Bible, from Genesis to Revelation." Senator Seward advocated "emancipation with compensation," the idea which possessed Lincoln until 1862. What little weight Seward had as a Whig Senator under a Whig President, was swept away when General Taylor died. The Clay Compromise was odious to the New York Whigs, and Fillmore proceeded to remove New York postmasters and other Federal placeholders whose newspapers were not subservient. The Fillmore Whigs were named Silver Greys. They called Seward's wing Woolly Heads. A Southern Senator threatened to move the expulsion of Senator Seward from the upper chamber, and the Whig party in New York seemed again in process of rapid disintegration. Yet the Clay Compromise had left, in the Fugitive Slave Law, a sufficient brand to again light the conflagration. Massachusetts was displeased with Webster's 7th of March surrender, and sent Sumner to the Senate; New York reinforced Seward with Senator Fish, and Ohio elected Senator Wade. More slaves were captured in the North and sent South in one year than in all the previous sixty years. The people of the North were impatient and even rebellious. But in Mississippi the Compromise bore good fruit,

and Jefferson Davis, Secessionist, was defeated for Governor.

Governor Seward, an ardent foe of the Compromise, was chagrined by the attitude of the Northern Whigs at the Convention which nominated General Scott for President in 1852. "When will there be a North?" he cried. He foresaw defeat, and Pierce was elected. The further humiliation of the North was soon to come in the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, whereby territories north of the old line of 36 deg. 30 min. could obtain Slavery (by Squatter Sovereignty). The Kansas-Nebraska bill, whereby the Democrats meant to make two slave States out of free territory settled by Northern pioneers, caused the growth of Free-Soil and Anti-Nebraska parties, and toward these the Know-Nothings were inclined to move in the forming of a National body of voters. "I am heart-sick of being here," Seward wrote. "I look around me in the Senate, and find all demoralized. Maine, New Hampshire, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Vermont!!! All, all, in the hands of the slaveholders; and even New York ready to howl at my heels, if I were only to name the name of Freedom, which once they loved so well."

As the Know-Nothings could not coalesce with outside elements, the Whigs, Free-Soilers and anti-Slavery Democrats of the West formed Republican State parties, and the Seward and Webster Whigs and Free-Soilers of the East seemed to be driven together. The Know-Nothings could not defeat Seward, and he was reëlected Senator. In this campaign (1854) Greeley was not made Governor, and wrote Seward a letter expressing undying personal hostility. The Know-Nothings expelled 30,000 "brothers" who had supported Seward, and yet carried the State the following autumn. Governor Seward was so full of alarm lest a compromise should be made with

the Know-Nothings at the first National Republican Convention, that he practically refused to be a candidate for President. To his astonishment, when Frémont was chosen, it was on "a complete Seward platform." Yet it is doubtful if the people thought so. They were not yet ready for Seward. The Republican masses desired only to drive the Slavery Senators back within the constitutional lines. Governor Seward did not enter heartily into the Frémont campaign, partly because there was a long session of the Senate. Buchanan was elected President, but there was at last a Solid North in the House of Representatives, with reinforcements to the panel of anti-Slavery Senators, making them twenty in all.

President Buchanan's Administration opened with a disagreeable imbroglio concerning the Dred Scott decision and *obiter dicta* of the Supreme Court, it being alleged that the inaugural address heralded the celebrated decision. It was charged that in the *obiter dicta* there was a carefully prepared political document, and the Abolitionists put the most radical construction upon its language. Buchanan tried to force Kansas into the Union as a slave State, and Seward's speech against that act was circulated in the North to the extent of 162,000 copies. Governor Seward made some telling speeches against Taney's action, and the Chief Justice retorted that if Seward were to be elected President, he (Taney) would not administer the oath of office. In the autumn of 1858, Seward struck the keynote of the campaign of 1860, when he declared in a speech at Rochester, N. Y., that there was an "irrepressible conflict between Freedom and Slavery."

In the summer and autumn of 1859 Governor Seward was in Europe. When he returned, John Brown had gone down to Harper's Ferry, and had been hanged as a felon.

Jefferson Davis was in Calhoun's place in the Senate. Pro-Slavery resolutions of the most arbitrary character were offered with loud declamation, as the only terms of National Union. It is generally said that a price of $50,000 had been set on Governor Seward's head in the South, while $25,000 was the highest reward offered for any other Republican.

Governor Seward, when the Chicago Convention of 1860 met in May, was a great national character. But he had been long in office, and the eight or ten disbanded regiments of politicians in New York could each easily muster around a camp-fire to cripple his popularity. Mr. Lincoln was adroit, and his name created a furore wherever he was known. Governor Seward was always in the hands of Thurlow Weed. Ohio was for Chase. Pennsylvania was for Cameron, and jealous of New York. Governor Seward was put aside, as John Quincy Adams, Van Buren and Henry Clay had been slighted before, and as Blaine was afterward, to the profound disappointment of the National party as a whole. But Governor Seward supported Lincoln cheerfully, and was offered and accepted the State Department. It was probably thought by Mr. Weed that Governor Seward could control Lincoln, and, at Lincoln's prompt repudiation of this idea, Seward declined to serve, but was induced to withdraw his refusal. The Eastern men were shocked by the familiarity of Mr. Lincoln's metaphors, and there was a shudder on the part of the "silk-stocking" element to think that Mr. Lincoln had so little awe for kid gloves and dress coats. Governor Seward, naturally a gentle and cultured man, was by no means insincere in his feelings of personal degradation when he heard that Mr. Lincoln said in public, that he had shown "Seward shouldn't take the first trick, and if

the Cabinet slate were to be broken anywhere, it would be at the top."

As Secretary of State, Governor Seward found ambassadors from the Confederate States of America on his very threshold. With these audacious persons he was soon entangled in a controversy concerning Fort Sumter. The President was not only determined to let events drift, but he was not a rapid man of business. He sometimes appeared to get behind with the work that he really intended to do. Governor Seward was soon demanding "a policy," and it is not likely that the two men ever cordially admired or trusted each other. Charles Francis Adams was appointed, at Goveronr's Seward's solicitation, to be Minister to England. On the very day he landed at Liverpool, the Queen's proclamation was issued, recognizing the Southern States as belligerents. Governor Seward at once wrote a dispatch that was tantamount to a hostile declaration. The President cautiously toned down this document, and then sent it, not to the English Prime Minister, but to Minister Adams, for his guidance—but not as a dispatch to be read to the English Ministry. While the War Department was practically in rebel hands, the Secretary of State took charge of arrests under the arbitrary methods excused by war, and much odium attached to his course among the friends of the arrested conspirators.

When Mason and Slidell were taken from a British vessel, England demanded their surrender with an apology. The British Minister carried an ultimatum in his pocket. Governor Seward realized the gravity of the situation, and, profiting by Mr. Lincoln's previous alteration of his dispatches, prepared the statesmanlike document which restored Mason and Slidell to their *status quo ante*, and prevented a declaration of war by Great Britain.

In the autumn of 1862 a cabal of Senators attempted to compel the President to expel Governor Seward from the Cabinet, Chase and Seward failing to agree. Both Secretaries tendered their resignations. Lincoln practically drove both statesmen back into place, and resented the arbitrary action of Congress.

Governor Seward, as Secretary of State, dealt, while his hands were tied by a civil war, with a haughty and unfriendly government in Great Britain, whose sympathies were with Slavery. The St. Albans, Vt., raid, and the move on Mexico by France and England, were tantalizing acts, to harry us into war while we were weak and divided. Mr. Gladstone was eloquently against us. Mr. Bright was our firm well-wisher. Governor Seward was forced to look as far as Russia for a powerful friend, and, with great astuteness, he bid for the favor of that Empire by the purchase of Alaska.

April 5, 1865, Governor Seward was thrown from his carriage, and was so badly injured that for a time his life was despaired of. His right shoulder was dislocated, and his jaw broken on both sides. Mrs. Seward, an invalid, then at Auburn, hastened to Washington. Nine days later, while Booth was assassinating President Lincoln in Ford's Theater, an unknown man (Payne) burst into Governor Seward's chamber, and with a bowie-knife stabbed the sick man in the face and throat. The wife, aroused by the screams of her daughter, was so horrified by what she saw that she became violently ill, and died June 21. The daughter, also a victim of the shock, caused by seeing the bloody affray, fell ill, and survived only a year. By the aid of mechanical contrivances holding his face aright, the shattered man was able to leave his bed within a few months, and he was sometimes carried in a chair to the

State Department. He was cruelly maimed, and piteously desolate.

Andrew Johnson was a man of the type of Jackson and Lincoln, but with some unfortunate personal habits that tended toward rash action. Congress was in the hands of still more headstrong men, and one of them—Ben Butler—was likely to go to any lengths. Congress decided to ride pell-mell over Johnson, possibly because it had treated two other promoted Vice-Presidents with similar disdain. Mr. Johnson was called "Acting President" and "President ad interim." He was informed that he could not choose even the Cabinet officers that he desired, and finally he was impeached by Butler, and tried by the Senate and the Supreme Justice sitting as a High Court. Five Republican Senators refused to join the hue and cry, and were politically ostracized forever; but they spared the Nation an act of injustice, for Andrew Johnson was a much nobler man than Ben Butler. Through all these troubles, Governor Seward kept his place at President Johnson's side, sharing the obloquy heaped on anyone who dared oppose a dominant political party, swollen with civil and military victory. In most of the matters of dispute, time demonstrated that Johnson and Seward were logically, practically, and patriotically right. The same junto of legislators had determined to attempt to hunt down Mr. Lincoln, had not death cheated them of their quarry.

March 4, 1869, Governor Seward very gladly laid down an office which the arrogations of Congress had made extremely burdensome, and attempted to divert his mind by travel. He visited his purchase of Alaska, went down the coast to Mexico, crossed the Isthmian lands, and returned to New York by way of the West Indies. He then made his celebrated journey around the world, of

which the account remains in book-form, from his dictation. The Mikado of Japan unveiled his face to him. The Prince-Regent of China rose from a sick bed to visit him. The native monarchs of India and the British Governors received him with distinction. He everywhere evoked expressions of the highest respect.

After his return he passed the remainder of his days either at his homestead in Auburn, or in a cottage on the banks of Owasco Lake. His strength failed gradually, but his mind remained clear and his temper tranquil. He was at work on his notes of travel on the very morning of his death, October 10, 1872.

Governor Seward's personal defeats bore heavily on the spirits of his friends and townsmen. They believed he should have been President. In his old age, his people, moved by these remembrances, contributed unceasingly to show their affection and reverence for him. Such acts of kindness were very grateful to him, and, despite the domestic losses he had sustained, the closing years of his life were peaceful and happy.

SALMON P. CHASE

1808-1873*

FATHER OF THE GREENBACK

Salmon Portland Chase, Father of the American Greenback, and first Anti-Slavery Chief Justice of the United States, was born in Cornish, N. H., January 13, 1808. His name, Salmon Portland, was given to him to commemorate the death of his uncle Salmon at Portland. He was wont to say that he was his uncle's monument. He wrote that his earliest recollection of himself was of a dangerous attack of fever. He was a bright little child at school, and possessed a copy of "Rollin's Ancient History" (now out of vogue), which he treasured as a thing of priceless value. When he was eight years old his father removed the family to Keene, where he died in 1817. Salmon went to Latin school three years at Keene. Then his uncle, the Episcopal Bishop of Ohio, took him West to Worthington, O., where he again attended school, learning Greek, and worked on a farm. It was the intention of the Bishop to educate his nephew for the priesthood, and the lad bowed devoutly to that wish, receiving confirmation with deep conviction and awe. In 1822 the Bishop took the Presidency of the Cincinnati College, which closed in a year, and Salmon was sent back to his mother. He studied more at Royalton, Vt., and then

*A large and complete biography of Chief Justice Chase has been written by J. W. Schuckers, who served the statesman and jurist in a confidential capacity. In this royal octavo volume of 650 pages are included many letters of Mr. Chase, and the Evarts oration.

entered the junior class at Dartmouth College. In the winters he taught school and "boarded round." He graduated with honor in 1826, and began the study of law in the office of William Wirt, at Washington, D. C., teaching school six hours a day in a private seminary in order to defray his expenses. He was anti-Jackson and anti-Slavery in principle, and, being naturally a censorious young man, narrowly restricted with conventions and forms, he was shocked by the levity of Congress, whose sessions he first attended in 1828. He especially abominated John Randolph; his idol was William Wirt. He was enabled to pass a legal examination through the kind heartedness of Justice Cranch, because the young man intended to begin practice in Cincinnati. "I would rather be first in Cincinnati twenty years hence than in Baltimore," he said. A more ardent personal ambition has rarely been seen than was betrayed by Salmon P. Chase, while a high moral plane, strictly conventional conduct, and vigilant inspection of the deportment of others deprived him of the popular hold on his fellows which Lincoln so easily enjoyed. This liking of the people for Lincoln rather than for him (Chase), who had been altruistic, clean, pure, brave, who was learned, polite, handsome—in after life afflicted him deeply, but dissatisfied the people still the more. On the whole, at last, the masses thought Abraham Lincoln was too kind to Salmon P. Chase, yet none could deny that, to uphold both the freedman and the greenback in the Supreme Court, the proper man was made Chief Justice.

Salmon P. Chase did not possess that scintillating quality of intellect which arouses interest and enthusiasm, nor did he admire such parts in others. His idea of a great man was undoubtedly statuesque—the result of centuries of etiquette and form in England. Outside of this

stated, somewhat majestic aspect of his character, we shall behold a very noble man, indeed. A Salmon P. Chase without insatiable desire for political promotion at the expense of all other men, would be an ideal character.

He was married three times: First, March 4, 1834, to Kathrine J. Garniss, who died December 1, 1835; their one child died. Second, September 26, 1839, to Eliza A. Smith, who died September 29, 1845; the eldest of their three children became the celebrated and beautiful Kate Chase Sprague; the two other children died. Third, November 6, 1846, to Sarah B. D. Ludlow, who died in 1852; they had two children, one of whom died. The other became the wife of W. S. Hoyt, of New York City. Thus only two daughters survived him, and he outlived all three of his wives. His married life lasted only thirteen years. In the entire Chase family no sons were left.

At Cincinnati he undertook the compilation of "Chase's Statutes of Ohio," a work which tried the solidity of his intellect, and at once introduced him to the attention of all the judiciary. Few young men have attempted so much, or performed a similar task so successfully. In a word, he gathered the laws of Ohio out of several hundred volumes, and reduced by a thousand-fold the labors of all counselors and advocates in the new State. In 1832 he voted for his patron, William Wirt, for President; in 1836, for General Harrison; in 1840, for Harrison.

James G. Birney, a reformed slaveholder, published an Abolition paper, *The Philanthropist,* at Cincinnati. In 1836 his printing office was gutted, and the mob then made an attack on the homes of colored persons. The Mayor sympathized with the mob. Seeing this mob aroused the anti-Slavery feelings of Mr. Chase. Shortly afterward, he defended the escaped slave Matilda, and carried an action growing out of her case to the Supreme Court of

Ohio, which "dodged" the main question, but decided in favor of the appellant (Birney) on a technicality, which Mr. Chase would not deign to note in his plea. The Birney mob caused Mr. Chase to lay down extreme doctrine touching the freedom of the press, for which he would not recede in war times, when Story's newspaper at Chicago was suppressed by General Burnside (until Mr. Lincoln reversed the order). As soon as Tyler became President, Mr. Chase publicly advocated the formation of a new party, with a platform (1) That Slavery must stay in its own States; (2) That Slavery must not dominate in federal affairs, and must there be overthrown.

Although he had not voted for his client, Birney, for President, in 1840, Mr. Chase called a State Convention at Columbus in December, 1841, and there formed the Liberty party. In this convention he was the most influential member, wrote the address, and suggested the State ticket. He defended so many slave cases that he was known in Kentucky as "the attorney-general for runaway negroes." In the celebrated case against John Van Zandt, of Ohio, for harboring fugitive slaves, Governor Seward joined Mr. Chase as counsel for Van Zandt before the Supreme Court of Ohio. The case was decided for the slaveholders, and Van Zandt was ruined, but the two eminent lawyers charged no fees. The thought that the laws were doing moral wrong nerved generous men all over the North to further efforts toward freedom. Van Zandt had merely given nine negroes a ride in his wagon. Highwaymen had captured the negroes while they were riding, and returned them to slavery without process, receiving head-money, and yet Van Zandt was mulcted while the highwaymen escaped all punishment. In 1840 903 Ohio voters called for the unconditional abolition of Slavery. Chase was not yet one of these. For his State candidates,

in 1842, on his platform, 5,305 votes were cast. In 1843 the Liberty party at Buffalo again nominated Birney for President, Mr. Chase writing the platform. In June, 1845, Mr. Chase and others called a convention at Cincinnati of 2,000 delegates in the interest of the Liberty party. Mr. Chase wrote the Address. This Convention caused Calhoun the deepest distress, and made a sensation throughout the Nation. The Watson fugitive slave case followed in the Ohio courts. The brave advocate of freedom received a silver pitcher, with the following inscription:

A TESTIMONIAL OF GRATITUDE
TO
SALMON P. CHASE
FROM
THE COLORED PEOPLE OF CINCINNATI
FOR HIS
VARIOUS PUBLIC SERVICES IN BEHALF OF THE OPPRESSED
AND PARTICULARLY FOR HIS
ELOQUENT ADVOCACY OF THE RIGHTS OF MAN
IN THE CASE OF SAMUEL WATSON
WHO WAS CLAIMED AS A FUGITIVE SLAVE
FEBRUARY 12, 1845

In his speech accepting this gift, Mr. Chase denounced that clause of the State Constitution which refused, to free colored men of proper age, the right to vote.

Although he attended the Liberty Convention of 1847 which nominated John P. Hale, Mr. Chase was looking on every side for broader political action, with more power. He called a Convention at Columbus in June, and this called a Free-Soil Convention later at Buffalo, where he

presided. Ex-President Van Buren was nominated for President, and the Barn-Burners joined. This combination of Abolitionists with anti-Slavery men polled a vote of 291,263, when Taylor and Fillmore were elected.

So great was the success of his political movements in Ohio that he was able to control the Legislature, which by a very narrow vote elected him to the United States Senate as an Independent Democrat or Free-Soiler, but his election was bitterly denounced by the Whigs, who hoped to hold their party together in the South, and viewed Free-Soil sentiments as sectional and seditious.

Like Governor Seward, Mr. Chase arrived in the Senate at Washington at a time when spectators of events had no eyes for new members. The old and dying Senators saw the storm coming, and had small regard for the audacious younger men who were welcoming civil war. The sublime efforts of Clay, the neutral or subservient attitude of Webster, the bitter feelings of Calhoun, with the profound legal questions of Mexican free-soil and slave-extension in the Southwest, were so deeply impressed on the slave-holding capital city as to cast almost the tinge of criminality on all Senators who stood in the way of compromise. That Clay should solve the problem seemed like a miracle to nearly all. One feature of the compromise was the Fugitive Slave law, and it happened that Senator Chase, of all persons was best fitted to forecast the harm it would wreak on the cause of the Union, and the ardor with which its terms would be resisted in Ohio and New England. Mr. Sumner also entered the Senate soon afterward, and came to the assistance of Chase and Seward. Then followed in the North what was called "the era of slave-hunting," while the Independent-Democratic and Free-Soil movement seemed to lose half its force, and both the old (Democratic and Whig) parties accepted Clay's

compromise for their platform. This platform implied a slave-holding Union in the near future. But as free and slave labor could not both exist in the same markets, such a platform controverted nature, and the period of calm was wholly illusory. During these years, the outlook of anti-Slavery politicians was cheerless. When Douglas brought in his Kansas-Nebraska bill, disclosing the arrogations of the slaveholders and their disinclination to abide by even the compromise, Mr. Chase recomposed, from Giddings' draft, the Address of the Independent Democrats. This Address was the charter on which the Republican party sprang out of the soil of the North. At last some signs of martial feeling answered the never-ceasing taunts of the South. Douglas made a furious speech in the Senate when he read the Address. He called Chase and Sumner "Abolition confederates in slander," who were calling up "an Abolition tornado." Douglas pushed his bill through, and, as Chase and Sumner went down the steps of the Capitol together, after the session, the slaveholders were firing cannon. "They celebrate a present victory," said Chase, "but the echoes they awaken will never rest till Slavery itself shall die."

Pugh succeeded Chase in 1855, but the retiring member had personally made a record as a patrician Senator of the approved school, and only his principles of human rights were lamented by the statesmen of that sorry time.

July 13, 1855, the ex-Senator was nominated for Governor of Ohio by a union of stray Whigs, Free-Soil Democrats, and Know-Nothings, called as a whole, Republicans. Chase was elected, and a solid Republican State party at once came into form and organization, to hold power for twenty years. Governor Chase's administration was noted for the slave-hunts that were prosecuted by Southerners in Ohio, and the energy with which he strove

to defend the small remaining rights of his State. He raised and equipped 15,000 State troops, with artillery, and had at hand a respectable anti-Slavery army, while not a man in uniform had been seen in Ohio before the new Governor was elected. This force made Buchanan respect Ohio's court decisions against the slavehunters. Chase was reëlected Governor for 1858-9. He went into Illinois to aid Lincoln's canvass. When John Brown, of Ossawatomie, set the ball of civil war rolling, Governor Chase wrote to his Legislature: "While we will not disavow just admiration of noble qualities by whomsoever displayed, we must not the less, but rather the more earnestly, condemn all inroads into States," etc. On this feeling he was reëlected to the United States Senate. John Brown had appealed to the Higher Law; the less said about it the better, for action would come soon enough. Already, the solemn chant of freemen over his fate was setting up. His soul was marching on.

Ohio went to Chicago in 1860 with a solid delegation for Governor Chase. Some of Chase's votes nominated Lincoln. Chase could have nominated Seward. He had his choice, and Lincoln never forgot the debt, despite the feeling often displayed by the Ohioan. Governor Chase made a protracted canvass for Lincoln in 1860. January 3, 1861, he arrived at a hotel in Springfield, where Lincoln called on him, and offered him the Treasury Department, which seemed a subordinate place, so strongly did old traditions cling to the office of foreign affairs. Governor Chase finally accepted the portfolio of finance only because Governor Seward himself was to be Secretary of State; and, again, and in fact, because Mr. Lincoln did not feel bound to respect the expressed disinclination of Governor Chase to resign an independent position as Senator, which he liked, in order to accept a place which linked him to the

fortunes of a political rival. National events, however, were so harassing that he had no time to consult personal interests. He therefore took the Treasury, and in doing this he unwittingly paved the way to his subsequent elevation to the Chief Justiceship.

His labors as Secretary of the Treasury were prodigious. For one thing, he passed upon 50,000 formal applications for office with all their papers. But the great work of his life, and one of the greatest acts of any man, was the successful issue of $450,000,000 of greenbacks; which created cash without borrowing; which furnished a currency of equal value throughout the Nation; of which nominally $336,000,000 remain in circulation to-day, in the highest and best form "legal tender," and above the imputation of debasement or dishonesty. This amount has saved the people over $400,000,000 of taxation for interest, and subtracted that vast sum (compounded) from the centralization of capital that is everywhere lamented as a natural ill. To make the greenbacks acceptable, he established the National Banking system, which was reënacted in 1882. By this means he gathered and borrowed the capital of the private banks as a National resource, and authorized a large issue of auxiliary greenbacks called national bank notes, whose value as currency has never been questioned east of the Rocky Mountains. He organized four new bureaus—Internal Revenue, Currency, Printing of Currency, and Inter-State Commerce. The system of taxation made necessary by the war was as drastic and penetrating as could be conceived. The only man who did not feel its heavy burden was the soldier, and he was offering his life. The Secretary raised $3,000,000,000 by bond-selling and currency printing. He often sat in his office-chair for ten hours at a time. Before Stanton's arrival, even the details of the War Department

were crowded also upon Secretary Chase. It must be considered that, when the newly elected President arrived with his advisers, he was in a rebel town. Had the South opined the trend of future events, it would have held the Capital, but it desired to withdraw in peace, and believed it had constitutional rights to do so. Thus a small group of civilians—Lincoln, Seward, Cameron, Chase, Welles, Smith, Blair, Bates—with a sick old soldier, General Scott, in bed, must debate the relief of Fort Sumter and the organization of the army. Even the preparation of the earliest army orders fell upon Governor Chase, who, as ex-Commander-in-Chief of the 15,000 Ohio militia, loomed up as an actual man-of-war to the startled gaze of the rest of the Cabinet. Secretary Chase hailed the advent of McClellan with delight. Soon McClellan filled him with disgust, almost with hatred, for the Secretary had gone to New York City and on his word of honor had promised a vigorous prosecution of the war, while McClellan, as it proved, had been too cautious to advance on wooden cannon at Manassas, and was tempted to surrender on the Chickahominy. The Secretary was strongly reinforced by Stanton, whereafter the war was pushed more to the satisfaction of the Treasury. The "funny stories" of the President annoyed the Secretary, for he had no sense of humor, and Lincoln had no respect for human dignity. "O why should the spirit of mortal be proud?" he asked, when he ruffled the exterior of the grave Episcopalian. Neither did Secretary Chase perceive that Lincoln was capable of keeping still till he learned, without abdicating one iota of his power. This made it distressing for the Secretary when he inadvertently put the President where he could not retreat any further; then the calm assurance of Abraham Lincoln stood forth. "I am where I am because the people had confidence in me—I

must decide. I beg your indulgence, but all the same, I must decide, and I decide against you." Secretary Chase did not like to see Lincoln's ward-workers appointed to office. There was a sharp touch of John Quincy Adams in him—what was afterward called "mugwumpery." When Lincoln would please two Senators at the expense of one Secretary, the Secretary would resign. In fact, in political parlance, Salmon P. Chase clubbed Abraham Lincoln with his resignation from March 5, 1861, until it was accepted, June 29, 1864, when Mr. Lincoln knew that Secretary Chase had angled strenuously for the nomination for President. The final crisis arose over the nomination of an Assistant Treasurer at New York, and after Lincoln had been renominated. The great Lincoln had kept a powerful political rival in his Cabinet until he no longer needed to fear him. In the acceptance of the resignation, the President praised the Secretary. "And yet," he concluded, "you and I have reached a point of mutual embarrassment in our official relations which, it seems to me, cannot be overcome or longer sustained consistently with the public service."

The President did not permit the fallen Secretary to depart from Washington without sending Mr. Hooper to him with the comforting assurance that the Chief Justiceship awaited him after election, and this news, coming to Governor Chase, sent him into the Presidential canvass with a will. McClellan was overwhelmingly defeated for the Presidency, the ex-Secretary's State of Ohio drowning Vallandigham under 100,000 majority, and on December 6, Mr. Lincoln sent the following short but momentous message to the Senate:

"Executive Mansion, Washington, Dec. 6, 1864.
"To the Senate of the United States:

"I nominate Salmon P. Chase, of Ohio, to be Chief

Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, vice Roger B. Taney, deceased. ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

This is one of the few times that Mr. Lincoln's name will be found spelled in full in his own signature. He undoubtedly had a higher regard for Governor Chase than he ever felt for any other man of the professedly genteel class, and therein demonstrated the high order of statecraft that was in him. Mr. Fessenden, Secretary Chase's successor at the Treasury, constantly and continuously lamented the absence of his predecessor from the Department. The praise that is bestowed on Alexander Hamilton might be multiplied ten times, we think, without exaggerating the value of Salmon P. Chase's service in raising money and furnishing currency for the preservation of the Union. It was he who drove into the museums the "wildcat" currency of America, which no previous legislator had been able to prohibit practically.

The Chief Justice now began to plan for universal suffrage. April 11, 1865, he congratulated the victorious President, advising the recognition of Pierpont's Virginia government, with negro suffrage in the rebel States. On the 12th, finding that the President, in a public speech, had not resented his advice, he elaborated it, in the interest of negro suffrage. This was a long letter. On Friday, the fatal 14th, the President having arrived in Washington, the Chief Justice was anxious to talk with the President, but restrained himself, fearing that he would annoy Mr. Lincoln. In the night the Chief Justice was awakened with the news of the assassination. Guards had been put around his house. He thought he would be wise to stay at home. "It was a night of horrors."

"April 15th, Saturday.—Up with the light. A heavy rain was falling, and the sky was black. Walked up with Mr. Mellin to Mr. Seward's, crossing the street on which

is Ford's Theater, and, opposite, the house to which the President had been conveyed. Was informed that the President was already dead. Continued on to Mr. Seward's."

The Chief Justice next visited the Vice-President at his hotel, and met McCulloch and Speed, who told him of the President's friendly reception of the letters. The Attorney-General's office was visited in order to study the precedents of Tyler and Fillmore's time, and, on returning to the hotel, the Chief Justice administered the oath of office as President to Andrew Johnson, in the presence of twelve or fourteen persons. "I said to him: 'May God guide, support, and bless you in your arduous labors.'" The Chief Justice met the two Blairs, whom he had hated. "I had determined to bury all resentments, and greeted both kindly. All Mr. Speed said, deepened my sorrow for the country." Now that Lincoln was no more, it seemed to dawn on Chase that the Emancipator had really loved his fellow-man, white or black.

In the spring of 1865, in a Government vessel, the Chief Justice made a journey to the South, returning northward up the Mississippi River. May 20, 1865, he informed Sumner that at Fernandina he had administered the oath to a Mayor elected by white and black votes. "Was not that an event?" he asked. Johnson's Mississippi proclamation disappointed Chase deeply.

When Jefferson Davis was captured, he was to be tried in the circuit assigned to the Chief Justice. But this circuit was under martial law. The disinclination of the Chief Justice to allow a Supreme Justice to subordinate his jurisdiction to the will of a military commander, led him to advise that action in Davis' behalf, looking to bail, be brought before the puisne or minor federal court at Richmond. The Chief Justice did not, in fact, deign to

hold court anywhere under military rule, and opened his tribunal in the South first in June, 1867, at Raleigh, N. C., where every right of peace had been restored. And he took care to state the fact, solemnly, at the assembling of the court. In 1868, at Richmond, the Chief Justice, sitting on the Circuit bench, continued the case of Davis. Before it came to trial the President's amnesty proclamation brushed it out of the way.

Early in 1868, the radicals of the House impeached President Johnson, and it fell upon Chief Justice Chase to preside over the Senate as a High Court of Impeachment. The Congressional cabal were bent on depriving him of his vote and his constitutional dignity as a portion of the court, but he very ably answered both. The sessions of the court continued well into the summer, and the high-handed plan to make Benjamin Wade President by his own vote failed, and was finally discredited, although the ultra-war party and vengeance-shriekers relegated all the independent Senators to obscurity. Through the entire imbroglio, more disagreeable than the Jefferson Davis adjudication, the Chief Justice steadily rose in public esteem.

On the 4th of July, 1868, the Democratic National Convention met at New York City, with Horatio Seymour as presiding officer and Chief Justice Chase as a "dark horse." The party had not mustered courage enough to pit a soldier against Grant, and it had been so slow that Grant, a Democrat, had been allured into the Republican camp. It appeared, to the astonishment of the Nation, that the Chief Justice would not have rejected a nomination. His course for free press and free courts had aroused Democratic enthusiasm in his favor. There were few Americans, however, who did not think that the evident desire of the Chief Justice for the Presidency had carried

him off his balance. Fortunately for him, he was not nominated, nor did he make an attempt to be. In 1872 he was too ill to think of further honors, but received 36 votes in the Schurz-White-Medill anti-Grant convention at Cincinnati, which first nominated Greeley and Brown.

Chief Justice Chase was a very large, tall, near-sighted man. He attracted unusual attention in any gathering of men, and was a highly-impressive person, without speaking. After acquaintance, he strengthened the earlier impressions in his auditors. Hard work began to tell on him in 1869, and he lost flesh so rapidly that he took alarm. In the spring of 1870, he went for the summer to Minnesota, where he stayed out-doors nearly all the time. On his way back, in the autumn, traveling in New York State, on a Pullman car, he was stricken with paralysis through his entire right side. His hair turned white, and the impressive statesman and jurist fell in majestic ruin, to the sorrow of his admirers. In June, 1871, he visited the St. Louis Springs in Michigan, and spent two months at Waukesha, Wis. He recovered so far as to resume his work on the Supreme Bench, but again manifestly overtaxed himself. He left the court late in April, 1873, on its adjournment, and visited his daughter, Mrs. Hoyt, in New York City. There, on May 6, he suffered a second and fatal stroke of paralysis, lingering alive till May 7 at 10 a. m.

His body lay in state in the Episcopal Church of St. George from Friday morning of May 9, until the evening of the next day. Funeral services were held Saturday afternoon, the Rev. Dr. Hall officiating. Among the pall-bearers were General W. T. Sherman, Gideon Welles, Gerrit Smith, W. M. Evarts, Charles O'Conor, and General McDowell.

On May 11, the body was placed within the bar of

the Supreme Court at Washington on the same catafalque that, eight years before, had upheld the coffin of Abraham Lincoln. On Monday the final services were held in the Senate chamber. The President attended. The body was taken to Oak-Hill Cemetery for temporary sepulture.

There is little doubt that Salmon P. Chase sacrificed his life to the Union in his herculean labors at the Treasury Department. No other man except Lincoln, after 1850, left so deep a mark as Chase upon American institutions, and all that he did looked to the ratification and vindication of the rights of man. No other financier, in the history of the race, accomplished so much in the interests of the people's pocketbook, and the black man has not had a firmer or more consistent personal, philosophical, or political friend.

CHARLES SUMNER

1811-1874

THE SCHOLAR IN POLITICS

Charles Sumner was reared in comfort, if not in affluence, studied law and literature until he was 40 years old, and was then elected to the United States Senate, in which he served to his death, twenty-three years later. He was brutally assaulted by the slaveholders, whom he had angered, and the effects of this assault upon him shortened his life.

He was born with a twin sister at Boston, January 6, 1811. His father was Sheriff of Boston (Suffolk) for fourteen years, and was enabled to send Charles, his oldest son, to Harvard College. The son graduated, and studied at home for a year. While he was ardent in the pursuit of knowledge, and neglected all youthful games in order to maintain his studies, he was not a brilliant scholar. Yet he was a person of great "approbativeness," and had a deep sense of the obligations that education and training imposed on him as a member of society. He soon entered the Dane Law School at Cambridge, where he studied under Justice Story and Professors Ashmun and Greenleaf, and was librarian of the law library. He graduated in 1833 and entered the law office of Benjamin Rand, in Boston. "Of all men I ever knew at his age," says Mr. Story, "he was the least susceptible to the charms of women. Men he liked best, and with them he preferred to talk." This devotion to learning, and indifference to one-half of humanity, undoubtedly had its ill effects upon the usefulness of the great Senator.

In the winter of 1834 he went to Washington, D. C., to study legal procedure in the Supreme Court. He rode on a railroad train and was delighted with the experience. Like Chase, young Sumner thought General Jackson was "an old tyrant." Daniel Webster gave his scholarly young friend a card to the floor of the Senate, and Mr. Sumner was everywhere received with civility. He wrote to his father: "Nothing that I have seen of politics has made me look upon them with any feeling other than loathing." This is his own language. Between Baltimore and Washington he saw slaves for the first time. "My worst preconception of their appearance and ignorance did not fall as low as their actual stupidity." Nor did he ever overcome his natural aversion for the black man as an actual brother. "My friend," he said, many years later to the colored applicant for a loan, "I am engaged in benefiting you as a race, not as an individual." Wherefore it was stated with some justice that the slaveholders themselves really liked colored men better than some of the Abolitionists who would not live with colored people on any terms whatever.

In 1835 Sumner took Justice Story's place at the law school while Story was on the Supreme Bench, and edited three volumes of Story's opinions. The Justice also appointed Sumner Commissioner of the United States Circuit Court. In 1836 he became an associate editor of the American Jurist. He already read Garrison's *Liberator,* and was inclined to attack slavery, tooth and nail.

Charles Sumner, as a young man, was very tall and thin, and a rapid walker. He had a thick "head of hair." He was so full of "eagerness, energy, enthusiasm," that everybody noticed it. He was extremely well liked by elderly men. He had now, in his own language, "fallen in love with Europa." He must travel and study abroad.

He therefore settled in Paris, and learned to talk French. In Paris he was ashamed of his country when he was asked to defend its barbaric institution of slavery. "Dissolve the Union, I say," he wrote home.

In England he was received as the best specimen of Young America so far seen. Judges let him travel with them on their circuits. He met Hallam, Grote, Sydney Smith, Macaulay, Landor, Jeffrey, and Carlyle. He thought Wordsworth the greatest of the Englishmen.

He returned to Paris. "I again entered the Louvre with a throb, and rejoiced as I ascended its magnificent stairway, to think that it was no fee-possession, set apart to please the eyes of royalty." His impressions of Europe strengthened his democratic principles.

He went to Rome, and evened up all that he had learned about it at Harvard. This gave him extreme delight. He mastered the Italian language and studied a good share of its literature, working many hours a day. He then traveled for five months in Germany, and met Metternich, Ranke, Savigny, and Raumer. He studied German in Heidelberg. He arrived in New York in May, 1840, 29 years old.

He was now a welcome member of "The Brahma caste" at Boston. He was a friend of Longfellow, Prescott, Bancroft, Sparks, Greenleaf, Story, Mann, Dr. Howe, Macready, Allston, Emerson, Wendell Phillipps, Felton, Channing, and Parker. This coterie felt the need of providing for the young student, and they narrowly missed obtaining for him the lucrative post of reporter for the Supreme Court. He agreed to edit Versey's Reports in twenty volumes, at the rate of two volumes a month, broke down at the fourth volume, and a swift consumption seized him. He had been keenly disappointed regarding the affair at Washington, and did not desire

to recover. His sister, similarly attacked by the disease, died, while he got well.

July 4, 1845, he was orator of the day at Boston. John Quincy Adams was making his anti-Slavery fight all alone in the House of Representatives, and aroused the admiration of Sumner, who wrote many articles for the newspapers. Sumner blamed Mr. Adams for calling the slaveholders names, but in time himself learned that it was a very natural thing to do. When Massachusetts attempted to protect her free colored seamen against the indignities of the laws in South Carolina and Louisiana, he was a prominent contributor to the argument of the day on that question, and always on the side of the slave. The life of Charles Sumner offers one of the best proofs that the slaves were freed because their subjection traversed the development and happiness of the Caucasian race, and not from motives of charity and mercy to others at the expense of the ones doing the charity and mercy. In 1845, he declined to lecture at New Bradford because colored people were not admitted on an equal footing with white people. In November of that year, he made his first political speech at a meeting in Faneuil Hall, to protest against the admission of Texas as a slave State. That night he declared the equality and brotherhood of all men. In September, 1846, in Faneuil Hall, he outlined the anti-Slavery duties of the Whig party. Thereupon arose the factions of Cotton Whigs and Conscience Whigs. In June, 1848, Sumner formally left the Whig party and became a Free Soiler. In August, 1848, he presided at the Faneuil Hall ratification of Van Buren's nomination for President, at Buffalo. In a fusion of Free Soilers and Democrats, Sumner was elected to the United States Senate by a majority of one vote, on the twenty-sixth ballot, April 24, 1851, and thus practically entered politics at

the ripe age of 40—at the latest point in life of all the other parliamentary characters noticed in this volume. Hale and Chase were in the Senate before him, and the anti-Slavery battle had long been fought alone by John Quincy Adams in the House. On August 26, 1852, Sumner escaped from the toils laid about him by parliamentary intrigue, and made a speech in the Senate against the Fugitive Slave law. By the time the Missouri Compromise was repealed, he was able to speak at will, and the Southern newspapers denounced him as an Abolition fanatic who was encouraging assassination. Threats of a personal character began to be made, and the friends of Sumner feared that harm would befall him. He was, by this time, a man of one idea. He wanted Slavery abolished.

In the debate of June 26, 1854, Senator Butler, turning on Senator Sumner, asked if he would return a fugitive slave. "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" asked Sumner in return. "Why, sir," said Mason, another Senator (Mason and Slidell, afterward), "I am speaking of a fanatic, one whose reason is dethroned," and of "his vapid, vulgar declamation." Sumner never neglected an opportunity to taunt the slaveholders about their bloodhounds, their auction-blocks, and the partings of mother and child in slavery.

July 31, 1854, Sumner contended one hour for the right to present a bill to repeal the Fugitive Slave law. The slaveholders refused him the permission. It was then proved that Slavery, and nothing else, was the order of the day in the Senate of the United States.

On May 19 and 20, 1856, Sumner delivered the speech entitled "The Crime against Kansas," which led to the principal event in his career. The address was usually called "an unparalleled philippic against Slavery." He

had blamed John Quincy Adams for heat and licentious speech. He now not only hurled a vast stock of epithets at the institution of Slavery, but he spoke of Senator Atchison stalking like Catiline into the Senate, reeking with conspiracy, and then like Catiline skulking away to join and provoke the conspirators, "murderous robbers from Missouri, hirelings, picked from the drunken spew and vomit of an uneasy civilization"; he spoke of Butler as one "with incoherent phrases, discharging the loose expectoration of his speech"; of Douglas, as one "switching out from his tongue the perpetual stench of offensive personality." Mason replied that he could not acknowledge that Sumner possessed manhood in any form.

After a short session of the Senate, on the 22d, Mr. Sumner sat writing at his little desk in the Senate, in a posture that made it impossible for him to rise suddenly, when a strange man appeared before him, stick in hand, and began beating him over the head. Sumner's hair was thick, but the blows cut open his scalp. In his endeavor to rise out of the trap in which he found himself, he wrenched the little desk from its fastenings to the floor, and then fell unconscious, while the assailant still continued to beat the prostrate form. Morgan and Murray, two New York Congressmen, at last seized the ruffian and led him away. Two fellow-ruffians, Congressmen Keitt and Edmundson, prevented Simonton, a reporter, from going to the rescue. Senator Slidell afterward said that he and his friends heard, "without any particular emotion," "that somebody was beating Mr. Sumner." Douglas, a day or two before, had asked Mr. Sumner if it was his intention to provoke some of them to kick him "as they would a dog in the street."

The ruffian was Congressman Preston S. Brooks, known in history as "Bully Brooks." The Senate for-

mally complained of his act to the House. Brooks resigned, and Keitt was censured. Brooks was fined $300 in the criminal courts of the District. He became a hero in the South, and his "knock-down argument" was recommended for all "Northern fanatics." In the Senate Mr. Wilson denounced the assault as "brutal, murderous, and cowardly." "You are a liar!" cried out Senator Butler from his seat. In the House Anson Burlingame said: "A member from this House, who had taken an oath to sustain the Constitution, stole into the Senate, that place which had hitherto been held sacred against violence, and smote him (Sumner) as Cain smote his brother." "That is false!" cried Keitt from his seat.

The result of this passage was an arrangement for a duel with rifles at twenty paces, from which Keitt retreated. Within eight months Brooks, the ruffian, died a dreadful death from membraneous croup.

The history of Sumner's sufferings is almost as long as the chronicle of his education. Beside his wounds, there was "a grave and formidable lesion of the brain and spinal cord." When, months afterward, he was able to travel to Boston, he was received with extraordinary honors. He was reëlected Senator without opposition, although it was not certain he could serve, and sailed for Paris, where he was seven times treated by the moxa, at the hands of Dr. Brown-Sequard, who pronounced it "the greatest suffering that could be inflicted on mortal man." At Havre, Aix, and Montpellier, he was cupped, bathed, and otherwise attended, and in December, 1859, he returned to his seat in the Senate, which had remained empty all the time intervening. If he had been a fanatic before, the planters might well abhor him now, and he was not so weakly supported as when Douglas was the chief cup-bearer of the Southern oligarchy. June 4, 1860,

CHARLES SUMNER

Photo from life

he delivered his celebrated speech on "The Barbarism of Slavery," which was a far more effective and pitiless tirade against Slavery than the address that had maddened Brooks and his fellow-assailants. Breckinridge, Jefferson Davis, Hunter, Mason, and others of their ilk, heard the entire address, and even Keitt had the audacity to be present. The South was appalled by the popularity of Sumner, growing out of his misfortunes. This may be seen in the reply which was made to his speech. Apparently that reply had been carefully planned, and was delivered by Mr. Chestnut, of South Carolina, speaking for all the slaveholders: "After ranging over Europe, crawling through the back door to whine at the feet of British aristocracy, craving pity, and reaping a rich harvest of contempt, the slanderer of States and men reappears in the Senate. We had hoped to be relieved from the outpouring of such vulgar malice. We had hoped that one who had felt, though ignominiously he failed to meet, the consequences of a former insolence, would have become wiser if not better by experience. In the heroic ages of the world men were deified for the possession and the exercises of some virtue—wisdom, truth, justice, magnanimity, courage. In Egypt, also, we know they deified beasts and reptiles; but even that bestial people worshiped their idols on account of some supposed virtue. It has been left for this day, for this country, for the Abolitionists of Massachusetts, to deify the incarnation of malice, mendacity, and cowardice. Sir, we do not intend to be guilty of aiding in the apotheosis of pusillanimity and meanness. We do not intend to contribute, by any conduct on our part, to increase the devotees at the shrine of this new idol. We know what is expected and what is desired. We are not inclined again to send forth the recipient of punishment howling through the world, yelping

fresh cries of slander and malice. These are the reasons which I feel it due to myself and others to give to the Senate and the country, why we have quietly listened to what has been said, and why we can take no other notice of the matter."

In other words, the slaveholders had learned that the bludgeon was a poor argument, and they refused to use it further; but still they considered it necessary to explain why.

As the Civil War bore down fast, Sumner wrote to Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts: "In God's name stand firm! Don't cave, Andrew!" "More than the loss of forts, I fear the loss of our principles."

It may well be imagined that a man of one idea like Senator Sumner was an uncomfortable ally of Abraham Lincoln, who did not wish to fight the Union men of Maryland, Delaware, West Virginia, Kentucky, East Tennessee, or Missouri. Sumner would have had war with them all. Sumner cared little about the Union, and all about Slavery; Lincoln saw that Slavery was surely doomed of itself. Sumner could not wait; Lincoln was patient. Sumner was not bellicose, except in words; Lincoln was never wrathful. Lincoln had the fighting to do, the recruits to raise, the noisy Copperheads to imprison; he felt himself to be the best judge in laying out more of the same kind of work. "Do you know," asked Sumner, "who, at this moment, is the largest slaveholder in this country? Abraham Lincoln; for he holds all the three thousand slaves of the District, which is more than any other person in the country holds." It is not improbable that the man who emancipated the slaves, could have spared all the aid Senator Sumner gave him after April, 1861. In fact, Mr. Sumner's greatest work was done, when he sank unconscious under the blows of Bully

Brooks, in 1856. He busied himself with arranging the United States statutes to meet the progress of the war, wherever the black race was involved, and made the country pay black soldiers as much as white ones.

John Sherman prevented the passage of the repeal of the Fugitive Slave law as late as February, 1864, and the odious statute was not abolished until June of that year. Mr. Sumner secured to negroes the right to ride on street cars in Washington.

Mr. Sumner's celebrated theory of State suicide, while it was not acknowledged, was nevertheless the basis of Reconstruction. According to this theory, a State on failing to secede, relapsed into a territorial condition, the same as any region that had never enjoyed Statehood. The dominant party of the North learned that it was necessary to realize this theory in order to perpetuate the ordinances growing out of the war.

Many of the Abolitionists who were out of Congress found life heavy on their hands after the constitutional amendments of 1865, 1866, and 1869; but there remained much legislative work for Sumner to do in the way of securing civil rights for his wards of the black race. At the same time, as Andrew Johnson hesitated in servilely following the programme of Ben Butler, Sumner entered on the President-hunt along with the rest, and would have deprived the Chief Magistrate of his appointive power. This diversion was the prelude to other political missteps. When General Grant attempted to annex San Domingo, Sumner joined with Schurz in the extraordinary Senatorial philippics that were hurled at their "Cæsar." This attitude put him in the inglorious wing of the Republican party which split away and nominated Greeley against Grant. An unhappy marriage late in life contributed to increase the disappointments of [illegible]cele-

brated Abolitionist. The Legislature of Massachusetts censured him for a bill he had presented in the Senate to remove the names of victories on Northern battle-flags, in order to sooner heal the wounds of war.

In 1872 the health of the lonely man began to fail, and declined through the years 1873 and 1874. While he was very ill, a committee came from Massachusetts, to notify him that the resolution of censure had been annulled and expunged. Almost his last words were: "Take care of my Civil Rights bill." He died at his home in Washington, without descendants or attendant relatives, March 11, 1874.

He was the earliest of the "scholars in politics." He possibly had far more learning than he could digest. The pompous quotation of other men's phrases does not carry conviction. He did not have the eloquence of Clay or Webster; probably it would be erroneous to call him eloquent at all. Beside a thinker like Jefferson, he suffers in comparison. But he was Freedom's alter-ego of Slavery's Calhoun, and met Calhoun on his own ground, and the surviving slaveholders, deprived by death of their great logician, could not answer Sumner.

SIR JOHN ALEXANDER MACDONALD, G. C. B.

1815–1891

The Maker of Canadian Federation

Now that old-world "imperialism" has found a doubtful footing in our common speech, half reproach, half fascination, a witch-word repudiated as a watchword, it is interesting to study its influence on the ambition and political fortunes of the man who will stand in history as the pioneer of Imperial Federation between the Colonies and Great Britain. This movement has had a fitful popularity among the people and the few statesmen of the mother country who have given it occasional support. It supplies a significant commentary on the political foresight of the Manchester school of statesmanship which dominated England half a century ago. Cobden, Bright, and their adherents regarded the Colonies as incumbrances, useless and costly. Bright hoped that "Gibraltar, that useless rock," would soon be ceded to Spain. He held that India did not yield "a single beneficial result to the English people," except an annual profit of ten million pounds, and professional careers for thirty young gentlemen. Cobden wrote, "we are staggering under the embarrassing weight of our Colonies . . . with Canada, Australia, India, forming Cerberus-like the heads of our monstrous empire." Bright opposed the Canadian Pacific Railway scheme in Parliament in 1867, declaring that rather than

England should guarantee "a single Canadian railway I would prefer to get rid of Canada altogether." As recently as 1885 this powerful leader of public opinion ridiculed the idea that the United Kingdom and her Colonies would ever "form one country . . . for purposes of defense. The idea is ludicrous. The whole thing is childish." If the shades of these great men of their day could have secured a furlough to see the wildly enthusiastic welcome to the old home given by the people of England, from Queen to humblest subject, to the soldiers from Australia and Canada on their return from the Soudan and South African wars, they would have been impressed with the sight, and with the hard sense of the epigram of Job's comforter, "great men are not always wise."

Viewed in this light the figure of "Sir John" assumes a certain grandeur, in excess, perhaps, of the degree ordinarily acquired by statesmen of "Greater Britain." Colonial environment produces and demands a different, but not therefore a humbler, order of genius compared with the qualities that make the fame of England's proudest names. The Colonial field is smaller, its opportunities necessarily limited, and therefore its great questions, being more practical and in closer touch with the individual, have an intenser strain, which tends to localize statecraft fully equal to the duties of imperial administration if occasion offers. As a Canadian statesman Sir John Macdonald nobly earned his country's gratitude and honors, but it is by virtue of his genius for lifting his country and his statecraft outside and above the colonial limitation that his name will always rank among those of the far-sighted builders and strengtheners of the latter-day British empire.

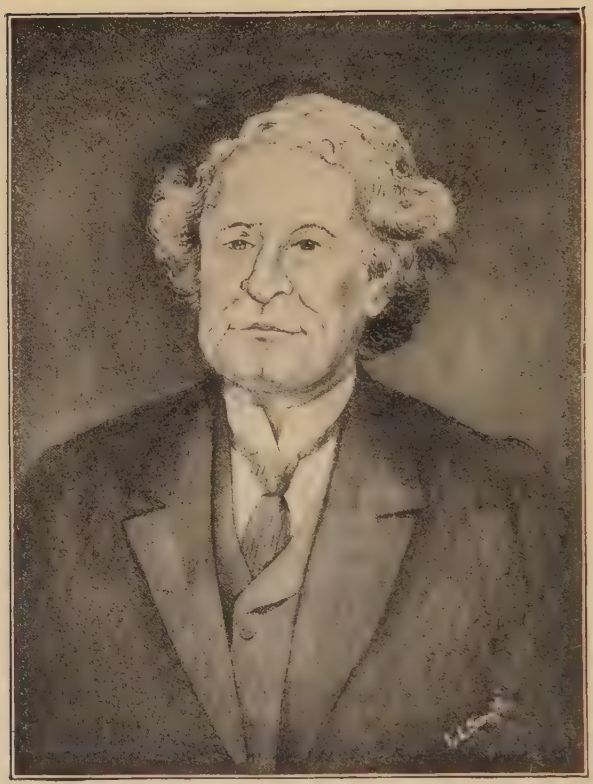
His birthplace was Glasgow, Scotland, the date January 11, 1815. His father settled in Canada in 1820, and put the boy to school in Kingston. When only fifteen he took

up the study of law, won his right to practice at twenty-one, and earned an exceptionally high reputation before his twenty-fourth year by a defense, the ingenuity of which exceeded its merits. He was elected Alderman of Kingston, resigning that office on being returned as Member of the House of Assembly for Kingston.

Elsewhere in this work * is a sketch of the conditions of Canadian progress at the time when the embryo statesman entered on the scene. The country was politically divided into Upper and Lower Canada, and the independent provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Newfoundland. Lower Canada, now the province of Quebec, had the forts of Quebec and Montreal, and by far the larger population, and its people grudged the province of Toronto, then Upper Canada, the equal representation it enjoyed in the Legislative Assembly formed in 1841 to effect a union of interests and end jealousies. This was no easy task. "The differences were those of race, language, and religion, and the contest at times became exceedingly bitter." The harmonizing influence of the Crown was less potent than now. The British Government assured the newly wedded (if not exactly mated) Provinces that they were to enjoy a liberal measure of home rule. Lord Glenelg, Colonial Secretary, offered this pledge of non-interference: "Parliamentary (*i. e.* English) legislation on any subject of exclusively internal concern . . . is, as a general rule, unconstitutional. It is a right of which the exercise is reserved for extreme cases, in which necessity at once creates and justifies the exception." With the legacy of antagonistic interests between the French and English elements, it was inevitable that sharp friction should mark the efforts of the Crown and the House of Assembly to co-operate in peace.

* See chapter on CANADA, Vol. III., p. 407.

Macdonald was elected as a Conservative, that party being in power at the time. He kept his seat as Member for Kingston from 1844 until his death, though he had to fight for it frequently, but always victoriously, at the polls. He had an exceedingly delicate duty to perform when he, a Conservative, undertook to educate his countrymen and their statesmen in the fine art of steering the political ship through the seen and unseen rocks of party prejudice, sailing it now gracefully in the reaches of Liberalism, only to rush on the opposite tack when his crew showed signs of distrust. The philosophy of compromise has not yet commended itself markedly to the popular mind, if indeed it is thoroughly understood. The leader who hesitates is held to be all but lost, despite the many conspicuous examples of trimmers who have won. Macdonald had a singular natural aptitude for walking the tight-rope as safely as the floor. He was constitutionally gifted with those metaphysical arts of using words to conceal thoughts and of drawing distinctions too fine for ordinary wits to perceive on the instant, which made Gladstone and Disraeli the envy and despair of non-Canadian statesmen. It should be stated before going into the details which follow, that the lapse of years has brought general recognition of sound statesmanship in not a few of Macdonald's alleged hair-splittings of policy, for which at the time he incurred the displeasure of friends as well as of opponents. He had fixed his mind on the grand purpose to which all his zeal and adroitness were to be devoted, which was the gaining of constitutional government for Canada, with greater power and freedom for the legislature. During those early years of parliamentary apprenticeship he kept his party loyal to the Crown, and in 1847, under Lord Elgin, a broader form of responsible government was established. This much having been gained, Macdonald conceived it to be his best



SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD

Premier of Canada.

policy to accept and assist the new régime. It encouraged him to work for more concessions, and to this end he henceforth chose his associates from the quarter most likely to ensure a safe working majority.

His advancement was rapid; at thirty he became a director of the Commercial Bank, and at thirty-two Mr. Draper, the Prime Minister, appointed Macdonald Receiver-General of the Province of Canada with a seat in the cabinet. The lucrative office of Commissioner of Crown Lands was soon afterward conferred on him. In 1848 the Conservative ministry was succeeded by a Reform cabinet. From 1849 to 1851 trade fell off and there was great general distress. Macdonald boldly attacked the new ministry. In the teeth of their reform professions he publicly charged them with worse than failure: they were "a corrupt body, collectively and individually," and a disgrace to the Colony.

Two ways of restoring prosperity were discussed. One was immediate annexation to the United States. This proposal was broached in an able address to the people, signed by a large number of leading men. The other was Macdonald's scheme: he urged the making of the Canadian Pacific and other railways, the subsidizing of ocean steamers, and similar practical measures calculated to promote progress. He insisted on a protective policy, and pleaded for a speedy confederation of all the provinces. The Conservatives returned to power in 1854, Macdonald choosing the office of Attorney-General for Canada West. Two years later Sir Allan McNab, the premier, and a Tory of the old school, was succeeded by Colonel (afterwards Sir) Étienne Taché. But the real leader and premier was Macdonald, who was called on to form a ministry of his own in the next year, 1857. He soon dissolved the House and returned with increased strength and reputation.

An independent party arose, led by Mr. George Brown, known as the "Clear Grits." Hostile to both Conservatives and Reformers they showed special animosity to Macdonald, who resigned on a minor issue, indignant at the treatment he was receiving. Brown being unable to form a cabinet, Macdonald resumed the leadership within a week but made Sir Étienne Cartier premier, contenting himself with the Attorney-General's post. By persistent fighting Macdonald succeeded in having Ottawa chosen as the permanent capital. The foundation-stone of the handsome Parliament building was laid by the Prince of Wales in 1860.

When the Civil War in the United States broke out Macdonald introduced a Militia Bill, to provide for the defense of the Colony in case of invasion. It was opposed by the annexationists and failed to pass, being too costly for the national finances; but the loyalty of his action was duly appreciated by the home government. The trend of ministerial policy was steadily in the direction of closer relations between Crown and colony.

The constitution of 1841 was in need of amendment to fit the times. Macdonald insisted on radical revision, or a change. The population of Toronto, then Upper Canada, —the English province, was now double that of Quebec, Lower Canada, though the latter's great ports maintained its commercial prestige. Its tenacious hold of monarchical traditions and its Catholicism were in contrast with the progressive Liberalism of Toronto, whose people were restive under the old rule which still gave Quebec an equal representation in the Assembly and also in the Cabinet. Macdonald advocated Union as the only stable remedy. His party were in and out during the few years preceding the notable conference held by the maritime provinces in 1864, to discuss confederation. Uninvited, Macdonald,

with two or three of his associates, attended the conference, and at its second meeting his enthusiasm fired the delegates from Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, and New Brunswick with a new loyalty to a united colony. He told them that his twenty years of service, seemingly spent in petty endeavors, had been inspired by the dream they were now making realizable, the forming of one great federation in which they would no longer be New Brunswickers and Nova Scotians, but British Americans, claiming the glorious privileges of common membership in the great empire of Queen Victoria. They had contemplated only a maritime union, but now Canada was included, with home rule for each section. The movement progressed, with fluctuations, until the serio-comic "invasion" of Canada by a handful of Fenians and adventurers in 1867 alarmed the colonists and precipitated the federation. Several months prior to this Macdonald and delegates from the provinces had been received by the Government in London with special honors. The outcome of this conference was the introduction and enactment of the British-North American Act, which came into effect on the first of July, 1867. The Provinces of Toronto and Quebec, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, and New Brunswick agreed to form themselves into the Dominion of Canada. The Canadian Pacific Railway was to be completed within ten years to make the Dominion independent of the United States for traffic during the winter when the St. Lawrence is unnavigable; the vast territory of the North-West was to be opened up, and other progressive schemes were taken up. Government was to be carried on by a Viceroy and Council, the House of Assembly, a life Senate, Lieutenant-Governors, and local governing bodies. Lord Monck was the first viceroy or Governor-General, and Macdonald the first Premier of the Confederation, wearing his new title as Knight Com-

mander of the Bath. He kept the office for six years. Manitoba was made a new Province and admitted in 1870. British Columbia followed in 1872 and Prince Edward Island in 1873. Newfoundland has remained aloof.

Sir John was appointed to the Joint High Commission to settle disputes between the United States, Canada and Great Britain arising out of the Alabama claims and other matters. The Commission met at Washington in 1870. Sir Stafford Northcote (afterward Lord Iddesleigh), Sir E. Thornton, British Minister at Washington, and Prof. Bernard Montague represented England; the Hon. Hamilton Fish, R. C. Schenck, Minister to England, Judge Nelson of the Supreme Court, ex-Judge E. R. Hoar of Massachusetts, and G. H. Williams of Oregon, represented the United States. The result was the Treaty of Washington, signed in May, 1871. It was a signal personal triumph for Sir John, whose strenuous claim that Canada should have sole right to in-shore fisheries (*i. e.* those within three miles of her land) was very reluctantly supported by the British Commissioners. More than this, he insisted — as a condition of his acceptance of the Commissionership — that whatever might be the decision of the Commission on this point, the Treaty should depend upon its ratification by the Canadian legislature. Though his attitude provoked severe criticism from many otherwise friendly quarters at the time, it has been vindicated by the recognition of its statesmanlike motive and by its successful issue. Sir John was in 1872 made a Privy Councillor of the United Kingdom.

The construction of the great Canadian Pacific Railway in 1873 stirred a hornet's nest of scandals, involving bribery and other forms of corruption. Charges were levelled at Sir John and his associate ministers from which his grand record as a servant of the Dominion did not shield

him. American capitalists were said to have secured favors for American enterprises. His cabinet fell, but public opinion generally acquitted the premier of any personal share in the dirty work alleged against his associates. The Liberals came into power in 1873 and held office until 1878. As leader of the Opposition Sir John kept pegging away at his Protection scheme, though he gave independent support to the ministry in many of their measures, especially of legal reform, and in improved commercial legislation. Country before party was his main consideration, whether in office or out. When out of office he was still in power.

The general election of 1878 restored Sir John to the premiership. Lord Dufferin was succeeded by the Marquis of Lorne as Governor-General. In 1880 Sir John went to England to share in forming a syndicate to complete the Canadian Pacific Railway. He was accompanied by the ministers of Agriculture and Railways. Against formidable opposition he defended the new scheme as being safer, cheaper, and in every respect more practicable than any alternative proposal. In a famous speech to the Assembly Sir John displayed a breadth of view and a mastery of complex questions that sufficed to establish his reputation as a true statesman. Its tone of lofty patriotism over all minor issues moved its hearers and the people at large. It carried conviction, the ministerial programme was accepted and the Bill received royal assent the next day. Among the members of the syndicate were Lord Mount Stephen, and his cousin Sir Donald A. Smith (now Lord Strathcona), two of the greatest benefactors of Canada as founders of educational and beneficent institutions.

The Assembly dissolved in 1882. Sir John again returned to place and power, some of his most powerful Liberal antagonists being defeated at the polls. In 1884 he visited England, in quest of medical advice. He was re-

ceived with signal honors by the Queen, the Prince, Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, the Universities, and the English people. The foremost publicists crowned him with laurels as for forty years the champion and planner of Canada's remarkable progress, and its rescuer in dilemmas of momentous significance. On his return he was welcomed home with unstinted tributes of praise and goodwill by all, party animosities being forgotten in the common pride over the "old chieftain," and his completion of forty years of public service. On the dissolution of the Assembly in 1891 Sir John issued an elaborate and powerful manifesto in the form of an Address to the people of Canada. In it he took a retrospective review of the progress so largely due to his foresight and ability. He was able to point to a long series of triumphs, personal and party, in upholding what he proudly called his National policy. There were agitations for bringing about free trade with the United States, commercial union, a half-way house on the road to annexation. With proposals of this kind the old leader would not dally. Protective policy had brought prosperity, any weakening of it would mean disaster. He bade his people look at the completed Canadian Pacific Railway, reaching from ocean to ocean, "an imperial highway to the East, over which the trade of the Indies is destined to reach the markets of Europe," and a line of strong defense and offense in time of war. By the policy of subsidizing ships and extending the railway system, the rate of interest on the national debt had fallen lower than when he entered public life forty years before. The movement for "unrestricted reciprocity" with the United States, fathered by his Liberal opponents, he characterized as "a treasonable conspiracy." The election resulted in the return of his party to power, his personal majority being increased over four hundred per cent. This was "the old chieftain's" last

address, dated Feb. 7, 1891. Its closing passage may be quoted as an example of his general style.

"The question which you will shortly be called upon to determine resolves itself into this: shall we endanger our possession of the great heritage bequeathed to us by our fathers, and submit ourselves to direct taxation for the privilege of having our tariff fixed at Washington, with a prospect of ultimately becoming a portion of the American Union? . . . As for myself, my course is clear. A British subject I was born, a British subject I will die. With my utmost effort, with my latest breath, will I oppose the veiled treason which attempts, by sordid means and mercenary proffers, to lure our people from their allegiance."

Sir John Macdonald died on the sixth of June following. His widow was made a peeress in her own right, and a bust of the loyal Canadian was unveiled in St. Paul's Cathedral by Earl Rosebery, then Foreign Secretary, and still the standard-bearer of Sir John's Imperial Federation movement.

He was sinewy, alert, elastic in mind and body. Tenacious of purpose, he gained his end as much by the gift of pliability as by pugnacity. He knew how to use the arts of suasion when to dictate would have meant disaster. These are the marks of the true-born statesman, whether in imperial affairs or local. His geniality endeared him to his opponents and helped in no slight degree to effect his triumphs. Time will enhance the fame of the steadfast pioneer who, through good and evil report, achieved his grand aim, the unification of his country.

CONCLUSION

A singular charm pervades the great national portrait galleries of Europe. In the faces that peer out from the gloom of faded paintings we read in new and vivid light the stories of their lives, and seem to discern the secret of their and their country's power. In the graphic studies which make this volume we possess a gallery of American immortals, men of varying degrees of greatness and goodness, their stature to be measured equitably by the varying conditions of time and circumstance in which they were placed, yet men of such calibre that when prejudiced criticism has done its worst, their country can proudly honor them as equalling in the patriotic virtues the illustrious nation-builders of old or modern times.

So familiar are the lineaments of these figureheads of our history, and their careers, that any bare enumeration of the facts must risk the fate of a twice-told tale. Here, however, each of the subjects is portrayed in character as well as appearance, in action more than in repose. We are enabled to form our own analytical judgments upon these men from the vantage-ground of retrospect, seeing the working of their minds in the safe light which time alone can throw.

We have called it the safe light of time, but if safe it is so because it is first a pitiless search-light. The lapse of a hundred years of fierce scrutiny of what can be dragged in as evidence, not only leaves our first Presidents and statesmen in full possession of the laurels worn in their lifetime, but has mellowed the wreaths with the glory-tint of imperishable fame.

Washington must forever remain the grand Hero-figure of his people. By virtue of rare qualities in leadership and rulership his great personality will dominate the national stage until the curtain of world-doom shall fall. And this precedence in headship is confirmed by the more we learn of his humanness. There are moments when the calmest student of Washington's career finds himself verging on pardonable idolatry. Yet never was a people's captain less in need of extravagant adulation. Himself, he would have scorned, and actually did scorn, the trumpetings of shallow or fanatical partisans. The Gilbert Stuart picture is responsible for this semi-deification to a greater extent than is generally known. Admittedly it is picture more than portrait. The veritable Washington must be sought in the portraits of Wright, Du Simitiere, Houdon, and others, whose faithful limning showed him as he was, and drew from him and his circle strong tributes to the truth of the portrayal. Stuart admits that his unfinished picture is inferior as a portrait to Houdon's, but its happy touch which imparts the godlike serenity and sublimity won instant and abiding popularity. The artist had to paint a hundred copies, and it will stand as our ideal Washington. Well it may, for a great man's influence towers high over his personality, however grand, and in this higher light Washington truly reaches the midway plane below the fabled gods but above common humanity.

Franklin is another whose stature grows with the years. The sorely abused attribute of "greatness," so emptily applied by almost everybody nowadays to anybodies and nobodies, would have drawn a smile from the genial philosopher-statesman if bestowed on him, then or now, although his modesty only veiled a well-justified self-appreciation. His life and works as here exhibited give him a firmer hold not only upon national fame, but affectionate pride and well-deserved gratitude.

The same just appreciation is awarded to Jefferson, Lincoln, and Hamilton as constructive statesmen, and to the equally essential if minor national services rendered by the powerful pleaders whose echoes will long resound through the land.

Rightly included among the statesmen of North America, though not of the United States, is the study of Canada's most eminent Prime Minister, the late Sir John Macdonald. From our own leaders in statecraft wide differences of political doctrine separated him and the party he so brilliantly led. It is peculiarly interesting to compare the duty-paths so faithfully trodden by the national pioneers and champions of the Republic and the Crown Dominion. A world of suggestive thought, and perhaps of prophetic venturings, is stirred by parallel readings like these, inspiring to the young, and to the mature student of the trend of international relations, fraught with momentous possibilities.

An unbiased reading of these personal records intensifies our faith in the great future of a nation that could produce, in its prentice days and under adverse conditions, so splendid an array of strong men of light and leading. Other peoples have their heroic figures, to whose names and achievements the traditions of centuries have given the glamour that poetizes history. The makers and establishers of our land of freedom are not in so remote perspective that we cannot see their human failings. They stand in the clear light of day to be known and judged for what they were and what they did. In this lies the strength of our legitimate boast that in a dispassionate comparison of national leaders America's statesmen, Northern and Southern, Eastern and Western, right worthily sustain the noblest traditions of Old World statecraft.

John & Georgina G Holly Jr

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